Riding Recollections and Turf Stories

Henry Custance

Hugh Cecil Earl of Lonsdale.

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Riding Recollections and Turf Stories

This Copy is No. 173 *of the Large Paper Edition.*

Henry Eustance

Dawson Ph. Sc.

"George Frederick"

Property of Mr. W. S. Cartwright. Winner of the Derby, 1874.

From a Picture by Harry Hall, in the possession of Mr. Leader, Newmarket.

Riding Recollections

AND

Turf Stories

BY

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LONDON
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To

HIS GRACE

THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON, K.T.,

AS SOME SLIGHT RECOGNITION

OF THE MANY FAVOURS AND KINDNESSES

HE HAS EXTENDED TO ME DURING MY RIDING CAREER,

I RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THESE PAGES.

Preface

I HAVE often been asked the question, "Why don't you write a book of your turf experiences?" This inquiry, often repeated, and the controversy which there has been of late over reminiscences of turf history of forty or fifty years ago, have emboldened me to try to amuse my patrons and friends with an account of a few incidents and stories of a more modern date, which have come within my own experience of the turf, an experience which extends over the past thirty-six years, and must be the justification of my attempt.

I must ask my readers not to consider my book from a literary point of view. I have merely endeavoured to describe in my own language, and so far as my memory serves me, incidents as they occurred, and stories as I heard them told, in the

hope that they may afford some pleasant reading to many who take interest in sport, and recall to some pleasant memories of the past.

Since I started on my task I have been prevailed upon by my hunting acquaintances to add a few chapters on that branch of sport, in which I have always taken a keen interest and delight, and I have done my best to relate a few hunting incidents I have either taken part in or been a witness of.

I have had the pleasure to dedicate this book, by kind permission, to his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, to whom I am much indebted for many favours received from him in connection with both the branches of sport I have ventured to write about.

I cannot lay down my pen without recording my gratitude to my friend, Mr. H. B. Bromhead, to whose persuasion the appearance of this volume is greatly due, and who has freely rendered me untiring and invaluable assistance in preparing it for press.

H. C.

Oakham, *December*, 1893.

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Riding Recollections and Turf Stories

CHAPTER I.

Earliest Days—My First Winner—I go to South Hatch, Epsom—"Mr. Mellish" travels the Meetings—Racing at Yarmouth—Winning Mounts on 'Tame Deer,' etc.—Jack Abel, the Norwich Horse-dealer—Engaged to ride 'Rocket' in the Cesarewitch—Victories at Newmarket—I go to live with Matthew Dawson at Russley—Mr. Ten Broeck, the American Sportsman—George Fordham caught napping.

MANY a youngster, when he embarks in life, little knows what business, profession, or calling he will eventually follow. It was so with me, and I must say that at one time I had little expectation of ever riding a Derby winner, or even becoming a jockey. My friends were not immediately connected with the turf, nor knew anything about our national sport, a pastime that has made much progress since first I was connected with it.

I was born at Peterborough in the year 1842. As a youngster I was always attached to horses, and was only too anxious to secure a ride whenever opportunity offered. Amongst my earliest experiences before I left home, was riding the winners of several pony races, under what were at that time called "Ramsey Rules," which were quite of the "win, tie, or wrangle" order. It was in the year 1855, at this very place—Ramsey, a little town in Huntingdonshire—that I won a race for a saddle. Needless to say, it was a very minor affair. As usual, there was an objection. It was not raised until we went, an hour afterwards, to fetch our prize. Then they said we did not repass the post after winning. The conditions were for catch-weights, so of course weighing-in was unnecessary. The proceedings ended in a fight for the saddle, which, had it been put up to auction, would scarcely have realized half as much as the expenses were.

Winning this race at Ramsey caused me to ride another of a much better class a fortnight after, at Peterborough. This particular mount was for poor George Ede, better known as "Mr. Edwards," who won the Liverpool Grand National on 'The Lamb,' and afterwards met with his untimely death on the same course. Mr. Ede was learning farming with

Mr. Tom Selby, the steward to Lord Lilford, at Pilton, near Oundle, his brother Edward, who I think is still alive, being there also. Mr. Ede had a little mare named 'Ada,' who ran in Mr. S. Deacon's name, of Polebrook, and a boy named Musgrove was to have come from Newmarket to pilot her. However, Musgrove missed his train, so they were running about everywhere for someone to ride the weight, 5 st. 7 lb. It was not easy to find anyone who could scale so light, till someone said, "Where is the boy who rode at Ramsey?" At last they found me. On going to the scales I weighed 3 st. 13 lb. without my coat and waistcoat. I put on a jacket and cap, and well I recollect the colours —yellow jacket and blue belt. There were four runners, and Chris Green, the steeplechase rider, on his own horse, 'Barrel,' was favourite; but I began well, as I managed to prove successful.

The same day I rode the mare 'Ada' in a hurdle race (7 st. 7 lb.), which was run in heats. Mr. Messer's 'Warbler,' ridden by the late John Nightingall, came in first, but was disqualified for crossing. The race was awarded to 'Perea Nena,' ridden by Mr. W. Bevill, the present clerk of the course. My mare, having run third in the last heat, was placed second when the winner was disqualified.

Such were my first experiences of riding. As they occurred at my native place, my readers will guess that I thought it a very happy commencement. At that time I was only a schoolboy. It was a half-holiday, and I arrived on the course just in time.

Soon after this, the mare 'Ada' was sent to Goodwin's, at Newmarket, and the Messrs. Ede wished me to go with her. I did so; but I soon discovered that there would not be much chance for me in that stable. There were three boys, named Musgrove, Price, and Long, all weighing under 5 st., and two of them had been there over three years, and had ridden a few times. I therefore made up my mind to move. This I eventually did, and went to live at Epsom with "Mr. Mellish," — he will perhaps be better known as Mr. Ned Smith. This gentleman, who, I am pleased to say, is still alive, was at that time on the staff of *Bell's Life*. I lived with him at South Hatch, Epsom, just over three years, and a jolly though rather a rough time I had of it. Mr. Smith had nearly forty horses in training at one time. These were of all sorts, but four of them were good enough for anyone to win a nice fortune with, viz., 'Adamas,' 'Huntingdon,' 'Squire Watt,' and 'Tame Deer.' The others couldn't win a saddle. We used to take them all

over the country travelling the meetings. In those days there were a great many race fixtures in Kent, among them Dover, Wye, Lenham, and Chatham. At one time or another we patronized them all, and I should hardly think there was one of the meetings named where 'Tame Deer' did not run and win a race. In fact, he was our salvation; if all others failed, we always fell back on this useful horse to win the "Consolation Scramble," or, as we called it, the "Getting Home Stakes." Happily for us all, 'Tame Deer' brought it off five times out of six.

Yarmouth was a favourite meeting with "Mr. Mellish," and I shall never forget taking four horses there about 1857. They were 'Tame Deer,' 'Rotterdam,' 'Moonshine,' and 'Woodmite.' They all ran on the first day, and were all beaten. In the Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap, the big race of the meeting, I was riding 'Moonshine,' and George Fordham 'Tame Deer,' both belonging to "Mr. Mellish." Four horses came to the post, and curiously enough the other two were in the same stable, viz., 'The Druid' and 'Flimsy,' S. Rogers and E. Sharpe riding respectively. It was arranged that I was to make running for 'Tame Deer.' After cantering up, Fordham said to me: "You must see me round this top turn, or my old horse will bolt."

The distance was two miles, and we had to start three-quarters of a mile down the straight, come up past the stand, and go round two posts—a frightfully sharp turn. Just before we got to the turn, Fordham called out: "Hold hard, Cus!" Looking back, I saw his horse, 'Tame Deer,' pulling and hanging, so I eased my mare to help him round it. I thought it was arranged all right, when all at once 'Tame Deer' started off, taking me out of the course with him, right by the Monument, and nearly down to the bathing-machines. Naturally, Sam Rogers' two horses won both first and second money. After the race poor old Ned Smith came up and called me every name in the dictionary for letting 'Tame Deer' carry me out; but I told him that I had done all that was possible to prevent it, and Fordham backed me up. We started both the other horses that day, and they were also beaten. Ned Smith and Fordham were going to York that night; the races always clashed at that time, the second day of Yarmouth opposing the first of York. Before they departed, I went to Mr. Smith to ask him for some money to take the horses back to Epsom with. He said to me, and I believe he meant it, as he never gave me anything, "Oh, you must either win a race or walk them." A nice

journey, from Yarmouth to Epsom! However, happily, we were not driven to extremes, as the next day there were four events. I took the first on 'Rotterdam'; the second, a hurdle race, 'Moonshine' won; the next was a race that didn't fill the night before. They made it a handicap on the course, and I entered 'Rotterdam' and 'Tame Deer.' They handicapped the former very badly, but I was obliged to run him, and keep 'Tame Deer' for the "Consolation Scramble" for beaten horses. I rode 'Rotterdam' in the mile handicap, and waited until we came to the turn, where 'Tyre,' who was favourite and ridden by Johnnie Daley, then quite a boy, ran out, and took two others with him, leaving me with a good lead. This I kept, and won the third race that day. Then came the "Consolation," for which they gave 'Tame Deer' 10 st. 4 lb. As Judge Clarke remarked at the time, he was obliged to give somebody else a chance. However, 'Tame Deer' proved successful; and so we finished up a great meeting for the South Hatch horses, and returned to Epsom laden with bloaters!

About that time there was a very eccentric character named Jack Abel, of Norwich. He was a horse-dealer, and owned a horse called 'Abel Jack,' which he ran in a selling race at this Yarmouth

Meeting. I was riding a mare called 'Fiction,' belonging to Mr. Lumley, who kept the King's Head at Epsom. Before we went to Yarmouth Mr. Lumley asked me if I would let her go down with our horses, and engaged me to ride her in the race. It was in one-mile heats, and I won the first, 'Abel Jack,' belonging to Jack Abel, being second. Just as we were at the post for the second heat, a messenger came down to me, saying I was not to go for this heat. I asked the man who sent him, and he said, "Mr. Smith." Smarting under the lecture I had received from him for letting 'Tame Deer' run me out, I told the messenger to go back and tell Mr. Smith I was riding for Mr. Lumley, and not for him. Before the man had time to get back to the stand the horses had started, and I won on 'Fiction,' whereupon there was an awful row. Jack Abel had backed his colt on the strength of what Ned Smith had told him, and, consequently, thought that the latter had doubled him; instead of which poor old Ned had lost his money as well, counting upon my stopping the mare for that heat. Jack Abel, however, never forgave him, and they had a fight at Newmarket afterwards over the affair; Jack called Ned a "willan and a rogue," which the latter resented, and they had a "set to" in Jarvis's booth,

which some of my readers may recollect stood on Newmarket Heath at race times.

This same Jack Abel, as I have said before, was quite a character. He was a gipsy horse-dealer at Norwich, and always wore a velvet coat and waistcoat—the latter cut very low to show off three splendid studs which adorned a white shirt, with a narrow pleated front (or a full dress shirt in those days). The studs were carbuncles and diamonds, and were chained together with a thin gold chain, and worth over £100. The lower part of Abel's dress did not correspond with the upper, as he sported the very worst-fitting pair of corduroy breeches and black jack-boots possible. There are plenty of people still living who will recollect the man, and recognise him by this description, amongst others, my old friend Mr. Harry Ulph, who knew him very well at Norwich. Abel was a well-known character at Newmarket, and had a real good mare called 'Adulation,' which he sold to Count (afterwards Prince) Batthyany, who was very fond of "Old Jack," as they always called him. I recollect a funny thing happening to him at Yarmouth the same year that 'Abel Jack' ran. It was on the second day. A man had lost his watch on the stand, and Jack happened to be close by when it

was taken, but, of course, had nothing to do with it. The man who lost it turned round and accused Abel of stealing it. Immediately Abel caught hold of his accuser and dragged him in front of the Stewards' Stand; and there he had quite an audience, as everyone knew him. He addressed the only steward present at the time (Lord William Powlett, afterwards the Duke of Cleveland) thus: "My lord, you see this —— willan here: he says I took his watch. Don't he look more like taking mine?" After an explanation as to who Abel was, the matter was settled. He was a noted character in Norfolk, and lived to a good age, dying only a few years ago. There are a great many quaint tales told of "Old Jack," but this must suffice for the present.

Next year we were scarcely so successful with "Mr. Mellish's" horses. Still, we went the same round, all over Kent, and generally trusted to 'Tame Deer' to get us home. In the autumn we were more fortunate; Mr. George Lambert had engaged me some time previously to ride 'Rocket' for the Cesarewitch, and Mr. Lambert put Mr. Smith on £500 to nothing for my services. It was a very well-arranged *coup*, but did not work quite as they anticipated. It had been decided to try 'Rocket' on Lewes race-course with 'Queenstown,' 'Tame

Deer,' and 'Sweet William.' Our party took the three first-mentioned horses from Falmer, a village between Brighton and Lewes, at 4.30 in the morning, on to the Downs. We were to meet Charley Boyce with 'Sweet William,' belonging to Mr. G. Hodgman, there; but it was a very foggy morning, and we all got lost. About 6.30 it cleared up a bit, and ultimately we found one another, and started to try the horses. They were to gallop the two miles on Lewes race-course, which anyone who has been there knows to be very severe. 'Rocket' was trying to give 'Queenstown' 18 lb., and was put in at even weights with 'Tame Deer.' I don't remember what weight 'Sweet William,' ridden by J. Goater, carried, but he broke down half a mile from home and never ran again, so it does not much matter. 'Tame Deer,' ridden by Jem Covey (who rode 'Black Tommy' in the Derby), won by nearly a distance. I was second on 'Queenstown,' and Fordham was beaten two lengths from me on 'Rocket.' Of course it looked as if Mr. Lambert's horse had no chance whatever for the Cesarewitch, but William Goater and myself both declared the trial to be wrong, as 'Tame Deer' was let in with too light a weight, and also set such a very strong pace that he choked the "young uns," especially

'Rocket,' who was trying to beat him at even weights over this very severe course. Matters thus went on until the day before the Cesarewitch, but 'Rocket' had been knocked out in the betting to 33 to 1, and nearly everybody thought he had no chance. On the first day of the Newmarket Second October Meeting, I won the Handicap Plate of 50 sovs., run over the Cesarewitch course, on 'Queenstown' with 6 st. 13 lb., giving a horse named 'Harry' 17 lb. and beating him a head. Mr. Lambert and his friends then began to think that William Goater and myself were right about the trial being too severe. Next day 'Rocket' started at 14 to 1, beating 'The Brewer' and 'Prioress,' who ran a dead heat for second place, by a head. Curiously enough, it had been a dead heat between three—'Prioress,' 'El Hakim,' and 'Queen Bess'—the previous year, 1857, when the American mare 'Prioress' won on running it off. It is perhaps not generally known that 'Rocket' was jointly owned by Messrs. Lambert, Hodgman, and Edward Green; this last at one time was a celebrated billiard-player. The former owned half, and the others a quarter each. Such a thing would not be allowed in these days without registration.

At the end of the year 1859 I left Mr. Smith to

go to live at Russley, but in another chapter I shall speak of that part of my career. This is, however, a fitting opportunity to say something about Mr. Ten Broeck, the Yankee sportsman.

In the year 1857 Mr. R. Ten Broeck came over to England with some very good horses to try his luck on the English turf. Amongst them were some of the best that America could produce, and I must say they did not disgrace that country. They included 'Lecompte'—I believe a real good horse. Miner, the trainer, always told me he was a long way the best horse they had seen in America for years, and he certainly looked it. He was one of the finest animals that I ever saw, and looked like carrying 14 st. to hounds, with no lumber about him. Previously to coming here he had been at the stud for two years, but was very quiet. He stood his preparation for some time, but was taken ill, and never recovered sufficiently to be put in training again, so we never had the chance of seeing what all American trainers considered the best horse they ever had compete with ours. Some of the others, however, did credit to their country and themselves. 'Starke' won the Goodwood Stakes in 1859, and the Goodwood Cup, beating 'The Wizard,' in 1861. Mr. Ten Broeck's colours at this time were

the Stars and Stripes of America—red and white striped jacket, with blue stars and blue cap. This sportsman also had good horses in 'Umpire,' who won the Goodwood Nursery, and 'Prior' and 'Prioress.' The latter won the Cesarewitch of 1857, after a dead heat with 'El Hakim' and 'Queen Bess,' and was only beaten a head the next year by 'Rocket,' running the dead heat for second place I have already mentioned. These horses were trained by Miner, a man Mr. Ten Broeck brought over with him, and a very clever trainer he was. At first he started training here on the American style, a very different system to ours. Our Transatlantic cousins believed in very long slow work, and a great deal of sweating. I well remember 'Prioress' having a three-mile sweat between the race and the deciding heat for the Cesarewitch. It came off right that time, but I think putting Fordham up instead of Tankerley in the deciding heat had something to do with the result. In course of time Miner found out that ours was a different climate, and adopted more of our style of training. He also told me he didn't believe in the clock, or in timing races over here, where courses and climate are so different and variable; and for that very reason I have never believed in the time test in this country. For

instance, you may try two horses at Newmarket on Monday, when it is good going, and take them to a course like Leicester, when there has been a lot of wet, and you could not even calculate the difference the state of the going would result in.

Miner stayed in England about two years, and was succeeded by Pryor, another American, who afterwards went to France to train for Baron Schickler, and did well by him. He returned to America from France, and I should think by now must be dead. Pryor was a very clever trainer indeed, and one of the most attentive men to his horses I ever knew. Afterwards Mr. Ten Broeck took more to English training and English ways, but not before he had lost a lot of money on the turf; he was a great admirer of George Fordham, who always rode for him when he possibly could, and said he was one of the best masters he ever had.

Although Mr. Ten Broeck was a shrewd man, I do not think he was what I should call a clever man; he fancied himself too much at any game. I shall never forget him riding a match at Warwick against, I think, Captain Little. The American was dressed in a most extraordinary way for a sporting gentleman. He wore a pair of very

large worsted cord breeches, black jack-boots, a racing-jacket cut very low in front, like a dress waistcoat, and, to finish up with, had a cigar in his mouth. Tom McGeorge started the two horses, and Mr. Ten Broeck, puffing away at his weed, and sitting quite back in his saddle, looked more like riding in the Park or hacking about at Newmarket than racing. When the flag dropped he was at least six or eight lengths behind in a five-furlong match. Needless to say he was beaten, but not so very far, as he came with a tremendous rush when the race was all over: as Mr. George Payne, who had done Mr. Ten Broeck's commission, said, if he "had not put him £800 on, he should have sworn he had pulled the horse."

When Mr. Payne met him coming back to the weighing-room, he asked him what had happened. Mr. Ten Broeck answered:

"Well, I guess he had the foot of me all the way."

Mr. Payne laughed heartily, although he had lost £500 himself, and said:

"Well, my advice is, Ten Broeck, never ride again. I never saw such a mess in my life as you made of it."

However, no one could ever make Mr. Broeck

believe that he was not a good jockey. He was the owner of some very good horses between 1857 and 1866, after which year he went back to America. There he married a rich widow, and returned to England some twelve or fourteen years afterwards, but, after his first visit, only owned occasional platers. Mr. Ten Broeck died at a great age a few years since. He was a good supporter of the English turf, a real good loser, and not too jubilant when he won.

Well do I remember Fordham being caught napping (the only time I ever saw it happen to him) on a mare belonging to Mr. Ten Broeck named 'Amy,' by Sam Rogers, who was riding 'Wild Rose,' owned by Bob Bignell, of Argyle Rooms fame. It was a race 'Ditch In' at Newmarket, finishing at the top of the town. Fordham made the running, and could have won very easily, but he steadied his mare in the last fifty yards, and Sam Rogers, coming with a wet sail, beat him a head on the post before George had time to set his 'Amy' going again. Mr. Ten Broeck had a lot of money on, and this Fordham knew, and I shall never forget his misery: he was a very sensitive fellow, and nothing would pacify him. That night he came back to where we were staying and went straight to bed; he would not have any dinner, and cried like a child. Mr. Ten Broeck wrote

him a very nice letter directly he got off the course, telling him to be sure and not take any notice of the mistake, as he was certain he had won him a great many races he ought not to have done, and he was quite satisfied to put up with this one little error. This was very good of a man who had lost several hundred pounds by his jockey's carelessness. I think this example will show Mr. Ten Broeck to have been a good sportsman and capital loser. I am sorry to say this is not often the case, as owners are only too glad to find an excuse (after they have lost their money) to blame jockey, trainer, or anyone else, so long as they can have a grumble and give vent to their feelings. The same people are always the first to run up and praise everyone connected with the horse when they win, although he may have been successful by the greatest fluke possible.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. James Merry and Matthew Dawson—'Dundee' breaks down in the Derby—'Folkestone' compared with 'The Bard'—'Thormanby's' Derby—A Dead Heat for the City and Suburban—Tom Taylor and his Employers—A Nasty Trial at Bretby Park.

CERTAINLY the most memorable season in my early riding career was that of 1860. I was then associated with the stable Mr. Matthew Dawson presided over at that private training place, Russley, which lies amidst the undulating Berkshire Downs. Mr. James Merry, the Scotch ironmaster, was the principal patron, and very dangerous indeed was "the boy in yellow" during the early part of the "sixties." The stable contained a really good lot of horses, and I am pleased to be able to say that I myself rode over forty winners in the above-mentioned year. Of course, 'Thormanby' was the great card,

but there were a lot of other good animals at Russley, including 'Northern Light' (also a three-year-old) and 'Dundee,' 'Folkestone,' 'Russley,' 'Starlight,' 'Rivet,' and 'Sweet Hawthorn' (all two-year-olds), besides 'Special License,' a six-year-old. In addition there were others that could win races.

'Dundee' was a remarkably good horse. He was only beaten once as a two-year-old. This was in the first race he ran, the Tyro Stakes at the Liverpool Spring Meeting, when he was a great green colt. His conquerors were 'Lady Clifden' and 'Big Ben,' but 'Dundee' made amends for this the next time he came out by securing the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, the day before 'Thormanby's' Derby, in a canter. Five other races fell to his share that season, and he finished up by winning the Hopeful Stakes at Newmarket, which was then run over the last half of the Abingdon Mile, beating two very speedy animals, 'Little Lady' and 'Walloon,' both belonging to Lord Stamford, giving the former 8 lb. and the latter 3 lb. This was a very great performance for a big horse over such a short course.

'Dundee' was a great favourite for the Derby all that winter. He would have won on three legs, but he broke down on both fore-legs, and

failed by a neck. This game colt—for he must have been the gamest of the game — first gave way crossing the road after coming round Tattenham Corner; still, I thought that he would win easily. Opposite the bell, about eighty yards from the winning-post, he broke down badly on the other leg. 'Kettledrum' won by a neck, but I defeated 'Diophantus' by a head for second money. These three colts were a long way in front of the others. Curiously enough, these leaders were the first three round Tattenham Corner in one of the quickest Derbys on record.

'Folkestone,' by 'Birdcatcher'—'Lady Lurewell,' was another good little horse. Mr. R. Peck will bear me out in this. He was as much like 'The Bard' as possible, being exactly the same colour—a chestnut, with white ticks on his quarters. As an instance of good memories, I may mention that I was officiating as starter at Lincoln when 'The Bard' won the Brocklesby Stakes at Lincoln in 1885. When Wood rode him down to the starting-post, I remarked to him that the colt was exactly like one called 'Folkestone' that I used to win on years before. When racing was over for the day, and I was in the weighing-room, Mr. Robert Peck remarked to me:

"That's a nice two-year-old of mine, Cus, and he's exactly like 'Folkestone,' a little horse that you used to ride."

"Yes," I replied; "I suppose that Wood has told you that I made the same remark?"

"No," replied Peck; "Wood never alluded to the subject."

I mention this little anecdote to show that Mr. Peck and myself were both struck with the resemblance. 'Folkestone' was first beaten out of place in the Whittlebury Stakes at Northampton, but he won a small sweepstakes at that meeting. That season he ran, curiously enough, sixteen races, the very number 'The Bard' ran as a two-year-old, but whilst the latter was unbeaten, 'Folkestone' suffered defeat on six occasions.

It is unnecessary for me to waste the time of my readers enumerating all the races I won that year for Mr. Merry, and I will now try to tell them something about the first Derby I rode in. This I won on 'Thormanby.' The season of 1860 was a real good one for three-year-olds. 'The Wizard,' 'Horror,' 'High Treason,' 'Nutbourne,' and 'Umpire' were all first-class horses.

Rather an amusing incident happened in connection with my mount. It was not definitely decided

that I was to ride 'Thormanby' until the last moment. It may not be generally known, but Mr. Merry was one of the most suspicious owners possible. I had ridden 'Thormanby' in most of his work, and Mr. Matthew Dawson certainly thought that I was going to have the mount in the race. On the morning of the Derby, May 23, 1860, when I first saw Mr. Dawson, he told me he was very much surprised to learn that a jockey named J. Sharpe had arrived from Russia to ride 'Thormanby.' Mr. Merry, or his friend, Norman Buchanan, for him, had sent Tass Parker, the fighting man, who was employed at Russley to keep the touts away, over to Brussels to meet Sharpe. Parker was to bring him to Epsom, and see that he was at the proper weight, which was then 8 st. 7 lb. for colts. Epsom was reached about six o'clock on the morning of the Derby, and Tass had to take Sharpe out wasting, as he was not to be trusted by himself, for fear he should get drunk: a nice sort of jockey to send all the way to Russia for. Sharpe put on a pair of blue spectacles, and went out sweating on the road near Ashtead. Parker and he met Sharpe's brother, E. Sharpe, and Sam Rogers, also wasting. Rogers remarked:

"Ted, I believe that is your brother Jack."

But Ted, who had not seen him for years, and did not know he was in England, replied:

"Not it; he's in Russia."

However, there the brother was, as they afterwards discovered. When Sharpe and his mentor arrived home from wasting, poor old Tass (he was anything but a young man at the time) was tired out, as he had been travelling two days and nights. Desirous of refreshing himself, he left his charge, Sharpe, and went to have a bath. Sharpe asked Mrs. Nesbitt, the wife of Squire Heathcote's butler, with whom they were staying, for some brandy, declaring he felt faint. She took him about half a pint in a decanter up to his room. Jack thereupon made himself very comfortable, and when Tass Parker returned for him to go on the course, the pugilist found out that he had made a mistake in leaving the jockey and forgetting to give strict orders that he was not to have anything to drink. On going to the scales to weigh, I was told to put on the white cap, or second colours. Mr. Manning, the clerk of the scales, wanted to know which horse he was to put my name to, but Mr. Merry told him that he had not decided yet. As there was half an hour before putting the numbers up, there was no hurry. When we arrived in the paddock, Mr. Merry and Matthew Dawson had

rather a warm argument about who were to be the respective jockeys. It ended in Sharpe and myself being told to change caps, and I donned the black one and rode 'Thormanby.' Sharpe, on the back of 'Northern Light,' had orders to make running for me, but he was never in the first ten. I never really quite made out what became of him. Once I heard him calling out for me to go and take his place when he was hemmed in on the rails soon after passing the mile-post, but as I was very well placed, and lengths in front of him at the time, I of course did not take any notice. What has become of Sharpe now is beyond my knowledge, but I think that he must be dead. He never returned to Russia, and was loafing about London for years afterwards.

Mr. Merry is reported to have won about £85,000 over 'Thormanby's' Derby. I recollect Mr. Dawson telling me he never saw such a sight in his life as the table at Mr. Merry's house in Eaton Place one night, when 'Thormanby's' master and his wife were counting out the notes and putting the cheques together. Mr. Merry had collected over £75,000 on the Monday. I think there were two settling days at that time over the Derby, the Monday and Tuesday.

There have been so many different reports about

the present Mr. Merry gave me for winning the Derby on 'Thormanby,' that I will now tell the true tale. Some have gone so far as to say Mr. Merry gave me £500, but that is incorrect: the exact amount was £100. I recollect perfectly well that the present was given in the Jockeys' Room at Stockbridge on the day that I won the Cup on 'Dundee.' I had had to waste very hard to ride 6 st. 12 lb., and beat Mr. Parker's 'Damascus' and Baron Rothschild's 'Mentmore.' Mr. Merry gave me the money in the presence of Mr. Norman Buchanan, who delivered a long lecture, hoping it would not turn my head, nor tempt me to go wrong. I'm afraid in these days it would be more likely to make a jockey turn up his nose than his head. This was the only present that I ever received from Mr. Merry during the three years that I rode for him. As I won him many races, and also had to waste very hard all the time to keep my weight down, I can scarcely look on the Scotch ironmaster as a very liberal patron.

Amongst the many races that I rode in the "yellow and black cap," I always look back with a certain amount of pleasure to winning the Newmarket Whip at the Second October Meeting of 1860 on 'Special License.' I secured this coveted

'THORMANBY.'

PROPERTY OF MR. MERRY. WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1860.

FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY HALL.

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trophy twice on this horse, but it was the first occasion I now refer to. The Whip is run over the Beacon Course, a distance of four miles, one furlong, a hundred and forty-three yards. 'Special License' was a capital stayer, and this was his second victory. There were three runners: 'Starke' (George Fordham), 'Promised Land' (S. Rogers), and I rode 'Special License.' Odds of 6 to 4 were laid on 'Promised Land,' and 7 to 4 against mine. Fordham on 'Starke,' riding to orders, I presume, jumped off and made very strong running right through the Ditch Gap. Soon afterwards he was done with, and as I had been told to be sure and keep a good pace, I took up the running and came across the Flat "a cracker." After we got past the Abingdon Mile Bottom, I felt my old horse change his legs, so steadied him for a few strides. Mr. Mat Dawson was at the Turn of the Lands on an old steeple-chase horse called 'Escape.' He beckoned me on, not knowing how fast we had come. When we got to him he galloped alongside me, and said:

"Why the d—l don't you go along?"

Sam Rogers immediately said:

"What the deuce is it to do with you? How many have I to ride against?"

Mat joined in, and, I need hardly tell my readers, there was a merry chorus for about a hundred yards or so. Going on, we had a tremendous race, and finally I just won by a head at the finish, but the horses were both so tired they didn't go twenty yards past the winning-post. Neither of them was worth anything afterwards. Mr. Merry, or his friend Buchanan, I believe it was, sold 'Special License' to go to Germany as a sire, and to run for the big race at Baden-Baden. However, the horse came back after he had been there about a fortnight, as they discovered that he was a gelding. Mr. Merry, therefore, was obliged to take him back and refund the money. I am sure he did not like this. 'Special License' was a sound, genuine animal, a wonderful stayer, and he won the Liverpool Autumn Cup two years in succession, in 1857 and 1858. He was by 'The Cossack' out of 'Bridle.' When I steered him he was a very generous horse.

Another memorable race that I rode in that, to me, very successful season was the winning mount on Sir H. des Vœux' horse 'Comforter' in the City and Suburban. This was after a dead heat with Sir Joseph Hawley's 'Lord Nelson,' with Wells in the saddle. I thought I had won the first time, but I made no mistake the second go. Jumping away in

front, I made all the running, and won by six lengths. 'Comforter' was a very big, coarse horse by 'Stockwell'—'Muffattee.' It was generally agreed that he was the very image of his sire, and a real good horse when fit; but he was a very gross colt, and difficult to get ready in the spring of the year. He was the animal that caused such a bother and led to a law case after winning the Granby Handicap at Croxton Park, when he was piloted by Lord Wilton (who rode as "Mr. Clarke").

'Comforter' was a queer-tempered horse, not fit for an old gentleman, like the Earl was at that time, to ride. There were eight runners over a distance of one and a quarter miles, and when they got to the post 'Comforter' began rearing and kicking. They all, however, got together, and, thinking it was all right, Markwell, the starter, dropped his flag (so Fordham, Snowden, and other jockeys who rode in the race said); but just at the time 'Comforter' stuck his toes in the ground, whipped round, and consequently was left at the post. 'Emblem,' ridden by "Mr. Edwards," won. There was an objection, and the matter was investigated, and the stewards decided that it was no start. Some of the horses went to the post again, including the winner, 'Emblem.'

This time 'Comforter' won, and afterwards Mr. Halford, the owner of 'Emblem,' brought an action against the Croxton Park Club for the stakes. Of course, he got beaten, as he admitted the false start by going to the post a second time. Had he not started his mare again, it was thought that, with the evidence of the jockeys (who were all in his favour), he might have stood a chance. As it was, the second race was confirmed, and a nice paper warfare it caused between "John Davis" (the late Earl of Winchilsea) and "Argus" (the late Mr. Wills) of the *Morning Post*.

On the back of 'Comforter' I afterwards won the Cleveland Handicap at Doncaster two years in succession, and was only beaten a head the third time by that good mare 'Caller Ou,' when the horse was giving her a lot of weight. Another good animal Sir H. des Vœux owned was 'Taje,' on whom I won several races as a two-year-old, and a very useful mare called 'Roly-Poly.' They were located at Bretby Park, near Burton-on-Trent, under the charge of Mr. Tom Taylor (father of the Manton trainer), who afterwards removed to Grafton House, Newmarket, where he died. He was a very eccentric old gentleman, but a good trainer.

At various times Tom Taylor had some first-class

horses, as well as some good and aristocratic employers. The latter included the Earl of Chesterfield, the Earl of Wilton, the Earl of Londesborough, Lord Newport (the present Earl of Bradford), Stirling Crawfurd, Esq., and Sir H. des Vœux. The string of horses consisted of about seventy, and amongst them were some very smart ones, including 'Summerside,' 'Zuyder Zee,' 'East Langton,' 'Thorpe Langton,' 'Odd Trick,' 'Comforter,' 'Chevalier,' and others. Wells, Fordham, Ashmall, and myself were the jockeys connected with the stable. Very often we were summoned to Bretby to ride trials, which we always were obliged to do in full costume, exactly as though we were riding a race, with the exception that we all had brown silk jackets on. I well remember riding 'Odd Trick' in a trial there, and never was in a greater fright in my life. We were going a mile and a half; I think there were five horses in the gallop, and the last quarter of a mile it lay between three of us. I was making running on 'Odd Trick,' Wells, on 'Zuyder Zee,' was on my whip-hand, and Ashmall on the near side, riding 'Chevalier.' They were both at my horse's quarters, and each of them calling to me to look out, as they were both riding very vicious beasts. 'Zuyder Zee' always ran in a muzzle,

and 'Chevalier' had caught hold of Ashmall by the thigh in a race at Goodwood, and pulled him clean off his horse; so it may be surmised I made the most use I possibly could of 'Odd Trick,' and managed to win by a good length, and by so doing, luckily, just kept clear of them. I don't know the why or wherefore, but Bretby was always noted for savage horses, as well as good ones.

CHAPTER III.

'Thormanby' wins the Ascot Cup—Luke Snowden—'Lord Clifden's' Trial as a Two-year-old—Tom Wadlow and his *Racing Calendar*—Mr. John Mannington and George Fordham —A French Filly wins the Oaks : her Guard of Honour.

IN the last chapter I have alluded to the fact, and told the tale, how in 1861 I was unluckily beaten on 'Dundee' in 'Kettledrum's' Derby. However, that season did not pass away without Fortune smiling on me in one or two of the most important events of the turf. My Derby mount, 'Thormanby,' carried me to victory in the Ascot Gold Cup, and I also won the Cesarewitch on Mr. C. Bevill's 'Audrey.' This gentleman was the father of the well-known gentleman rider, and the present Clerk of the Course at Kempton Park.

'Audrey' was a beautiful big strong bay mare by 'Stockwell' out of 'As You Like It,' and carried what was considered a big weight in those days,

8 st. 5 lb. I wore the second colours in that race, Mr. Bevill having another animal running named 'Claire,' with whom he declared to win. As much as 100 to 1 was laid against mine, and backers took as little as 100 to 12 about 'Claire.' Poor Luke Snowden, an elder brother of Jem's, wasted very hard, and rode 'Claire' at 7 st. 6 lb. This was awfully light for him—in fact, it was really the cause of his death, as he caught a chill at Shrewsbury, went home, broke a blood-vessel, and died in less than three days. In my experience all jockeys who waste themselves principally on physic, especially at the back end of the year, are liable to meet their death: if they have an illness at that season they have little or no stamina to stand against it. I well remember Snowden being asked to ride 'Leontes' in a race at Shrewsbury that same year at 8 st. 12 lb., and he was obliged to declare 1 lb. overweight, so that my readers can guess how he must have wasted to ride 7 st. 6 lb. in the Cesarewitch about five weeks before. 'Claire' was a moderate animal, and I never could make out how his party made the mistake they did. Luke Snowden was a very good jockey; he won the St. Leger on 'St. Albans,' and was riding a great deal the year before he died for the Marquis of Ailesbury, Mr. Payne, and other

gentlemen who trained in Alec Taylor's stable. He had a very peculiar seat, as he used to ride very short indeed, but was strong, and had a good head on his shoulders.

One of the best two-year-olds I have ever seen tried was 'Lord Clifden.' When we went to try him at Stanton the Saturday after Chester Races in 1861, he was galloped with 'Spicebox,' 'Egyptian,' and 'Lady Strafford,' another youngster. 'Spicebox' and 'Egyptian' had won two races each at Chester, so it showed they were in form, and the 'young un' was asked to beat them at even weights. This he did very easily. I rode 'Lady Strafford,' and was last in the gallop. Well do I remember Fordham taking 'Lord Clifden' very wide round the bottom turn, and letting Walter White, who was riding 'Spicebox,' get two or three lengths of him in the straight; but when George asked 'Lord Clifden' to go, he did so, and won in a canter by three lengths. 'Egyptian' was third.

When the trial was over, I said to Fordham:

"George, you went very wide round that last turn."

He turned round directly and said:

"Do you think I was riding that horse to win his trial?"

I answered:

"Why not?"

When he immediately replied:

"I tried to give him no chance to make a mistake in the race."

This was lucky, as we tried 'Lord Clifden' for the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom. I shall never forget this contest. I was on the jockey-stand, at that time adjoining the reporters. As soon as the flag had fallen, there came a cry, "The favourite's left!" This he virtually was. A horse belonging to Mr. J. Eastwood, named 'Hawthorn Blossom,' got a good start, and was leading ten lengths round Tattenham Corner, when they called out, "'Hawthorn Blossom' wins!" I directly said: "There is one behind that can fall down, get up, and win." Of course, I meant 'Lord Clifden.' After the race, several who heard my remark congratulated me on my judgment, but they did not know that I had ridden in the trial. After that contest, Lord St. Vincent made up his mind to buy 'Lord Clifden' and 'Lady Strafford,' and Jack Holmes, an Irishman, was entrusted with the commission. For a week or two the bargaining went on, and no terms were arrived at until Manchester Whitsuntide races. Mr. Hind, who bred 'Lord Clifden,' lived at Newcastle, in

Staffordshire, and, I believe, only had one brood mare, 'The Slave,' dam of 'Lord Clifden' and 'Lady Clifden.' Anyhow, Holmes came down from Manchester and effected a bargain. I believe the price was £6,500. 'Lord Clifden' had previously been bought by Captain Christie, who took £1,000 profit, and gave his trainer, Mr. Wadlow, who persuaded him to buy the horse, £500 of it.

A very funny thing occurred over a race at Manchester, which was run over the Old Castle Irwell course. It was a Foal Stakes, and John Osborne had brought an animal of his father's, 'Lorette,' on the off-chance of getting second money, and running it in a Selling Race the next day. It was just the time they had altered the weights for two-year-old races from 8 st. 7 lb. and 8 st. 4 lb. to 8 st. 10 lb. and 8 st. 7 lb. I happened to look at *Bell's Life*, almost the only sporting paper in those days, and saw the weight published 8 st. 7 lb. I went to scale, and presently Mr. T. Wadlow, the present Stanton trainer, came and said:

"I should like to see you weighed."

I replied, "All right," went to the scales, and said, "8 st. 7 lb., please."

Mr. Wadlow looked at his card, and said:

"What do you mean?"—I had not looked at a

card—"it is 8 st. 4 lb. You would have made a nice mess if I hadn't come to see you weighed."

"I'm awfully sorry, but certainly thought I had weighed the right weight," was my reply.

There were three runners, and I won very easily on 'Lady Strafford.' 'Stella' was second, and J. Osborne was beaten off. When we came to the scales, I weighed in 8 st. 4 lb.; so did the second. J. Osborne (who, I am certain, knew nothing about it before) said: "I object to the first two horses for being short of weight." They were both disqualified, and Osborne got the first and second money, about £240, with an animal not worth £25; in fact, I think it was sold for less the day after, when it was beaten easily in a Selling Plate. Ever since that it has been a standing joke against Tom Wadlow to ask him to let you see his *Calendar*, as he has never been known to be without one. The mistake was made owing to the weights on the card being considered correct; but, as my readers know, these are not the official weights. It is really unnecessary for me to say much more about 'Lord Clifden.' Although everyone thought at the time that Lord St. Vincent made a dear bargain, it turned out a very profitable one, and would have

been more so had his lordship been in better hands.

An amusing incident, and one worth narrating, happened in connection with 'Macaroni's' Derby. The late Mr. John Mannington, the veterinary surgeon, of Brighton, was one of George Fordham's most intimate friends, and they were returning home together to Banstead, where they were staying for the Epsom meeting of 1863. They were riding along the road, it being a very hot day, when they came up with an old gentlemanly-looking farmer walking that way. Fordham began talking and chaffing, which he was very fond of doing, and Mannington thought he would ride on and leave them to their discussion. Presently he heard a row, and turning round saw that Fordham had knocked the hat nearly over the old man's eyes, and was still bonneting him. Mr. Mannington returned, and found poor Fordham in an awful rage, saying, "It is only your age protects you," but still giving him one or two. Mannington stopped it, and on asking what was the matter, it was explained that the old fellow had said: "Well, I always have thought that Fordham was a thief, but I have proved it to-day." It turned out afterwards the old gentleman was an old farmer named Oldaker, who used to keep the course at Harpenden on horse-

back, and whom Fordham ought to have known but did not.

When 'Fille de l'Air' won the Oaks in 1864, the people connected with her were under the impression there was a prejudice against French horses; and as she had been badly beaten in the Two Thousand at Newmarket when a great favourite, they were afraid there would be some hostile feeling against her if she proved successful at Epsom. In consequence of this, John Hawes, who was Count Lagrange's factotum, and a great friend of Owen Swift's (whose acquaintance he made during Owen's exile in France after killing Brighton Bill), got him to hire some fighting men to be ready to take care of the filly and her jockey after she had won. I was riding a mare called 'Antoinette,' belonging to Captain King, and trained by W. Goodwin at Newmarket, whose colours were blue jacket, red sleeves, and white cap—exactly the same as Count Lagrange's with the exception of the cap, which was red. After passing the post—'Fille de l'Air' having won easily, my mare being about eighth or ninth—on returning to the enclosure, I noticed the French mare trotting back sharply, with two or three mounted policemen and several pugilists. Amongst others, I can specially recollect

Jem Mace, Bob Travers, Jem Dillon, and Bill Gillam, who were of what I call "the racing division" —I mean by this the lot who really did know what they were doing, and what horse they were leading back. All at once eight or ten fighting gentlemen came out of Alec Keene's booth, and, collaring hold of my mare's head, took possession of us both. They said, "All right, Edwards, we will knock the teeth out of them," mistaking me and my mount for the French representative. Sure enough, they started to do so, and the more I tried to assure them I was not Edwards, and that they had made a mistake, the more they knocked the people about. Of course the public retaliated, and a more lively five or ten minutes I never saw. No one offered to touch me, and at last I got back to the stand, none the worse, only having been a spectator to as fine a piece of sport and rough and tumble as I could have desired to witness.

CHAPTER IV.

The Ilsley Stable—Mr. Sutton and James Dover—General Pearson and his Yearlings—'Lord Lyon's' Career—I break my Collar-bone—A Ride on 'Hermit'—'Lord Lyon' wins the Derby and St. Leger—'Achievement' loses the Oaks, but wins the Leger.

WE have now reached a period which will always be memorable in my career, as in 1866 I was fortunate enough to ride my second Derby winner. This was 'Lord Lyon,' a horse that carried off all the three great classic events of his year, thus following in the steps of the French horse, 'Gladiateur,' who had won the same prizes the season before. 'Lord Lyon' and 'Achievement' were the two horses that I was mainly associated with in the above-mentioned year, and they were trained by that good old fellow, the late James Dover, at East Ilsley. These horses were own brother and sister, and they were bred by

the late General Pearson at his place, Oakley Hall, near Kettering, in Northamptonshire, about three miles from where Count Mokronoski has his breeding-stud at the present time. The old General afterwards removed to Sandy, in Bedfordshire, where he died on April 29, 1892. General Pearson took to the turf rather late in life, and it may be said that it was only by an accident that he became an owner of racehorses. He took a far greater interest in the army, and he was the Colonel of the 12th Lancers, a regiment that has always held a good position in the sporting world. The tale is told, and I have good reason to know that it is correct, that General Pearson wanted a hack for his wife, and it was for this purpose that he purchased —for, I think, eighteen guineas only—a thoroughbred filly by 'Redshank' (son of 'Sandbeck') out of 'Delhi,' by 'Plenipotentiary.' This was 'Ellen Horne,' a mare that became renowned in Stud Book lore as the dam of that good brood-mare 'Paradigm,' who, to 'Stockwell,' ultimately threw those two smart horses, 'Lord Lyon' and 'Achievement.' General Pearson was a very hard man with his yearlings. He was always anxious to find out their merits or their demerits, as the case might be. Mr. Dover has told me that it was very early in the autumn of

his yearling days that 'Lord Lyon' ran his first trial, and was asked to put his best foot foremost on those beautiful Ilsley Downs. It was a few days before the St. Leger of 1864 that 'Lord Lyon' was tried with a two-year-old named 'Jezebel,' at 7 lb., over a distance of half a mile. The Badminton Library book on "Racing" says the distance was five furlongs; but this is incorrect. 'Jezebel' was in good form then, as she had beaten a field of fourteen or fifteen runners in the Bath Biennial; and with Thomas—Dover's stable-lad—up, she had come in first for the Coventry Stakes at Worcester, beating Lord Coventry's own filly 'Prosperity,' etc. In this trial with 'Jezebel' 'Lord Lyon,' in receipt of 7 lb., was only beaten a head; a truly great performance for a yearling to accomplish against a smart two-year-old. According to the late Mr. Dover's trial-books, 'Lord Lyon' was galloped again the following April, when the gallop finished as follows: 'Rustic,' 2 years, 8 st., first; 'Grisette,' 4 years, 9 st. 7 lb., second; 'Lord Lyon,' 2 years, 8 st., third; 'Tender,' 2 years, 6 st. 7 lb., fourth; and 'Ironclad,' 2 years, 6 st. 7 lb., fifth. 'Rustic' won by a neck, there being a length and a half between second and third. There is, therefore, every reason to suppose that at that time Mr.—afterwards Sir Richard—Sutton, who was in

partnership with General Pearson, thought that 'Rustic' was the better of the two. On the Wednesday of the Ascot Meeting the Duke of Beaufort purchased 'Rustic' for 5,000 guineas, and there was a lot of chaff at the time that his Grace had purchased the Ilsley second string.

That summer 'Lord Lyon' went on capitally. Early in August he was stripped at Ilsley, and as a two-year-old, carrying 8 st., he beat 'Gardevisure,' 3 years, 9 st. 4 lb., by seven lengths over six furlongs. This did not content General Pearson, and he would have his horse galloped again. A fortnight later 'Lord Lyon' was put with 'Gardevisure' at 10 lb., when the young one won in a canter by about three lengths. That Newmarket Houghton Meeting 'Gardevisure' won the Cambridgeshire, and the Ilsley people would have preferred to have run the two-year-old at the same weights. 'Lord Lyon' was a better stayer than the older horse.

'Lord Lyon' ran a dead-heat with 'Redan' in the Champagne Stakes at Doncaster, on the occasion of making his début in '65. After receiving forfeit in a minor race at the Newmarket First October Meeting, I steered him to victory in the Troy Stakes, beating 'Mr. Pitt,' 'The Primate,' and three others, at the Second October Meeting. Riding

him again at the Houghton Meeting, I won the Criterion Stakes.

Although I was asked to pilot him in all his three-year-old engagements, an accident prevented me being on his back in the Two Thousand Guineas. I had a bad fall the week before at the Epsom Spring Meeting, and broke my collar-bone, besides suffering other injuries. I was riding a horse Joseph Dawson trained, named 'Lytham,' in a three-quarters of a mile race. He had carried me successfully several times before, and I knew his peculiarities. When I got into the Paddock I saw he had blinkers on (it was not necessary to weigh in with them then), and immediately I said to Mr. Dawson:

"What have you put him those on for?"

His answer was: "So that you can give him a good hiding without him seeing you. 'Lytham' ran all over the course at York with Jack Loates last week." This Loates, who is dead, was the eldest of the family of celebrated jockeys.

I said I would not ride a horse in blinkers, having had a bad fall at Chatham through them some time before.

However, 'Lytham' was a queer-tempered horse, and he would not let the lad take them off, so I was obliged to ride him as he was. There was a large

field, and we had gone about a quarter of a mile, so were just at the steepest part of Tattenham Corner, when I called out to G. Elphick (the present veterinary surgeon at Newcastle-on-Tyne, who was then a lad about 5 st. 7 lb.) to "keep straight." He thought I wanted to come up on the inside, and good-naturedly pulled his mare out—unfortunately, right across my track. I caught hold of 'Lytham' to pull him back, and he thought I was going to hit him, as Loates had done before, so he rushed on, striking into the mare's heels, and turned a complete somersault right on the top of me. Sam Hibberd, who was riding 'Skirmish,' fell over both of us. A carriage was brought up the course, and I was taken to my lodgings in Epsom. It was currently reported, and also published in one evening paper, that I was dead; but, although unconscious for some time, I came to myself about nine o'clock at night. Thanks to my good condition, as I had been wasting hard to ride 8 st. 4 lb., which was very light for me at that time, I soon got over my accident.

It was just one day less than five weeks from the day I broke my collar-bone to the day I won the Derby over the same course. On the first day of that Epsom Summer Meeting I rode 'Breadalbane' in the Craven Stakes, and 'Hermit' in the Wood-

cote Stakes. I recollect poor Tom McGeorge saying to me when I got to the post on 'Hermit,' that they "had no business to put you on that horse to-day, as he was very awkward at the post at Bath." Mr. Chaplin's horse certainly bored his head, and was restive, hurting my shoulder very much; but I did not say anything about it. Next day I rode 'Lord Lyon,' and won, beating 'Savernake' a head, poor Tom French riding. Of course they blamed him, as is the custom when a jockey is just beaten for a big race, and said he ought to have won; but the result was the same in the St. Leger, when they took French off and put T. Chaloner up.

Mr. Sutton and his friends all said 'Lord Lyon' would have won much easier if my arm had been all right, but I told them at the time if I had had five arms I should not have won any further. 'Lord Lyon' was a very nice horse to ride, and free enough, although not a puller. I went to Ilsley ten days before the Derby to do riding work and get myself fit, as Sir James Paget, whom I had consulted, had advised me to do so, but I was to ride a quiet horse at first. When I walked on to the Downs with the late James Dover, I recollect him calling to Thomas (the stable-jockey who rode 'Lord Lyon' in the Two Thousand) to bring the horse for me to get on. I

'LORD LYON.'

PROPERTY OF MR. SUTTON.

WINNER OF THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS, DERBY, AND DONCASTER ST. LEGER, 1866.

FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY HALL.

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said to Mr. Dover: "You are not going to put me on 'Lord Lyon' first, are you?'

His answer was:

"Well, he is the quietest horse I have got."

Consequently I rode him in his work all the time I was at Ilsley. 'Lord Lyon' won the Derby easier than he did the St. Leger. At Doncaster it was a very short head indeed; in fact, neither Chaloner, 'Savernake's' jockey, nor myself, knew which had won after passing the post. I said to Chaloner, "I think I have just done you," as I was on the right side, farthest away from the judge, which is always an advantage. It is my opinion that 'Savernake' was unlucky that day; he was shut in at the distance, and when he got clear, he had to come round his horses, yet he was catching 'Lord Lyon,' who was tiring, very fast. I always consider that 'Lord Lyon' was rather a lucky horse, and that he was not a real good one, as will be shown when I describe his race with 'Rama' at Lincoln in another chapter. It is, however, certain that he was a very game colt on his best course, which was about a mile and a half, but he was not quite a stayer. It is not generally known that 'Lord Lyon' was a very slight whistler, and was fired with a flat iron on his throat by Stanley, the veterinary

surgeon, of Leamington, who just then believed in that treatment. Whether it did him any good or not I can't say. 'Lord Lyon' was leased by Mr. Sutton from General Pearson, who bred him, as I have said before, in Northamptonshire.

General Pearson kept 'Achievement,' and raced her himself in his own colours, "black with scarlet chevrons," which were very pretty colours indeed. He asked me to ride her in all her races, which I agreed to do when Mr. Chaplin, who had first claim upon me, did not require my services. She won all her two-year-old engagements up to the Newmarket October Meeting, when 'Plaudit' beat her for the Clearwell Stakes, and 'The Rake' lowered her colours in the Middle Park Plate. However, she was carrying all the penalties, and was trying to give 'The Rake' 7 lb., which she only just failed to do. 'Achievement' finished up her two-year-old career by winning the Criterion Stakes (with all the penalties) in a canter, and she retired into winter quarters with a good record. It is evident that the severe strain on a not over-strong constitution told its tale, and when she came out for the One Thousand the following spring she was looking very light indeed; so much so that my saddle slipped back directly after passing the post.

Still, she won by three lengths, but she had nothing to beat, a very moderate mare named 'Sœur de Charité' being second. I recollect the late Joseph Dawson saying to me on the morning of the Oaks:

"Do you think you are sure to win to-day on 'Achievement'?"

"Yes; what is to beat her?" I replied.

He answered: "Well, all I know is that 'The Rake' gave the filly who was second to you in the One Thousand 2 st. 7 lb., and beat her in a trial the week after that race."

'Achievement' was not tried early in her three-year career, and the Ilsley stable only took it for granted that she was well. As it turned out, they were wrong; 'Hippia' won, and the two-year-old flyer of the year before only ran a dead heat for second place with 'Romping Girl.'

'Achievement's' defeat finished up a very unlucky week for me, as I ought to have ridden 'Hermit' in the Derby; but that matter is explained elsewhere. However, I missed riding 'Hermit' in the Derby, and was beaten on one of the greatest favourites that ever ran for the Oaks. Naturally, every manner of fault was found with me, Mr. Sutton going so far as to say I pulled the mare. I did not hear of this until a long

time afterwards, or would certainly have tried to make him prove his words. That 'Achievement' herself was out of all form was proved afterwards at Ascot, where General Pearson put up Chaloner without saying a word to me, although I had been asked to ride the mare all through her engagements, and had promised to do so. The General did not give me any retainer, and I got into disgrace with Captain Machell because I did not ride 'Knight of the Garter' in the Middle Park Plate: I told the Captain I had given my word to General Pearson that I would ride his mare in all her engagements, and I could not depart from it. Captain Machell wanted to say I was engaged to Bloss's stable, and certainly ought to give them the preference. Anyhow, I was taken off 'Achievement' for the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, and Chaloner substituted. She was a very great favourite, and, needless to say, I was pleased to see her defeated very easily by 'Vauban,' giving her 5 lb. On the last day of the meeting the Duke of Beaufort's colt again beat her by three lengths in a canter over one mile, proving beyond doubt the mare was out of all form, as she could certainly have given 'Vauban' 10 lb. or more when thoroughly herself. Thus ended the connection between Mr. Sutton, General

'ACHIEVEMENT.'

PROPERTY OF GENERAL PEARSON. WINNER OF THE ONE THOUSAND AND DONCASTER ST. LEGER, 1867.

FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY HALL.

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Pearson, and myself. Not so with my old friend James Dover, who always maintained that they had behaved badly to me. What was worse, the owner of 'Achievement' would not, or did not, admit it, after it was so clearly proved that the filly was out of all form at Epsom. When I saw her walking round the paddock at York in the August meeting looking the picture of health, and with that beautiful jaunty walk of hers, I could hardly think it was the same animal. However, she was just as well as she looked, and she won the Great Yorkshire Stakes in a canter. As it turned out, I was correct in my judgment, as 'Achievement' beat me on 'Hermit' in the St. Leger, and, with Kenyon up, won the Doncaster Cup two days later, again defeating 'Hermit,' who was piloted by Jeffery.

There never were two more different animals for brother and sister than 'Lord Lyon' and 'Achievement.' Both of their portraits, painted by Harry Hall, are in front of me as I write, and show the greatest dissimilarity. 'Lord Lyon' as a three-year-old stood 15.3, with good bone, looking like carrying 14 st. to hounds, with very short pastern joints and flat feet. 'Achievement' stood over 16 hands as a two-year-old. She was very light of bone, with long pastern joints, and leggy; but she

had extraordinarily good shoulders, and a short back for a mare. I think she was the longest filly from her hip to the hock I ever saw, being made more like a greyhound than any other animal. 'Signorina' was wonderfully like her on a smaller scale, but, I think, had a little more bone. 'Achievement' was in fact a real good mare, much better than 'Lord Lyon,' although I don't think they were ever tried together.

CHAPTER V.

The Squire of Blankney and his Purchases—'Julius's' Cesarewitch —'Broomielaw's' Chesterfield Cup—'Hermit' breaks a Blood-vessel, and 'The Rake' follows Suit—The Derby of 1867; 'Hermit's' Sensational Victory.

IN the year 1865 Mr. Chaplin bought 'Breadalbane' and 'Broomielaw' from Mr. I'Anson, of Malton, who had bred them. "The Squire of Blankney" gave a great price—I think it was £11,000—for the two horses. They remained at Malton for a short time, and were afterwards sent to William Goater's, at Findon. Mr. Chaplin engaged me as first jockey, but Lord Lonsdale had first claim on my services. I recollect we took 'Lytham,' the same horse that fell with me at the Epsom Spring Meeting before 'Lord Lyon's' Derby, down to Malton to try 'Breadalbane' with for the Two Thousand Guineas. I won the trial on 'Lytham,' a smart plater, by a length and a half, at

even weights. After this we didn't think 'Breadalbane' had much chance to win, but he ran third to 'Gladiateur' and 'Archimedes.' I afterwards won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot on him, but he was nothing like so good as his brother, 'Blair Athol.'

Mr. Chaplin also bought 'Blinkhoolie' from Mr. I'Anson as a two-year-old, and a disappointing horse he turned out at that age. They tried him well, and backed him for a lot of money in a Nursery at Stockbridge, but he was not in the first three, Jemmy Grimshaw riding; but I won the Gimcrack Stakes at York on him. Mr. I'Anson, the owner of 'Blair Athol' and 'Blink Bonny,' was there to see him run, and would have £5 on him. The bookmakers offered 20 to 1 against the colt, and I should think that he was the only person on the course who backed him. 'Blinkhoolie' was beaten twice afterwards when we fancied him; and I always thought Jemmy Grimshaw used to bustle him too much from the starting-post. Curiously enough, this jockey never won a race on 'Blinkhoolie,' and I never was beaten when I rode him.

The uncertainty of racing was never more clearly shown than in the Cesarewitch of 1867, in which race 'Julius' had 8 st., and won, while 'Blinkhoolie

only carried 6 st. 4 lb., and was not in the first six. When I mention that 'Blinkhoolie' was considered very little behind 'Hermit,' who had beaten 'Julius' in the St. Leger, it is difficult to see how the running could be explained. Grimshaw again rode him, and as the course was two and a quarter miles, it couldn't be said that he bustled him, and that the horse had not time to get on his legs, as I had fancied was the case in the shorter races. However, the colt, who was a great favourite, was never in the race, and it has always been a mystery to the stable how he ever was beaten. 'Blinkhoolie' altered his form very much at Warwick soon afterwards, in the Autumn Handicap there, with Sammy Kenyon, 6 st. 12 lb., in the saddle. I was riding 'Rama,' another horse that then belonged to Mr. Chaplin, and a declaration was made to win with 'Blinkhoolie.' I made the running at a real good pace, and when we came to the last turn, I looked round, and saw Kenyon next to me, sitting quite still. I immediately pulled out and made room for him, saying, "Now make the best of your way home," as I knew 'Blinkhoolie' could stay for ever. This Kenyon did, and won by ten lengths in a common canter.

The next year I rode 'Blinkhoolie' in the Queen's Vase at Ascot at even weights with 'Julius,' who

was a great favourite, backers laying 3 to 1 on him. I made the whole of the running, and won very easily indeed by six lengths. On the last day of this same meeting, carrying 10 st., I won the Alexandra Plate on him over a three-mile course, beating 'Outfit,' who, as a maiden, had 7 lb. allowed him, 'Trocadero,' 'Dalesman,' and several other good horses. I have always said, and maintain, that 'Blinkhoolie' was one of the best stayers I ever rode: he was bred for staying, by 'Rataplan'—'Queen Mary.' I rode several other successful horses for Mr. Chaplin at that time, 'Volunteer,' 'Veda,' 'St. Ronan' (who ran third in the Two Thousand Guineas), and others, but I am afraid I should be tiring my readers should I narrate all their performances.

One other race in which I rode, however, is interesting, as it illustrates the uncertainty of our national sport. It was the Queen's Plate at Lincoln Autumn Meeting in 1867. There were four runners—'Regalia' (Heartfield), 'Sundeelah' (J. Snowden), 'Lord Lyon' (Chaloner), and 'Rama' (myself). Mr. Chaplin had lost a lot of money at that meeting, and remarked just before the race:

"Now, to see 'Rama' beat 'Lord Lyon' would be a bad finish to a bad week."

Mr. Chaplin thought 'Lord Lyon' a real good horse, but I always told him that he could not stay. The Squire deemed me prejudiced, as I had not ridden him after I was beaten on 'Achievement' in the Oaks, a race I have already explained. Naturally anxious to see 'Lord Lyon' beaten, I told both Heartfield and Snowden that I was going to make strong running, and begged of them to be sure and go on as soon as my horse was done with, as 'Lord Lyon' would be sure to beat them for speed. The ground was fearfully heavy, and as soon as the flag fell I sent 'Rama' along at a good pace. When we got to the mile-post my mount began to sigh, and changed his legs. I thought I had overdone it a bit, so steadied him for a few strides to let him catch his wind. I then said to him: "Come on, old man;" and catching hold of his head, sent him along as hard as I could to the bottom turn. Going the nearest way round there, I touched one or two of the posts with my boot-tops. When we got into the straight, I looked round, and saw Chaloner on 'Lord Lyon' pulling double, and the other two beaten. However, I kept my horse at it, knowing he was a real game one. When we got to the bend (this was before they straightened the Lincoln course), close to the distance, up came 'Lord Lyon' to within a

neck of me on my whip hand, but just as we were turning for home I saw him change his legs. I immediately picked up my whip, and gave 'Rama' one or two. I got at least a length further in front, but Chaloner again straightened 'Lord Lyon,' and came and led me a good neck thirty yards from the winning-post. The horse, however, then tired, and 'Rama,' running as straight as a gun-barrel and as game as a pebble, got up in the last two strides, and won by a short head. This greatly delighted the Lincoln people (Mr. Chaplin lives close by), as they thought the Squire had won thousands. On the other hand, to my regret, I learned that he had laid £1,500 to £1,000 on 'Lord Lyon.'

The late Billy Marshall, the bookmaker, always on the look-out for something to get expenses out of, laid Captain Machell 100 to 3 three times he gave a loser, and of course gave 'Rama.' What would they think in these days of the winner of the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger, the winner of the Oaks, and two other horses, worth at least £3,000 each, running two miles for a hundred guineas?

An interesting story of an extraordinary race I once rode can be told of the struggle for 'Broomie-law's' Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood in 1866. I

have no doubt many of my readers will recollect it, and those who do not I am certain will be amused.

I rode 'Broomielaw,' and won the Craven Stakes the first day at Goodwood on the same course that he had to run over the last afternoon for the Chesterfield Cup. He had been there a day or two before, and Bloss, Mr. Chaplin's trainer, had always taken him to the same post to start his gallop, so he knew it too well. I thought I should have some trouble with him, so asked Mr. Chaplin to get the consent of the stewards for me not to canter up. As he himself was one of them, there wasn't much difficulty about that. I got weighed early, and walked nearly to the Craven Post, which is one and a quarter miles away. Just before I reached it, I took off my coat, and 'Broomielaw,' who had been led along quiet as possible, turned like a mad bull, and came at me open-mouthed. I had to dodge round him quicker than ever I could now, and as a last resource I said, "Put my coat over his head." It was a frightfully hot day, and he had no clothing on, so we had nothing else to blindfold him with. They put my coat over his eyes, and threw me up as quickly as possible. The moment they removed the coat, he started bucking, rearing, and kicking,

trying his utmost to get rid of me. He got his head down the hill, and went into the furze bushes, and nearly into the cornfield at the bottom. I tried all I could to get the assistant starter, who rejoiced in the name of "Squirt" Norton (he had lived with Mr. Bloss as helper in the winter), to come and lead him back; but he knew 'Broomielaw's' little playful ways, such as biting off a man's thumb, so declined having anything to do with him. The horse was very self-willed, and there we were for over half an hour. Eventually I had my fight out with him, as, after going down on his knees, worrying the ground, and doing everything he could, I had fairly beaten him, when he "donkeyed," or I might say turned stubborn, and I could not move him. There were twenty-one runners, and the other score had been at the post all the time waiting for me. At last McGeorge, the starter, called out:

"I can't wait any longer for you, Custance."

I begged of him to give me one more chance, and to send his man to me, which he did. I said to him:

"Now hit him as hard as you possibly can below the hocks, and then crack your whip."

He did so, and off went 'Broomielaw,' happily in the right direction. McGeorge dropped his flag to

'BROOMIELAW.'

PROPERTY OF MR. HENRY CHAPLIN. WINNER OF THE CHESTERFIELD CUP, GOODWOOD, 1866.

FROM A PAINTING BY HARRY HALL.

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a very good start under the circumstances, and before we had gone two hundred yards I was in the first three, and there I remained till going round the top turn. Here I called out to Sammy Morden to "keep straight," but he thought I wanted him to pull out, and said something, but on looking round he saw 'Broomielaw' with his mouth wide open. Master Sam did not ask any more questions, but made room for me, and away 'Broomielaw' went, and won in a canter by two lengths; but he stopped within twenty yards of the winning post and kicked. This was 'Broomielaw's' last race. They couldn't get him to Brighton the next week, where he was in the Champagne Stakes, a race he couldn't have lost; but he kicked both the back of the horse-van and the horse-box out, injuring himself so badly that he never ran again. This savage but smart horse was afterwards bought by Sir John Astley, who, I believe, could do more with him than anyone else. He was not a success at the stud, as he transmitted his bad temper to most of his progeny —'Trent,' to wit.

Curiously enough, I won the same race, the Chesterfield Cup, the next year on 'Ostrogoth,' who was second to 'Broomielaw,' with the very same weight—9 st. 'Ostrogoth' belonged to Sir John

Astley, who bought him from Mr. G. Bryan, who had bred him. He was by 'Stockwell' out of 'Woodcraft' ('Kingcraft's' dam), and was a real fine good-looking horse. Unfortunately, Sir John sold him before the race for £2,000 to go to Austria, where, I believe, he was a great success at the stud. After he had won, Sir John Astley was very much cut up at having parted with him (although he was to have the stakes), and tried all he knew to get him back, offering them a good profit, but they would not agree. I was particularly lucky in the Chesterfield Cup, as I won it again in 1869 on 'Vespasian,' making three wins in four years.

At various times I have often been asked why I didn't ride 'Hermit' in the Derby. As the reason is not publicly known, I will try to explain it. I went to Ely by mail train on Sunday night ten days before the Derby of 1867, and drove straight to Bedford Cottage. I had a talk with Captain Machell on my arrival about what weight 'Hermit' ought to beat his trial nag 'Rama' at to be certain to win the Derby. I said I thought if he could defeat 'Rama' cleverly at a stone it would be good enough, so we agreed to give the horse what is called "a Yorkshire gallop" on the Monday morning to know what weights to try them at on the Wednesday.

We wanted 'Hermit' to win the trial, as the stable had heavily backed him, and in those days there was more chance to hedge and cover their money. It was left to me to arrange the weights, which I did. I weighed myself and the lad who looked after 'Rama,' and then put a weighted saddle-cloth under 'Rama's' clothes. As both horses had sheets of the same weight, no one could tell that they were doing other than ordinary exercise. I did not like to let the 'young un' have too much the worst of the weights, so I put them at 16 lb. for the year, as 'Rama' had proved himself as good as 'Lord Lyon' the autumn before. We started at the old stables, went up by the side of the Ditch to the Cambridge Road, and we were to finish near the site of the old Duke's Stand, this being altogether a distance of a mile and a half. After we had gone a little over a mile, 'Hermit' was pulling me out of the saddle, and I thought it ought to be nearer 7 lb. to try at, so called out to the boy on 'Rama' to "Go on, and give him one with the stick," as I knew that the horse was rather lazy. This the boy did, but with no effect. All at once 'Hermit' gave a tremendous cough, and nearly fell down, at the same time smothering me with blood. I pulled him up, or, rather, he pulled himself up, and walked

him across to the Birdcage, still bleeding. We cleaned his nose and mouth as well as we could, and took him the back way home.

Funnily enough, Sam Rogers, who was really looking after 'Hermit,' never saw what had taken place. The accident happened after we had passed where he stood; but 'Vespasian,' who was galloping behind, broke a blood-vessel just opposite to him, and Sam called the boy who was riding everything he could—and he could say something—for not pulling the horse up, and went in with him to Barrow's, the veterinary surgeon's, not knowing what had happened to 'Hermit.' I afterwards took a letter from Captain Machell to Mr. Chaplin, who was in London unwell at the time. On my way to town, I saw Captain Hawkesley, who, I found out, knew all about the mishap, although we thought it was a secret. As soon as I arrived in London, I went straight to Mr. Chaplin's house. He read the letter, saying that it was a bad job, and thought the horse ought to be scratched at once. I immediately said: "No; I shouldn't scratch him, as there can be no good in doing that." Thus the matter went on. In the meantime, Captain Hawkesley sent to me to ask if I would ride 'The Rake,' who was then the first favourite for the Derby. I told him I was retained by Mr. Chaplin,

and was powerless myself. He then asked Mr. Pryor to write a letter to Mr. Chaplin, asking him to give me up to him. The Squire wrote back to say he had a lot of money on his horse 'Hermit,' and would he let him stand the odds to £100 on 'The Rake' on consideration of giving up his claim? Mr. Pryor replied that he thought 'The Rake' was certain to win the Derby, and Mr. Chaplin could back him for what he thought proper, but he had so many friends standing in with him that he could not afford to let him do so. Mr. Chaplin, however, said he should be sorry to stop me from riding the winner, so wrote back at once and gave me up.

The most extraordinary part of the story is, that on the Friday before the Derby the news arrived at Harpenden Races that 'The Rake' had broken a blood-vessel. That night I went over to Chantilly to ride in the French Derby, and when I returned to England on the Monday had no idea which horse I was going to steer at Epsom. As each had broken a blood-vessel, I didn't think it mattered much. On the Tuesday morning I went on to the course to ride 'The Rake' a gallop as usual before the Derby, never having been on his back. Mr. Joseph Dawson, his trainer, told me to follow some horse or other three-quarters of a mile cantering twice, as he

said that his colt had done a good preparation. After I had pulled up I said to Mr. Dawson :

"Well, of all the Derby horses I have ever ridden this is the worst."

He answered : "Wait until you get a pair of spurs on him ; you'll find him a different horse."

Of course I gave way to him, and thought it must be laziness, which he attributed it to. On my way home I saw Bloss's horses doing their work, and 'Hermit' was sent to canter a mile on the Derby course. This was the first canter he had done since he had broken his blood-vessel, nine days previously. 'Hermit' used to pull a bit, and he got the best of the boy coming round Tattenham Corner, fairly ran away with him, and, the ground being as hard as iron, he bounded over it like a cricket-ball. Chris Fenning, who was standing with me, said : "Be jabers, I never saw a horse go like that! He will win the Derby." I told him it was the first work 'Hermit' had done for over a week, and, I am afraid, stopped him from backing the horse. No one knowing what I did would have thought of doing so. Captain Machell had made up his mind to run the horse, and wished Mr. Chaplin to claim me to ride him. This he did, and the matter was referred to the stewards. They decided, without

calling me before them, that Mr. Chaplin's letter to Mr. Pryor constituted a release, giving the latter the right. As both horses had broken a blood-vessel, they, however, thought Mr. Pryor ought to waive it. That he would not do; so I had the mortification of riding 'The Rake,' and finding my horse dead beaten coming round Tattenham Corner. At that point I saw 'Hermit' pulling Daley out of the saddle, and I thought to myself at the time, "How I should like to change mounts!" as he had literally won in a canter half a mile from home. It was currently reported at the time that I had lost money over 'Hermit's' Derby. This rumour was most incorrect, as the only bet I had on that Derby was twenty ponies to one about 'Hermit' after I had won the Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge on him as a two-year-old. This Mr. Chaplin insisted upon me having on, as he had the money in hand through having my usual two or three sovereigns with him, and being fortunate. This was the most money I ever had on a horse in my life. After 'Hermit' had broken a blood-vessel I gave it up as lost, and never thought of hedging; so, instead of losing money over the Derby, I had the satisfaction of receiving £500 from the Squire. I have no doubt he would corroborate my statement.

A great deal has been said and written about 'Hermit' not being game, and not finishing his races as he should have done; but if reference is made to his two-year-old form, it will be found he was a very consistent performer. After he broke his blood-vessel at three years old, I believe the colt was always afraid to finish a race, or quite extend himself. I well remember a match was made between 'Julius' and him after the former had been third to 'Achievement' and 'Hermit' in the Leger. Subsequently 'Julius' won the Cesarewitch, and several people thought him the better colt of the two, and unlucky to have been beaten in the classic races. They were matched, however, to run the Two Middle Miles at Newmarket First Spring, in 1868. Both the horses were engaged in the Biennial Stakes, at the Craven Meeting, and 'Hermit' was penalized 7 lb. for winning the Derby. He thus had to give 'Julius' 7 lb., as the latter had not won a classic race. I was told not to weigh out if Daley did for 'Julius.' I waited at the top stand, where the race was to finish, and asked Mr. Manning if Daley had weighed out. He said, "No." So I went to the Ditch stables to saddle. Directly afterwards a message came to say that Daley had weighed at the bottom stand, which I knew nothing

about (such a thing could not occur in these days); so there was nothing to do but run. The opposing parties had been trying to bluff each other, as neither horse was really fit. Run they did, and a tremendous race it was. Fifty yards from home I thought I was going up to just beat 'Julius' about a neck; but my little horse, instead of answering to the call, curled up, and was defeated by about half a length. When I say "curled up," I don't mean he really cut it like a rogue, but ran just as if he felt something was going to happen; and I always believe it was the fear of breaking another blood-vessel. After this it looked good odds on him beating 'Julius' for the match with 7 lb. the best of the weights, remembering how they ran in this race. The result goes further to strengthen my argument about 'Hermit' being a delicate horse. Both of them had a fortnight's hard training, and Julius won by two lengths in a canter, showing that one had improved 5 lb. in a fortnight with training, and that the other had gone back 7 lb. Later experience has shown that nearly all the 'Newminsters' were liable to do this when the least bit overworked.

From what I have written, and from what I know to be the case, my readers will forgive me for saying that I think the breaking of a blood-vessel won

'Hermit' his Derby, and not the cleverness that some people have been credited with. In this opinion I think anyone who saw him walking round the paddock the miserable object that he was on June 1, 1867, will agree with me.

CHAPTER VI.

The Wroughton Stable—Mr. W. S. Cartwright, Tom Olliver, and Tom Leader—A Dead Heat between 'Ely' and 'General Peel' for the Ascot Cup—'George Frederick' gets the Blue Ribbon—A Game Mare—Captain "Chicken" Hartopp at Hampton Races—Tales of Tom Olliver.

Y riding career extended over twenty-three years, and Mr. Cartwright, who first employed me in 1863, is a master whom I must always speak well of. Perhaps he was not liked by everybody, but I must write of the leading patron of the Wroughton stable as I found him. Eccentric in manner, he was always good at heart. My first success in the "scarlet jacket and black cap" was on 'Fairwater' (named after his own place in Wales), in the Great Northamptonshire Stakes of 1863. I won several other races on her, including the Ascot Gold Vase, etc., afterwards. Certainly the best horse I ever rode for Mr. Cartwright, or that ever he

owned, for the matter of that, was 'Ely,' who was by 'Kingston' out of 'The Bloomer.' The "beautiful" 'Ely,' as he was called, was a real good colt, and proved himself so as a four-year-old, but he did not have a chance to do so earlier. Tom Olliver, who trained him at Wroughton, had nothing in the spring of 1864 to lead him in his work, try him, or anything else, so naturally he laboured under difficulties. As it was, 'Ely' showed himself to be a 10-lb. better horse in the autumn than in the spring. After being unplaced in 'Blair Athol's' Derby, 'Ely' won the Prince of Wales's Stakes at Ascot, beating 'Fille de l'Air,' 'Knight of Snowdon,' and others, and at the same meeting ran second to 'Blair Athol' in the Triennial. Other races followed, and he won at Stockbridge, at Liverpool, and Goodwood. At York 'Ely' beat 'The Miner,' but at the same meeting was defeated by "Parson" King's horse and 'Blair Athol' in the Great Yorkshire Stakes. He was unplaced in the St. Leger, but won the Doncaster Stakes and the Triennial. As a four-year-old, in 1865, 'Ely' was beaten by 'Cambuscan' for the Biennial at the Newmarket Craven, but he turned the tables on Lord Stamford's colt for the Beaufort Cup at Bath. Mr. Cartwright's horse won a race at Ascot early in the week,

and then ran a dead heat with 'General Peel' for the Ascot Gold Cup. In the run off odds of 2 to 1 were laid on 'General Peel,' who was beaten in a canter by twelve lengths. 'Ely' next won the Goodwood Cup, giving 7 lb. and a two-lengths beating to 'Cambuscan'; and the next week at Brighton he carried 9 st. 10 lb. in the Brighton Cup, and won by six lengths, giving 'Cambuscan' 10 lb., and 'Caller Ou' 8 lb. This was a very great performance, as he was conceding 'Caller Ou' three years in age, as well as the weight, which no other horse ever accomplished.

Mr. Cartwright also had some other good horses. 'Albert Victor' was one, and he beat 'Favonius' in the Newmarket Biennial, and was second (running a dead heat with 'King of the Forest') to Baron Rothschild's colt in the Derby of 1871. Curiously enough, 'George Frederick' was third to the dead heaters, 'Miss Toto' and 'Reverberation,' in the same race at headquarters in 1874, but won the Derby afterwards. He was a smart colt the day he won at Epsom. 'George Frederick' had the worst-looking shoulders I ever saw to come down a hill, but there is no getting away from the fact that he could use them; and I never rode a horse which came round Tattenham Corner better than he did. This

proves what I have always said, that no man ought to give an opinion about shoulders until he gets on a horse's back. The best judge in the world may be deceived. I used to make poor old Tom Percival, of the Haycock Inn at Wansford, very cross when I told him this, but he always admitted he used to like to ride them, until he got too fat and heavy, before he expressed an opinion.

What makes me say 'George Frederick' was a good horse when he won the Derby is this: On the Tuesday night before the Derby of 1874 I went to see Mr. Cartwright at Epsom. Mr. Tom Heathcote, Mr. Billy Williamson, and Count Talon were there, and he said:

"Custance, I think you are sure to win the Derby to-morrow, and you are on 'a monkey.'"

My answer was: "Thank you, Squire."

He then remarked: "What weight do you think 'Louise Victoria' would win the Derby with?" (She was four years old.)

I answered: "Nine stone."

Whereupon he said in his gruff manner: "She wouldn't win with eight stone seven."

I asked him if he had had more than these two in the trial, thinking that the "young un" might beat her for speed. His answer was:

"Yes, Custance, four; and I tried them twice over."

On hearing this I asked no further questions, but went home quite contented that, unless he had made a very great mistake, it was all right. I never saw anyone so certain of winning a race, and, as a rule, Mr. Cartwright was not a sanguine man. On the Derby day he had over thirty telegrams written to his friends to say that 'George Frederick' had won. I have no doubt my friend Tom Leader, who trained 'George Frederick'—poor Tom Olliver having died in the January before—will bear me out in what I say.

It is impossible for me to forget my old friend 'Louise Victoria,' who must have a word of praise. She was the most genuine and game mare I ever rode. Although not so good as the others, she could always be depended upon to do her best, and this, I think, is a great trait in the character of a horse. 'Louise Victoria' won several races, and ran up to six years old, and, I believe, was perfectly sound when she left the race-course for the paddock.

Another very fair horse was 'Scamander,' who won the Northamptonshire Stakes of 1865, with 7 st. 8 lb. on, T. Cannon riding. I was second on him in the Goodwood Stakes the same year, with 8 st. 5 lb., to 'Suspicion,' four years old, 6 st. 13 lb.

'Scamander' was a very big, strong horse, and very lazy. Old Tom Olliver made a very amusing remark about him one day. The Wroughton trainer was talking to a friend, and said :

"Well, the other day 'Scamander' had the ague, and was really too lazy to shake."

The whole of this wonderful breed of animals owed their origin to a mare called 'The Bloomer,' by 'Melbourne.' Poor old Tom Olliver either gave or promised to present Alec Taylor £25 for her, and afterwards he sold her to Mr. Cartwright. It was something like the origin of the 'Blink Bonny' stud, which was formed by the late Mr. J. I'Anson. The first animal he had out of 'Queen Mary,' viz., 'Braxey,' was a good one. He then went all over Scotland to find the old mare, and succeeded in doing so, and in getting her for £30, or some very small sum. This turned out the greatest bargain he or any other man ever made in blood stock, and terminated by founding the stud which included 'Haricot,' 'Bonnie Scotland,' 'Blink Bonny,' 'Caller Ou,' 'Blair Athol,' 'Breadalbane,' 'Broomielaw,' 'Borealis,' 'Blinkhoolie,' etc. Of these several were a host in themselves individually, but collectively such a lot had never been got together by any one person.

Once only had I the pleasure of riding 'Caller Ou,' although I can hardly call it a pleasure. It was in the Queen's Plate at Hampton, or, as it was then designated, "'Appy 'Ampton," which is now the Hurst Park Club. Years ago the second day was always described as "the Cup Day." On that afternoon the Queen's Plate of a hundred guineas was run over two miles. We used to run the contrary way to what they do now, and the top turn was as sharp as possible. Some very thin posts were put down to guide us round, but generally, by the time we got there, they were taken up or utilized for some other purpose. It was nothing new for us to run or dodge our way through tea or picnic parties, who were real cockneys, mostly of the coster class, who had come down to enjoy themselves. This they certainly did, and used to laugh when we were threading our way through them. It was, however, no laughing matter for me or 'Caller Ou,' as she was a very strong mare, with a ewe neck, and pulled hard, whilst she generally was exceedingly awkward to ride. She carried her head high, and, in fact, her neck was almost the wrong way up; but we got through the "little lot" at the top turn, and she won with ease. This was the only time I was on her back. Chaloner, who usually piloted her in her many races,

was riding somewhere in the North, and Aldcroft declined to steer her through the crowd, so that I had the mount.

It was at this place—I am not quite certain whether it was the same year or not—that I saw the late Captain "Chicken" Hartopp accompany a friend of his who had spotted a man that had welshed him at Ascot. On going up to him and asking the man for the money, the "gentleman from Wales" was very abusive, and told them if they "didn't make themselves scarce he would get their heads knocked off." There were a lot of low fighting men, including Bob Travers, the black, about, and matters looked very awkward. Poor "Chicken" could not resist a row, so at it they started, and very soon he had three or four of his opponents on the ground. He stood six feet one inch, and weighed 14 st. in condition, and his friend was not much less. For about five minutes there never was such a mill, these two young soldiers against five or six others. Presently "Chicken" got the black to himself, and was giving him something, when two of the latter's pals came behind the Captain, and trussed him—that is, put their arms under his, and held him perfectly tight—whilst Travers hit him as hard as he possibly could, and cut his face frightfully. However, after getting

clear, Captain Hartopp came round to the drag, had a wash and his face plastered up a bit, and enjoyed himself as if nothing had occurred. I was awfully sorry to see him in such a plight. I could only just get over to the other side after it had happened, but he said to me:

"Oh, never mind, Cus; there are more days than one, and I will give that black gentleman something for this."

I believe he carried out his word one night afterwards at Nat Langham's.

Tom Olliver, the trainer of 'Ely,' 'Fairwater,' 'Albert Victor,' and other good horses, was an extraordinary man in more ways than one. He was the finest steeplechase jockey of his day; I had the late Jem Mason's word for it myself, and there could be no better authority. Curiously enough, old Tom told me times without number that Jem Mason was the best man he ever saw over fences, but he was not quite such an artist at the finish as, I suppose, Tom was. Olliver was the very best company I ever met. He was very witty, and made the most original remarks of any man I ever knew. His good-natured, fine-featured face, with the merry laugh and wicked twinkle in his "two lovely black eyes," was quite a treat to look at. Many an hour

has he kept me laughing at his quaint stories. I only wish I had the power of pen to relate a twentieth part of what I have heard him tell; but I must try to tell one or two of his tales as well as I can recollect them.

Olliver assured me himself that he was always in trouble so far as money matters were concerned. It was nothing new to him to be fetched out of gaol (they used to imprison men for debt in those days), to ride a steeplechase, the bailees for the time being answerable for his debts in case he won the race, which, as he said, very often came off, because they wouldn't fetch him out for a bad mount. On one occasion, when he was locked up at Oxford, a friend wrote him a letter of condolence, and asked if there was anything he could send him (the debtors were allowed to have things sent then). Tom wrote back a very short note as follows:

"Dear Sir,

"You were kind enough to ask me if there was anything you could send me—if so, you would do it if possible. Please send me the best stone-wall jumper you can find, as I want to get out of this place.

"Yours,

"Tom Olliver."

Another time Olliver was, as usual, up to his neck in debt, and didn't know which way to turn.

He had spent rather a jovial evening with some friends, and was not inclined to get up in the morning. All at once his wife came to him, and began to upbraid him, saying :

"Oh dear, Tom, how can you lie sleeping there, knowing you owe the money you do?"

He directly said :

"My dear, I wonder how those fellows sleep that I owe it to; it is more likely to disturb their rest than it is mine."

Another good thing he said was about his master, Mr. Cartwright. Someone was talking about him being lucky.

"God bless you, my boy," he said, "if he was to fall off London Bridge naked he would be sure to come up with a new suit of clothes, and a gold watch in his pocket."

I remember Olliver once bringing a chestnut mare named 'Columbia' (belonging to Mr. E. C. Burton, who won the two first Grand National Hunt Steeplechases run at Market Harborough on 'Bridegroom' and 'Queensferry') to Newmarket to run in the Cambridgeshire. He had been out with some of his pals in the afternoon, and came back to meet Mr. Cartwright, who brought some friends to see the mare in the stable. Tom kept very quiet

for a bit. Presently Mr. Cartwright turned round to ask him a question, and found him reeling against the side of the box. Mr. Cartwright immediately said :

"Olliver, you are drunk."

Tom began to laugh, and said :

"You are a funny man, Squire! You have known me more than thirty years, and have been in my company over a quarter of an hour, and never found out I was drunk until now."

On one occasion Olliver told me an amusing story about a man who was always bothering him about his horses, and wanting to know what sort of bridles to ride them in. He was a great bore, and one day he came up to him out hunting, and said :

"Now, Olliver, what would you recommend me to put on this horse?—he is a dreadful puller."

Tom did not care to be bothered by him, so said :

"Oh, put two men and a boy on him three days a week, and if that won't stop him, nothing will."

I need hardly tell you the gentleman never asked his advice again.

CHAPTER VII.

The Third Earl of Lonsdale—He buys 'King Lud' and wins the Cesarewitch—A Great Race at Chester—Sir Charles Legard—'Vespasian's' Victory in the Chesterfield Cup—'Border Knight' at Brighton and Doncaster.

HENRY, the third Earl of Lonsdale, the father of the late and present peers, was one of my principal employers. For several years he had the second claim on my services. Lord Lonsdale, who was a supporter of the Bedford Cottage stable at Newmarket, was very conservative about the meetings he patronized, and he principally liked to run horses at such gatherings as Newmarket, Ascot, Epsom, and Croxton Park. Indeed, it may be said that these four were his favourite race-courses. Although never at any one time owning a very large string of horses, he had some useful ones in 'King Death,' 'Iona,' 'Bickerstaffe,' and others. Without question, the very best horse that carried the popular

"purple, yellow sleeves and red cap" was 'King Lud.' His lordship purchased this horse at the late Lord Zetland's sale, acting on the recommendation of Mr. Tom Lawley, for, I think, 1,600 guineas. A very cheap horse indeed 'King Lud' proved to be. In this particular Lord Lonsdale had a very different transaction with a colt called 'Somerset' that he bought as a two-year-old from Sir Frederick Johnstone for £2,600 after the horse had won the Newmarket July Stakes. With the exception of securing the Molecomb Stakes at Goodwood, when he had a solitary opponent in 'Fitz-James,' 'Somerset' never won another race.

'King Lud' won the Cesarewitch Stakes in 1873, when ridden by Bruckshaw. The horse was very fairly handicapped, considering that he only had 7 st. 5 lb. to carry as a four-year-old. After this 'King Lud' improved considerably, and I rode him to victory in the Alexandra Plate at Ascot, beating the French horse 'Boiard,' who had won the Gold Cup the day before, defeating one of the best fields that ever went to the post for a long distance race in England. The Continental horses 'Boiard' and 'Flageolet' were first and second, and behind them were 'Doncaster,' 'Gang Forward,' 'Marie Stuart,' and 'Kaiser.' The first and second in the Two

Thousand Guineas, the first, second, and third in the Derby, the Oaks winner, the first, second, and third in the St. Leger, and the first, second, and third in the Grand Prix de Paris—here was a representative field for the Ascot Gold Cup. 'Boiard' won by three-quarters of a length, proving that the race for the Grand Prix de Paris the year before was correct. At the time all sorts of excuses were made for 'Doncaster,' it being said that he was poisoned, and that the journey upset him. However, twelve months after the form was corroborated, as 'Boiard' came over and beat him just as easily again.

After this victory, it is not surprising that 'Boiard' was a great favourite for the Alexandra Plate (run over three miles) the following afternoon. A horse called 'The Preacher,' ridden by Jewitt, the present trainer, had to make running for me, which he did at a good pace as far as the Swinley Turn, just a mile from home. Seeing that he was tiring, I then called to Jewitt to pull out, and took up the running myself, 'Boiard' joining me soon afterwards. This was exactly what I wanted, as my horse could stay for a week. Just before we got to the last turn, Carver, the French jockey riding 'Boiard,' tried to get in front of me to go on the inside. I kept 'King Lud' going, and was obliged

to speak to Carver two or three times, as he was holding me very close to the rails, thinking that I should pull back and let him have the inside. Turning into the straight, he was leading me three parts of a length, but couldn't get quite clear. Thus we remained until we arrived at the Spagnoletti board.

I had been riding 'King Lud' a long way to keep my place, but had never been really hard on him, as I knew it was a long journey, and that he would want something to finish with. I squeezed him a bit, and got just up to 'Boiard's' girths, when up went Carver's whip. He hit his horse once, and he swerved, and I nearly headed him; but he got him straight again, and had beaten me quite a neck until the last ten strides, when I really asked 'King Lud' the question. He answered in the most generous manner possible, and Carver, again using (or I might say trying to use) his whip, caused his horse to swerve, while mine, running as straight as a line, just got up, and won by a short neck. Many people have told me since that that was the finest race they ever saw ridden. My customary answer is that all jockeys ride well when they win. I have, however, always looked back on that race myself with some sort of satisfaction; but I think

had my old friend Fordham, or Johnnie Osborne, been riding 'Boiard' I should certainly not have won.

Lord Lonsdale was a gentleman who raced purely for the sport. He rarely betted; only had a "pony" or "fifty" on a horse of his own in a big race to make presents with in case he won. His lordship was very fond of seeing his own colours when he came to Newmarket, and I well remember him making both Captain Machell and J. Cannon, who trained for him at that time, very annoyed indeed because he would enter 'King Lud' (whom they were specially training for the Alexandra Plate) in the Ditch Mile Handicap at the Newmarket Second Spring Meeting of 1874. When the weights came out, 'King Lud' was allotted 8 st. 10 lb: 'Andred,' belonging to Lord Falmouth, and ridden by Archer, had earned a penalty, bringing his weight up to 9 st. 3 lb. There were ten runners, and 'King Lud,' who was always a gross colt, looked more like a mare in foal than a horse going to run. The layers offered long odds against him, though his price is returned 100 to 7 against. Captain Machell, more out of bravado than anything else, took 100 to 3 once. It was a good run race, and when we came to the cords, which they had at that time

about two hundred yards from home, 'Andred' looked like winning easily, but the Ditch Mile, finishing at the Bushes, is very severe; in fact, I always thought, and so did Fordham, that it wanted more running than the Rowley Mile. To my eye, Archer took things rather easily, and left off riding. Seeing there was just a chance, I kept 'King Lud' going, he being 'a real game un,' and he came with a wet sail before Archer could set his horse going again, and won by a neck.

I beat Archer again over the same course, in somewhat the same way. This was at the Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1876. Archer was riding a hot favourite in 'Great Tom,' belonging to Lord Falmouth, for the Post Sweepstakes, and I was on 'Wild Tommy.' Poor Fred was very wroth about this, as he thought he ought to have won both races. He certainly ought to have won the first, but I am not so certain about the second.

At the Chester Meeting of 1876, I rode 'Lowlander,' when he accomplished a great performance. This was in the Stewards' Cup. 'Thunder' (who had won the City and Suburban a fortnight previous with 9 st. 4 lb. on) and 'Lowlander' were engaged at even weights over a mile and a quarter. This was out of 'Lowlander's' course, and just the

distance that 'Thunder' had won the City and Suburban over. Archer said: "I suppose you will be waiting and messing me about as usual, but I have some different goods to-morrow." I really thought the same myself. There were only these two runners, and a great deal of excitement was caused, as they were both champions over their courses, although a mile was quite as far as 'Lowlander' liked to travel. We started at the bottom of the straight. Going past the stand the first time, there is rather a sharp angle just beyond the winning-post, and Archer, who was making running, slipped his horse along as hard as he could for about two hundred yards. I had only to wait my time; I wasn't going after him there, especially as 'Lowlander' was a big horse—over 16.2—and with very sharp turns it would not do to bustle him. Still, 'Lowlander' was kept going at the same pace without bustling or getting him cross-legged, which Archer found had been the case with 'Thunder.' He steadied his horse back to me, but presently he went off with another rush, yet came back again. As we neared the river Dee side of the course, Archer was rather perplexed to know what to do, as I had placed my horse right behind him, so that he could not really see how I was getting on. Mine was not

a difficult race to ride, with one exception, which was to win at the winning-post, and nowhere else, so my sole object was to keep Archer from knowing how my mount was going, by keeping right in his track, and just close enough to him not to strike into his horse's heels. About the distance Archer was looking for me again, but could not see me. Apparently, he really did not know what to do. Luckily for me, instead of catching hold of 'Thunder's' head, and sending him straight home, he waited for one run. Fortunately, I got this first, and won by a little less than half a length.

Another of my best employers was Sir Charles Legard. He was a great sportsman, and a patron of Bloss's stable, in which Mr. Henry Chaplin and Captain Machell trained at that time. Sir Charles did not possess a very large stud, but he had a couple of good horses in 'Vespasian' and 'Border Knight.' The former carried me victoriously in several races, but his best performance was when he won the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood in 1869, with 10 st. 4 lb. on his back. 'Vespasian' had been beaten on the first day of the meeting by 'Blue Gown' in the Craven Stakes, Fordham being in the saddle. We, that is, Fordham and myself, were walking off the course that evening together, when

I said: "George, I think you ought to have won that race with 'Vespasian.'"

Fordham inquired the reason why I thought so, and I told him that he "asked his horse too suddenly to come up and win."

'Vespasian' was a long-striding colt, and was not like a little quick-actioned one. George never minded me criticising his riding—in fact, he rather liked it—and he answered at once: "Perhaps you are right."

I little thought at that time that I should be asked to ride 'Vespasian' the same week, but this is how it happened. I had only ridden once at that meeting, when I steered 'Hermit' in the Stewards' Cup, won by 'Fichu.' On the Friday morning I was walking past the house at Singleton where Captain Machell was staying, and, seeing me, he sent his servant out to ask me to go and speak to him. The Captain told me that Sir Charles Legard had lost a lot of money that week, and was not satisfied with 'Vespasian's' defeat on the first day, and that he wished me to ride him in the Duke of Richmond's Plate that afternoon, the first race on the card. I said, "Certainly," went up to the course, rode him, and the horse won by ten lengths. Of course we were all very pleased, but I never thought of them

running 'Vespasian' again that day, as he had earned a 10-lb. penalty in the Chesterfield Cup, and Sir Charles had another animal in called 'Guy Dayrell,' so I had put on my clothes and was walking in the paddock, when presently someone came running up, telling me Captain Machell was looking for me in the weighing-room to ride. I went to see him as soon as possible, and he said :

"Are not you ready to weigh?"

"You are never going to run 'Vespasian' again with 10 st. 4 lb. on?" was my reply.

The Captain answered : "Yes ; and win, too."

I was soon ready, and not only rode him, but won very easily by three lengths.

One of the first to congratulate me was my old friend Fordham, and we often talked that particular race over in later days. He admitted I was right about the Craven Stakes running the first day. It was one of those things that happen every now and again racing, and which upset all calculations. On the first day it was a slow-run race, and Fordham waited on Wells and 'Blue Gown,' meaning to come with one run at the finish, with which he was mostly successful ; but 'Vespasian' was an animal you could not do this with, as he was a horse with a very long stride, and, to use a professional term, wanted "readying," or, as

I might say, coming gradually before asking him to make his final effort. If you did not do this he would get flurried, change his legs, and roll about instead of galloping on. I think Mr. John Porter will bear me out in what I have said, as he had 'The Palmer' in the Chesterfield Cup with 9 st. 8 lb., and thought it quite impossible for 'Vespasian' to beat him after the running with 'Blue Gown.' As, however, I have already shown, the two races were run in an entirely different way, and this will account for the result. 'Vespasian' was a beautiful-looking horse, with the exception of his fore-legs: he turned both his toes outwards very badly indeed, so much so that he always ran in black leather boots, to keep him from hitting himself. Standing 16.1 high, very powerfully built, he was a fine-bred colt by 'Newminster,' but was a great failure at the stud, although he was undoubtedly a good horse himself.

Another very useful colt Sir Charles Legard had at the same time was 'Border Knight.' In 1870 I won the Brighton Stakes with 8 st. 11 lb. on him, and the Brighton Cup the next day, beating 'Kennington,' a three-year-old that had won the Northumberland Plate just before, with 7 st. on his back. 'Kennington' was a great favourite, and belonged to Mr. Formby, who ran his horses in the name of

"Mr. York," Joseph Dawson training for him. Mr. Formby made so certain of winning this Cup that he paid the two other horses' stakes, and gave them a consideration to start, as the conditions that year were that four were to start, or the Cup would not be given. Hunt, the present steeplechase rider—then a boy, living with Mr. Joseph Dawson—rode 'Kennington' in the Northumberland Plate, and he was so certain about winning also at Brighton that he thought he had only to let his horse canter in front and go and win as he liked; but 'Border Knight,' although he made a slight noise, was a very speedy horse. The distance was two miles, and we used to start almost at the Rottingdean road, and run nearly straight—in fact, it was quite straight to the mile-post. I waited behind 'Kennington,' and Hunt seemed quite content to let his horse canter along, so I thought to myself, "If you will only go like this a little more than half-way it will be all right;" and so it was. When we got to the bottom of the hill, Hunt looked round, but couldn't see what I was doing, as I was right in his track. The proper place to get, if you are riding a very handy horse like 'Border Knight,' is about three parts of a length from the other horse's quarters, so as to let all the dust or dirt, whichever it may be, thrown up from

the leader go on to your horse's chest, and not in his face or mouth. Here I kept until about twenty yards from the winning-post, where I went on with one run, and won by a very short head. Judge Clarke told me afterwards the very stride before, and the stride after the post I was beaten, so it was well timed. You can bring this off sometimes, but on other occasions you miss it. I also won the Great Yorkshire Handicap at Doncaster on 'Border Knight,' with 8 st. 10 lb., a month later. As it is run over the St. Leger course, one mile and three-quarters, he must have been a fair horse, although he certainly made a noise.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Duke of Hamilton—The St. Leger of 1876—A Great Struggle between 'Wild Tommy' and 'Petrarch'—The Breakdown of 'Fantastic' in the Derby of 1863—Count Batthyany as Owner, Jockey, and in the Ring—A City and Suburban Trial.

MY last, but certainly one of the best, of my employers who had a claim on me was the Duke of Hamilton, for whom I rode nine seasons. About my earliest success in the "French grey and cerise" was in the Criterion Stakes on 'Général,' in 1870, and I finished by winning the last two races I ever rode on 'Lollypop,' in 1879. During that period the Duke had some good horses. The late John Scott trained 'Général,' but, although he was a smart two-year-old, he turned out a very soft, middling horse afterwards. I used to ride a great deal for his Grace in France, and he was fairly lucky across the Channel. On one occasion I went over to Baden-

Baden and won the Grand Prix for him on 'Monseigneur,' beating 'Adonis' and 'Flibustier,' two German horses belonging to Count Renard. 'Adonis' had won our Cambridgeshire the year before, and was a great favourite at Baden. My horse was a real good stayer; he was a little one, about 15.1½, but very compact. It was the Jubilee year over there, and there was a vast concourse of people at the meeting. The race, over two miles of ground, was worth about £2,000, and as the Duke's mother, the Princess Mary of Baden, lived there, he was very pleased.

'Barbillon' was another good horse that his Grace had in France. He ran second in the Grand Prix de Paris to 'Cremorne,' and afterwards, as a four-year-old, I won the Omnium (French Cesarewitch) and the Prix de Gladiateur, which is over four miles, with 10 st. 6 lb. on his back. This was a clinking good race. Harry Jennings, sen., started three, 'Miss Irvine,' 'Don Carlos,' and another; Count de Lagrange had two, and there were nine runners in all. Old Harry made up his mind, and told the Duke that he would get 'Barbillon' beaten if possible. The ground was very heavy indeed, and when I tell those of my readers who know the course at Longchamps that we started at the stand, and went

once round the little course, and once round the long or Grande Course, then again round the little course and finished, they will be able to form some sort of idea of the distance we had to run. 'Barbillon' had all the extras, and 'Miss Irvine' claimed an allowance, so he had to give her 10 lb. and two years. It was a tremendous race, and, my horse running very gamely, I got up in the last three strides and beat Arthur Watkins a head on 'Miss Irvine.' This race completely settled 'Barbillon,' and he was never worth a shilling for racing afterwards. He came over the next year to John Porter's at Kingsclere to be trained for the Goodwood Cup. He had the allowance for being bred in France, but he never seemed to gallop a yard, and was beaten quite a quarter of a mile. Perhaps the real fact is that that race in France broke his heart completely, and I have heard Mr. T. Jennings say he never saw a horse that won the same race, if he was extended, ever good for anything afterwards.

It is unnecessary for me to weary my readers by commenting on all the horses I rode and won on for his Grace the Duke of Hamilton, but I must mention two others, which were certainly the biggest and the smallest in England at the time. These

were 'Wild Tommy,' who stood a good 16.3, and 'Beauharnais,' a little black mare just under 14.2. I recollect riding her in a Nursery at Newmarket, with top weight, 8 st. 12 lb., with fourteen runners, and was only beaten a head. 'Beauharnais' was an extraordinary little animal, and used to catch my ankles with her elbows. She was also very short in front of the saddle, so altogether I smothered her; but she had the most perfect action possible, and was like a good-sized greyhound bowling along. 'Wild Tommy' would have been a real good colt except for making a noise, which was not to be wondered at in such a big horse. In the St. Leger of 1876 'Wild Tommy' nearly brought off a great *coup*, as he was only beaten a neck by 'Petrarch.' I should have won that day had I been on the other side, but, as it was, I was keeping 'Petrarch' straight; he was hanging very much to the right, and, unfortunately, I was on the whip-hand side. 'Wild Tommy' started at 100 to 1 against him, so the bookmakers would have had a rare turn up if the Duke had won.

I had forgotten to mention that the Duke had these very two horses painted by Harry Hall. He said he thought he had the largest and the smallest animals in training, and he had the biggest and

least jockeys riding for him, meaning myself and Lemaire, then a small boy about 4 st. 7 lb. As a curiosity, he had Lemaire painted on 'Wild Tommy,' and myself on 'Beauharnais.' The Duke complained that Harry Hall thought it too ludicrous, and did not really paint a true likeness, as he said no one would credit it. His Grace has these pictures still hanging at his place, Easton Hall, Suffolk, and very funny they look.

Before concluding this part of the chapter, I must allude to the kind present his Grace once made me. He had given me money and other presents, but the one most prized and appreciated by me was when he gave me 'The Doctor,' the horse that was second to 'The Colonel' in the Grand National at Liverpool. I rode him nine seasons hunting in Leicestershire, and think him the very best hunter I ever rode. I was not alone in my opinion, as Sir F. Johnstone, Captain Smith, Captain Coventry, Captain Elmhirst, Mr. E. C. Clayton, and other good judges, were all unanimous on that point. 'The Doctor' lived to the good old age of eighteen, and died in harness, having broken his shoulder through jumping on to the stump of a tree that was covered with leaves; he landed on his old club-foot, and the jar was so great he broke his shoulder quite in the middle, a

very rare occurrence. Oddly enough, he was a roarer, crib-biter, weaver, and had a club-foot—a curious complication of diseases and faults; and, with all these, was the very best hunter I ever saw.

Amongst my many patrons, I must not forget to mention Mr. George Bryan, an Irish gentleman, who had some real good horses. Amongst them may be mentioned 'Welland,' 'Fantastic,' 'Millionaire,' 'Ostrogoth,' and several other useful animals. Goodwin trained for him at Newmarket, and he also had the management of Mr. Longfield's horses, which included 'Union Jack,' 'Blarney,' and 'Caroline,' three very good three-year-olds, all bred by himself in Ireland. I went over to the Curragh in 1863 and won "The Railways" on 'Blarney,' "The Angleseys" on 'Union Jack,' and a Biennial on 'Caroline,' beating Captain Machell's 'Bacchus.' I also won the Kildare Handicap at the same meeting on 'Redskin' for Mr. Longfield, and afterwards rode and won the First Class Nursery at Newmarket with top weight, 8 st. 12 lb., on 'Union Jack,' beating a large field. Mr. Longfield was offered £12,000 (a great price in those days) for the three two-year-olds at the back end of the year, after 'Blarney' and 'Caroline' had both won Nurseries at Shrewsbury, but he would not sell them. Mr.

Longfield died very suddenly in his Turkish bath, and was a great loss to the Irish turf.

'Fantastic' was a good horse. He won the Whittlebury Stakes at Northampton, beating a great favourite in 'Livingstone,' giving him 3 lb. Lord Stamford owned the latter, and backed him for a lot of money that day, and Joseph Dawson told me afterwards he didn't think he could be beaten. I rode 'Fantastic' in the Derby of 1863, and he unluckily broke down through jumping over 'King of the Vale' and 'Saccharometer,' who both fell in front of him just as we were going through the furzes at the three-quarter-mile post. 'Fantastic' blundered on to his nose and knees, after jumping clean over the two horses; and David Hughes, who was riding 'Saccharometer,' and Johnnie Daley, who was on the back of 'King of the Vale,' were both thrown clean under the rails all amongst the furze, but, happily, neither of them was hurt. I was sent on to 'Fantastic's' neck, but hung on to the throat-lash for some time, and eventually got back into the saddle somehow. Unfortunately, I found my horse had broken down badly, and was obliged to pull him up and walk home. We had tried him well with 'Millionaire,' and he would most likely have run into a place,

even if he had not won; but perhaps it was asking him to do something above his form to beat 'Macaroni' and 'Lord Clifden.'

It was after this Derby of 1863 that Wells disagreed with Count—afterwards Prince—Batthyany, whose horse 'Tambour Major' had kept us waiting at the starting-post more than half an hour. The colt was a bit awkward, and Wells lost his temper, and gave him a most cruel hiding. He broke his own whip, and borrowed a cane from a man who was riding a horse outside the course, with which he waled him frightfully. The fact of the matter was, Wells wanted to ride 'King of the Vale' for Baron Rothschild, whose chance was fancied very much, but Count Batthyany had second call on his services, and claimed him to ride 'Tambour Major.' After the race, the Count went to look at the horse, and saw all the cuts and wales on him. He was a very humane old gentleman, and could not bear to see his horses ill-used, so he sent for Wells, and censured him for knocking the horse about. Wells immediately turned round and said:

"I think you ought to ride such horses yourself."

The Count replied: "I cannot ride so well as you myself, but I can find plenty of jockeys who

can. You had better send in your cap and jacket at once."

This Wells did that very day.

The following morning Mr. John Dawson, who trained for the Count, came and asked me to ride in the two-year-old race, which I did on a little horse named 'Midnight Mass.' Wells was riding 'Tomato,' a filly belonging to Baron Rothschild, which was a great favourite. It was a tremendous race, and I won by a short head. Poor old Wells exclaimed directly after passing the post (he knew I had just beaten him):

"D—— the thing! I would not have been beaten by you to-day for £100."

I said directly: "My dear Brusher, you are beaten for less than half of it."

Later on I rode and won several races for Count Batthyany, and a very good and liberal employer he proved himself.

Perhaps I am rather swerving from my path or course, but must tell a true story to bring in what I have previously alluded to as being a sore point between Count Batthyany and Wells. It happened at the Shrewsbury Autumn Meeting. The Count was immensely fond of riding, and had tried for years to win a race on his own horses, but I believe he died

a maiden jockey. I have seen him ride at Croxton Park, Brighton, Stamford, and other places, but never recollect seeing him ride a winner, although I believe he would have given his right hand to have done so. This time he was riding a horse called 'Loiterer,' by 'Stockwell'—'Ennui,' half-brother to 'Saunterer,' and Mr. Edwards was riding 'Captain Crow.' It looked any odds on 'Loiterer' at the bottom end of the stand—in fact, he had won easily if the Count had let him canter home; but the winning-chair was about fifty yards past the betting-ring, where there was a large box where they took the money for going into the ring and stands, which the poor old Count, who was very near-sighted, had mistaken for the judge's box. Anyhow, Mr. Edwards, riding 'Captain Crow' as hard as possible, got up on the inside, and won by a neck. There was a frightful row, and the Birmingham roughs called Count Batthyany all the names they could think of, and swore he had been at the same game—pulling—for years; yet, as I have said before, no man would have sacrificed more to win a race on one of his own horses.

The week afterwards, at Warwick, Count Batthyany did a very clever thing. I don't know whether it was his own planning or not, but it was very

smart, and came off. He had a real good horse called 'Suburban' in the Great Autumn Welter Handicap, and I think he had the top weight, 12 st. 7 lb.

In those days they used to bet on any big race of that sort long before the numbers were up. The Count went on to the course with his breeches and boots on, and his colours, "pale green," under his coat, so as to be plainly seen. He went round and asked the bookmakers what price his horse 'Suburban,' and they offered him 4 to 1. He said he wouldn't take that, so they laid him 5 and 6 to 1, thinking he was going to ride, and would make a mess of it, like he had done before. When, however, the numbers went up, Captain Townley's name was put up to 'Suburban,' and he won very easily. The bookmakers all took it in good part, and said they thought they were having a bit the best of it, thinking the Count was going to ride, and so they must put up with being bested themselves. It was a well-arranged thing, and, what is more, it came off all right.

But to return to Mr. Bryan. He was a good-natured, kind gentleman, and I went over to his place, Jenkinstown Park, near Kilkenny, Ireland, and hunted all one season with him, and a capital

time I had of it. The "Kilkenny Cats," as they called them, used to go over to have a day with the "Tipperary Blazers," and of course the "Tipperary Blazers" would come to have the return match, as it were, with the "Kilkenny Cats," and a high old time of it they had. I never saw men ride like they did. Most of them were full of whisky, and they didn't know what fear was.

Another real good horse trained by Goodwin in 1866 was 'Delight,' belonging to Mr. Carew, better known as "Buster." He owned the greater part of the Derby course, and I believe could walk from there to Beddington Park, near Croydon, where he lived, a distance of five or six miles, on his own property.

We tried 'Delight' one day on the Limekilns at Newmarket Craven Meeting (when all the people were racing) with 'Saccharometer' (Fordham), and I rode 'Troublesome' myself: there was also something else to make running. 'Delight' not only won, but did so, with young Goodwin on his back, by ten lengths. I recollect Mr. Carew, Captain Townley, Fordham, and myself going back to the club opposite the White Hart Hotel. Mr. Carew was in a great state of excitement, and he wanted to know if it was possible there could

have been a mistake. I told him the only mistake likely to be made would be by the bookmakers who laid against the horse, and Fordham bore me out. He asked us what we would like to have on the race with him—there was no rule to prevent jockeys betting at that time. I said: "I should like to have £10"—a big stake for me, as I never cared for betting—and Fordham said he should like to have £25, so we cracked a bottle and went on to the course. The first bet he took was £4,000 to £200, and 'Delight' was afterwards backed for the City and Suburban down to 6 to 1 that day. He started a very great favourite, something like 6 to 4 being taken about him at the post. In a field of nineteen runners he won in a canter. I recollect Sir J. Astley meeting Mr. Carew and myself in the paddock, and Sir John said to him:

"Well, 'Buster,' am I to have my modest bit on yours to-day?"

And he turned round and said:

"Ask Cus; he knows all about it."

I answered: "Well, Sir John, I think it is sharping the bookmakers to lay less than 3 to 1 on him."

"Thanks, that is good enough for me," said Sir John, and I believe he had a very fair race.

Of course, the price was too short for him to win much. I am afraid the money Mr. Carew obtained only went to fill up a large gap that wanted stopping, but, anyhow, "my little lot" assisted to stop it, as I never got paid my riding-fees, or even what little I won of him betting.

CHAPTER IX.

My Riding Contemporaries—George Fordham and Fred Archer —Fordham's Race in the Cambridgeshire of 1871—A Case of Mistaken Identity—Fordham's Single-wicket Match—Archer as a Jockey and Hunting Man—His Reception in Ireland, and Sad Death.

IN speaking of one whom I consider all round to be the finest jockey I ever saw or rode against, it is needless for me to say that I refer to my dear old friend, George Fordham. He was the most unassuming and, perhaps, honest man I ever met. As an instance of the latter I can vouch for the following facts: In 1861 I rode a horse named 'Trovatore,' belonging to the late Mr. Merry (by 'Irish Birdcatcher'—'Catherine Hayes'), against a mare named 'Lady Peel' at Newmarket. The race was reduced to a match, and the odds of 4 to 1 were betted on 'Trovatore.' On our way to the post, George said to me: "Yours is thought to be a certainty, isn't it?"

I replied: "I think mine is sure to win."

He answered: "I have told a friend of mine to win me a bit on yours."

It was a very close finish, and I don't think that he ever rode a finer race in his life, as he just beat me by a short head, nor do I think I ever saw Fordham more pleased with himself, although he had lost £20 by winning.

On going home after the last race that day, I met the same two animals returning to the course on the flat. 'Lady Peel' had been claimed—they were claiming races at that time—and Colonel Higgins and Mr. Matthew Dawson, with Norman and W. Bottom as jockeys, were going down to try the two animals again over the same course (the Rowley Mile) at the same weights. Mr. Dawson asked me to be judge, and I complied. When the runners came into the Abingdon Mile Bottom you can imagine my horror at seeing 'Trovatore' three lengths in front, and looking like walking in; but half-way up the hill he put his ears back, and cut across the course, running nearly into the judge's box, where I was standing. I gave the verdict three lengths, but as I was an amateur judge it might not have been more than two. The horse I rode, 'Trovatore,' was a

dreadful rogue. I recollect he cost Mr. T. Hughes, of Epsom, who had him afterwards, a lot of money through his tricks.

It is quite impossible for me to mention all the fine races I have seen Fordham ride. With one especially I was very much impressed, and so were many others who will corroborate me. This was when he won the Cambridgeshire of 1871 on 'Sabinus.' This race especially was most beautifully timed and resolutely finished. Whilst on this topic I must relate a little anecdote of Fordham's reappearance in the saddle after an absence of two years through illness. Mr. T. Jennings gave him his first mount in the Bushes Handicap, on a horse called 'Pardon,' belonging to Count Lagrange, at the Newmarket Craven Meeting of 1878. Fordham would not mount in the Birdcage, as no one hated flattery more than he did. We went down the course together to the Ditch Mile starting-post, and he got into the saddle about half-way down. He seemed all right at first, but just before we got to the post his spirits failed him, and he said to me:

"Cus, I wish I hadn't got up."

"Why, George?" was my answer; whereupon he resumed:

"Look at those kids; I don't know one of them."

(There were several small boys, and only Archer of the older ones riding.)

I said: "My dear George, don't you trouble about that; *they* will soon know *you* when you get up side of them, especially at the finish."

In the end Archer won on 'Advance,' and Fordham was second, "beaten three lengths," so the judge said.

It struck me Fordham didn't exert himself very much in this race, which I attributed to his being rather weak and out of condition. Afterwards I went to him and said:

"Why, you didn't have half a go!"

He answered, with a most knowing wink:

"You don't think I was going to let him" (Archer) "beat me a neck the first time I rode, which he would have just done!"

I went to Mr. Jennings and told him what George had said, and asked him if he would run 'Pardon' in another race—the Bretby Plate—later on that day.

He said, "Certainly." It is pleasing to be able to say that 'Pardon' won this time. I never heard anyone receive a greater ovation than George Fordham did on his return to weigh in that day. I need hardly tell my readers how he regained quite

his old form, and rode as well as ever; that is well known in turf history.

Another story about Fordham is worth repeating. He was, for Mr. Leopold Rothschild, riding 'Brag' against 'Reputation' at Newmarket, in a match for £200 a side, on the T.Y.C., at the Second Spring Meeting of 1883. Archer was piloting 'Reputation,' and as he was going out of the Bird-cage a friend said to him:

"Fred, mind the old demon don't do you again"—he had just beaten him two or three times that week.

Fred's reply was: "I will be half-way home this time before the old gentleman knows where he is."

'Reputation' was a very quick horse off the mark. I overheard this observation, and jumped on to my hack at once, knowing that George was walking on foot to the post. I caught him up, and told him what I had heard Archer say. He simply smiled, and said, "All right, Cus." I never saw anyone get into such a muddle as poor Fred did on that occasion. He was giving a stone away on a horse with a very fine turn of speed, and he had only one chance, to wait and come with one run at the winning-post. However, through Fordham "kidding" him that he had the best of the start, Archer

made too much use of his horse with the worst of the weights. Instead of being half-way home, 'Reputation' tired, and Fordham got up on the post and won by a neck. Poor Archer told me himself after that match that he "could always make out what every other jockey was doing, but he never could understand what old Fordham was up to."

Fordham and myself were always the greatest of friends. I was best man at his wedding, and godfather to his eldest son. We were always being taken for each other when apart, although there was not the slightest resemblance when we were together. I was very much taller and bigger. That people thought us alike is shown by the following amusing incident that happened to me one night in London:

It was in 1861, after 'Starke' had won the Goodwood Cup, and when out one evening I went to the Alhambra. I had not been there very long before up came a man, who spoke with a Yankee accent, and said:

"Waal, George, I guess I won a bit on you at Goodwood last week, and I guess I knew 'Dicky' Ten Broeck out in the States."

"Indeed," I replied; whereupon he said:

"Yes, I did, and had many a night's play with him."

My friend suggested a drink, and I think I concurred. Presently he remarked:

"I am not a rich man, and can't afford a large present, but should like to give you something in remembrance of your winning. I am a dealer in rugs, and if you will accept one, and tell me where to send it, you shall have a good one."

I thought, "Well, this is too good a joke to miss," so I told him to send it to Webb's Hotel, Piccadilly, where part of the present Criterion stands, which was kept at that time by my old friend Mr. Challis, who now has the Royal Hotel, in Rupert Street. On reaching the hotel I said to the porter: "If a parcel comes here addressed to Mr. Fordham, please send it up to my room." Sure enough it arrived the next morning, and contained a real good skin rug. A few days afterwards I went to Slough to spend a week with George, and when I got into the house, Mrs. Fordham remarked:

"What a swell rug you have got, Cus!"

I answered: "Yes; and I came by it in a very funny way."

And then I told her all the circumstances.

She directly said: "Well, of course you will give it to George."

I answered: "Certainly not; it was bad enough

to be taken for him, without giving up what little compensation I received."

I don't know any little story the poor old boy liked telling more than this. Of course, he always made out I introduced myself to this "Bunkum Yankee," and got the rug under false pretences, which was certainly not the case. The man only addressed me as "George," and although I knew he was under a wrong impression, I never undeceived him, and let him send the rug to me, which naturally I kept.

Another anecdote can be told about Fordham. It is not connected with riding, and is rather old, having been in print more than once, but it is too good to pass over.

It happened whilst we were staying at Singleton for Goodwood races. Going home from the course on the Wednesday afternoon, he said to me:

"I wish you would come round to the field to-night. I have got a single-wicket match on with Jackson"—he was the great bookmaker known as "Jock of Fairfield"—"for £5."

I said: "You are surely not going to play him level-handed?"

And he said: "No; he is going to play with a broomstick, and I with a bat."

I said: "As soon as I have had something to eat"—having been wasting hard—"I will come round."

When I arrived, they had started the game. Jackson had won the toss, and gone in and scored five runs. I no sooner saw him than I said to George:

"What did you tell me he was going to play with?"

He said: "A broomstick."

"Do you call that a broomstick?" was my reply.

(It was an ordinary-sized hedge-stake, trimmed flat at the bottom, about two feet high, and from two to two and a half inches wide.)

Fordham said: "He would not play with anything else."

Although what Jackson called his broomstick was as good as most country bats, the match had gone too far for me to make any objection, which I certainly should have done had I been there when they started. Jackson had got his eye in, and had scored about twelve runs, when George turned to me, and said:

"What shall I do, Cus?"

I directly told him to send him some nice easy ones for him to hit, but on no account to try to bowl him out. The match took place in a small paddock

with an orchard close to it; not a ground you would pick to play an All England or a county match, but just about large enough for what it was used for on that occasion. Presently Jackson made a great hit, and sent it just where I wanted—into the orchard. He was running his fourth run, when Fordham called out, "Lost ball." Jackson, I believe, claimed six runs. A lot of the little village boys came up, and Fordham said:

"Now, my boys, if you find the ball I will give you five shillings."

"All right," I said to him—"all right, George; you can offer them ten."

Presently Jackson came to us, and I thought it time to be off. He also offered a good reward, but the ball was not found, and as it was dinner-time, the match was left for that day. The next morning Jackson sent one of the card-sellers into Chichester to get a new ball, and about half-past ten o'clock he went round to Fordham's lodgings, asking him to go and play the match out.

George said: "Oh no; it was a one day's match, consequently it's a draw."

I need hardly explain what became of the ball that was knocked into the orchard, as I had put it safely away in my pocket.

Some of Jackson's friends who subsequently knew about it chaffed him awfully, so when he saw me later on at Brighton, he came up and said:

"Cus, what did you do with that ball last week?"

Immediately I turned round, and said:

"I sent it back to the place where you got the broomstick from, as I thought they ought to go together, and the next time you make a match with us, and try any of your games, just remember that two can play at them."

He never mentioned the matter afterwards.

Having spoken of George Fordham, I must now say something about his great rival, poor Fred Archer. Many strong arguments still take place regarding which was the better horseman, and doubtless these discussions will continue. They were two men totally different both in build and seat. Fordham was very short, and rode short; whilst Archer was very tall, and rode extra long. Neither of them had the graceful seat of Tom Cannon, who was the happy medium, but, still, they were both fine horsemen. Archer had nerves of iron, beautiful hands, a good head, and an extraordinary eye for seeing what other horses were doing in a race. Doubtless the reporters will support me in saying that poor Fred was about the

best jockey to tell them, after a race, how all the horses had been running. I always say that Archer was the best man at starting that I ever saw, and Lord Marcus Beresford and Bobby I'Anson will bear me out in this. Archer was not only one of the finest jockeys that ever wore silk, but the best behaved at the starting-post, although I know it is not generally thought so. I don't mean to say that he would not take an advantage if the chance offered, as, indeed, would any other jockey, but I don't believe he ever went down with a premeditated idea of getting three or four lengths' start. This he was very often given the credit of doing. If ever Archer was within two or three lengths of his horses, you might drop the flag with the greatest confidence. Generally speaking, by the time the runners got together, he was with them, and very often leading. I used to say, "I wish they were all Archers." It is easier to stop those who are in a hurry than it is to get the slow ones up to their horses.

Having said so much about Archer when at the starting-post, I must now say where I think my friend Fordham excelled him. That was at the finish of the race. Here again their style was totally different. Fordham sat back in his saddle, and, as it were, drove

his horse from him, never having loosed his head, both acting together. One great peculiarity about horses which Fordham rode was, they always finished straight, and seldom changed their legs. Now, with Archer riding long, he invariably got up the horse's neck, very often finishing with a loose rein, consequently his mounts frequently changed their legs a time or two. Anyone who knows anything about riding at all must agree that every time a horse changes his leg he shortens his stride, and loses at least a neck, sometimes more, the distance depending upon the action of the animal: some short, quick-striding horses wouldn't lose so much as others with a long stride. I don't wish my readers to think from these remarks that I am in any way running Archer down as a jockey. As I have said before, I look on him as a marvellous man, with the one disadvantage I have just mentioned. It is, of course, a matter of opinion, but I myself give Fordham the palm, as I think the finish is certainly the most important part of the race.

Fred Archer was very fond of hunting, and he was a real good man over a country. He came to Melton Mowbray most seasons, when the Earl of Wilton used to mount him. I invariably met him out; and sometimes Lord Wilton mounted me when

he was down. On one occasion Archer was riding an old horse called 'Comet,' that he hated, but I rather liked riding him. We found at John O'Gaunt cover and ran round by Tilton, which is a big country just there. Fred had two falls, the last over an ox-fence. I caught the old horse and took him back, but couldn't persuade Archer to mount again, so I said: "Well, get on mine." This was a little thoroughbred mare named 'Little Lady,' by 'Gemma di Vergy,' which I afterwards sold to Lord Alington. Archer mounted her; we had a very good run afterwards, and he thoroughly enjoyed himself. In the afternoon we went to draw Billesdon Coplow, and, as I was twelve miles from Oakham, and he had to go to Melton, in the opposite direction, I proposed we should change horses again. I thought my animal had done enough, so I said: "If the hounds run my way, I shall go with them; if not, I shall go home." As it happened, they ran towards Oakham. We got a good start, and I told Fred to "loose 'Comet's' head and follow me." He did so for a bit, when I jumped into a grass lane at the top of Twyford village and out again. On looking round for him, I saw two horses loose, and their riders looking at each other. They were Mr. Duncan, of Knossington, an old gentleman over

seventy years of age, and Fred Archer, who had cannoned jumping out of the lane. I never could make out whose fault it was, but should think as much one as the other. I caught 'Comet' and took him back, finding Mr. Duncan talking to Fred as if he was a schoolboy, not knowing to whom he was speaking. Archer was going to retaliate, but I shook my head, and I got him on to his horse and away before any further conversation took place. I informed Archer that Mr. Duncan was a friend of Lord Wilton's, and I would make it all right. This I did by telling Mr. Duncan that the horse was too much for Archer, and they had no business to put him on him. I also persuaded Archer to go and apologize, and say he couldn't help it. Thus everything was set straight.

The next season, when Archer came down the hounds met at Knossington, where Mr. Duncan lived, on the first day he was out. The moment Fred saw his friend he raised his hat, and Mr. Duncan asked us both in to have luncheon. This we accepted. Afterwards Mr. Duncan came to me and said: "Custance, I think that young friend of yours has very much improved in his riding since he was last here." Needless to say that this amused Fred very much, but I told him I thought Mr.

Duncan really meant that it was his manners that had improved.

Another laughable incident occurred a day or two later, although I don't think Mr. Coupland, the Master of the Quorn, to whom it happened, would think it so. He was jumping a biggish fence, and his horse hit it rather hard, and, blundering on the other side, looked like falling. It was a 6 to 4 chance about that, and rendered a certainty by Archer jumping clean on to him and sending him sprawling. On someone remonstrating with Fred about jumping so close after anyone, he turned round and said: "Why, I gave him at least a length and a half!"

Archer came to stop with me at Manton on the Saturday after, and, in course of conversation on the Sunday, we found that he had had four days' hunting, five falls, knocked two people over, and was fined £1 and costs for riding on the footpath. I said: "I really must send your adventures and performances up to the *Pink Un.*" But he begged me not to, as he did not want his name to appear in print at that time for private reasons.

On the Monday morning he left Manton to go and hunt with the Quorn on the Nottingham side, and I was hunting with the Cottesmore nearer home. The next day my wife went to Melton, and, walking

to the station, someone tapped her on the shoulder. On looking round, she saw Fred Archer laughing all over his face, and, showing those good teeth of his, he said: "Tell the governor I finished up well: I killed a horse yesterday."

Sure enough he had done so. It was an old hunter called 'Garthorpe,' belonging to Lord Wilton. They had a hard day, and the old horse, who made a noise, became very tired and knocked up. Fred got him into a stable as soon as he could, but he died soon after getting there. When he took the saddle and bridle back to Egerton Lodge, he said to Joe Martin, the stud-groom, "Here you are; this is the finish of a real good week."

It was just three weeks before his tragic end in November, 1886, that Archer and myself went over to Ireland together. We were accompanied by Captain De Vere Smith, "Garry" Moore, James Henry Smith ("Jim the Penman"), and George Haughton. Archer crossed the St. George's Channel to ride 'Cambusmore' for Lord Londonderry, who was then the Lord-Lieutenant, and I went over to act as starter at the October Meeting at the Curragh. We arrived in Dublin on Tuesday morning, October 19, by the mail train, and after breakfasting and looking round the city, we journeyed off to the Curragh.

Archer had nothing to ride that day, but went down as a spectator. A busy time he had, too, as he couldn't stir without a crowd of the "bhoys" almost mobbing him in admiration. As he had not been riding for a few days, and had been indulging a bit, he was rather anxious to know his weight, and asked me to go to the weighing-room with him, as he knew I had been over there before. We went together, and I put him in the scales with his jacket and waistcoat off, and he weighed 9 st. 4 lb. He had only a thin pair of trousers and thin boots on, so I said:

"Why, you could only just about strip your saddle."

He said: "That is just what I could do; but never mind, my old horse has only 9 st. 3 lb. on, so I have only to get 1 lb. off."

I looked at the list, and said:

"Your horse 'Cambusmore' has only 9 st. on."

He answered: "What nonsense!"

So I bet him half a crown I was correct, and when he read the conditions over two or three times, he found out he was wrong. They had mixed them up in a real Irish fashion, hence Fred's mistake. I believe these were the conditions of the race: The Lord-Lieutenant's Plate, one and a half miles,

for two-year-olds, 7 st.; three-year-olds, 8 st. 10 lb.; four years and upwards, 9 st.; 3 lb. allowed for mares and geldings. In England it is the rule to put it: "Mares and geldings allowed 3 lb."; but unless anyone read it right through, and looked carefully into it, they might easily make the same mistake as Archer, and think the weight for a five-year-old colt would be 9 st. 3 lb. We went back to Dublin that night, and a note came to Archer from Mr. Michael Gunn, the proprietor, asking him as a particular favour to honour the theatre with his presence, and bring his friends. The royal box was reserved for him, and we all went to see "The Mikado." After the performance was over we walked out of the theatre, and were met by a most demonstrative crowd of over three hundred, who followed us all the way to the Shelbourne Hotel, shouting and "Whoo-roo-ing" for the "Great Mr. Archer." The next day, being Wednesday, he had nothing to ride, so he said he would not go down to the Curragh, but have a Turkish bath and get ready to ride 'Cambusmore.' He was also asked to ride Mr. C. J. Blake's 'Isidore,' who was thought to be a good thing at 8 st. 12 lb., in the race afterwards, a Sweepstakes for two-year-olds. He said he would try to do the weight, and he did it without

walking two miles. A rather amusing thing occurred at this part of the visit. Mr. G. Haughton was staying at the Shelbourne, and, wanting some medicine after his sea-voyage, Archer said to him :

"Will you have some of my mixture? I am just going to take some."

He said : "Yes ; how much ought I to take ?"

Fred said directly : "You don't want to waste so much as I do ;" and he gave him a tablespoonful, and took nearly a sherry-glass full himself.

The result was poor Haughton did "walking exercise" all night, and couldn't go to the races the next day. I quote this to show the state poor Fred's stomach had got to with continual physicing. As mentioned in the earlier part of this story, he couldn't ride an ounce under 9 st. 4 lb. on the Tuesday afternoon, and on the Thursday he rode 8 st. 12 lb. This would not be considered anything to a man who walked with sweaters to get his weight off, but quite a different thing to a man who wasted himself on Turkish baths and physic.

When Archer came to the post on 'Cambusmore' —this was the first race he rode in Ireland ; he thought he would like to win the first for the Lord-Lieutenant, and on mounting he had received such an ovation as is seldom heard on a racecourse—

it wanted five minutes to starting-time, so we had a chat. I said:

"Well, Fred, I don't know if it is the excitement from the ovation they gave you, or the wasting you have done, but I never saw you look half so bad as you do now."

He turned round laughing, and said:

"Well, if I look bad now, how shall I look next Wednesday, when I ride 'St. Mirin' at 8 st. 6 lb. in the Cambridgeshire?"

Nothing more was said, as the time was up. I started them, and he won. Archer was also successful in the next race, riding 8 st. 12 lb., but was beaten into third place on 'Black Rose' in the last race, the Welter Handicap, by Tom Beasley on 'Spahi' and Mr. Cullen on 'Lord Chatham.' I need hardly tell you Mr. Beasley had a most jovial reception on his return to the weighing-room.

On board the mail steamer on our way back, I said to Archer:

"You don't mean to say you are going to ride 8 st. 6 lb. next week?"

He answered me:

"Cus, I am sure to ride 'St. Mirin' 8 st. 6 lb., or at most 8 st. 7 lb. I shall win the Cambridgeshire,

and then be able to come down into your country and enjoy myself this winter."

We talked over the best place for him to stop at for the hunting season, but I begged of him not to try to ride so light as he talked about. I told him I had seen so many jockeys who wasted on physic, especially at the back end of the year, go out like the snuff of a candle. He said:

"Never mind if I go out or not, I shall do it."

He asked me to call and see him at Newmarket when I got there for the Houghton Meeting, and I did so on the Wednesday morning. This was the Cambridgeshire day. I saw his sister, Mrs. Coleman, who said Fred was in his Turkish bath, so I didn't meet him until he got on the course, and then I thought I had never seen him looking so bad before. However, he seemed cheerful enough, and laughed about our visit to Ireland. It was the last time I ever saw the poor fellow. When I read of his illness at Lewes, I said to my wife: "Fred Archer will never get over this."

Naturally, I was very much grieved, not to say shocked, to read of his sad end.

CHAPTER X.

More Riding Contemporaries—John Osborne as a Jockey—John Wells's Eccentric Attire—Jem Snowden in and out of the Saddle—Sammy Morden and the Tiger's Cockade—"Speedy" and the Lords, Dukes, and Admirals—Norman as a Jockey and Pedestrian.

AS I started riding in the year 1856, I have only one contemporary now left—my very old friend John Osborne. It is needless to say that I have the greatest respect for him, both as a personal friend and as a jockey. To my mind, Osborne was one of the best judges of pace in a long race—which we rarely see now—I ever saw, and although of late years considered a trifle slow at the start, he generally made up for it afterwards. John Osborne never thought of winning except at the winning-post. Many riders forget this, and in my experience of ten years as a starter, and twenty-four as a jockey, I have on many occasions

seen jockeys so anxious that, after leaving the starting-post with a little the best of it in a five-furlong race, they completely ride their horses down, never minding if they were on their right leg or not. On several occasions during my career, when I have got back to the stand, I have been told that John Osborne, after apparently being out of the race at first, had got up in the last few strides and won, not having bustled his horse during the earlier part of the contest, but holding him together, giving him a chance to gallop and make the best use of his action. This, after all, is what a horse has to depend upon to propel him along. A great deal has been said and written about John Osborne not retiring sooner. Some said that he was too old, not allowing for the bad luck he had during the last two years, which might have happened to any younger man. His accidents were not his fault. Osborne could not help a country policeman putting his horse broadside across the course at Hull, and no one could foresee that a horse would break both his fore-legs at Durham. His last spill at Liverpool was as near as possible happening to "Morny" Cannon instead of poor old John, so that I always fail to see where his incompetency came in. I can only say, with two or three exceptions, I should

back old John Osborne against a good many of the present "young uns."

To bear out what I have said, only two years ago I myself started him in three races at Carlisle on a very hot day in forty minutes, and he rode one winner and two dead-heats. This takes a bit of reckoning up, and also beating. I will explain how it was done. 'Lodore' and 'Dissenter' ran a dead-heat on the last day for the last race but one, and everyone was anxious to catch the train; so we got permission from the stewards to run the deciding heat directly after the last race, and as there was only thirty minutes between the last two, the decider came off ten minutes afterwards, with the same result. These were the only two horses I said I would ever undertake to handicap, as I never saw two so close together. Chandley made the running the first time, and I thought he had just got up, and Johnnie made the running the last time, and I thought Chandley had got up; but of course the judge in the box is the only man who can tell on such occasions, especially when horses are running a bit wide. I think this version quite sufficient to prove my argument that my old friend John was anything but worn out, as many people tried to make out, and he proved it afterwards by riding

'Watercress' in the St. Leger, and by getting a place, showing there was life in the old dog yet. With all due respect to the gentlemen who got up his testimonial, and asked him to retire, I think he still would be a good pattern to his profession (not from his perfect seat), if only for his great knowledge and judgment of pace. I can certainly speak of his ability with the greatest confidence, as I have known him the last thirty years. The only thing one can complain of in Johnnie Osborne is his extravagance in the direction of high collars and diamond rings!

John Wells, or "Brusher" Wells, as he was familiarly called, was rather eccentric, especially with regard to his dress. You would one day see him with a tall hat very much turned up at the sides, and next day he would be wearing a cream-coloured one with a deep black band. Upon one occasion, when he was riding 'Pero Gomez' out at exercise on the course at Doncaster on the Tuesday morning before Sir Joseph Hawley's horse won the St. Leger, Wells appeared in an Alpine hat with several feathers, a suit of clothes made from a Gordon Scotch plaid, and a pair of red Morocco slippers. When he arrived on the course about seven o'clock in the morning everyone roared with

laughter. Wells, however, didn't mind a bit. I need hardly tell you he came in for a great deal of chaff from his brother professionals, myself included. Once, as he was walking past, I asked him where his hat came from. He turned round and said:

"You would like to know, wouldn't you, so that you could get one like it?"

I answered: "If I did, I would be complete, and get a monkey and an organ with it."

It was a real organ-grinder's hat.

Whilst on the topic of hats, I remember the late Lord Westmorland having a bet of a new hat with Wells, which the latter won. He asked Lord Westmorland where he should get it, and his lordship told him to let him have the size, and he would send him one. This his lordship did. He found out where the eccentric Joey Jones had his made, and sent him a wide curly-brimmed white hat turned up with red. This caused a great deal of amusement at the time.

I think Wells was the tallest and biggest man I ever saw ride 8 st. 7 lb. He was an extraordinary good pedestrian, and would bet that he walked eleven miles in two hours with four suits of sweaters on. I recollect Sam Rogers offering to back

Jockey Norman to walk him six days in succession, both to carry the same weight of clothes, twelve miles each day. Brusher, however, said "No," he would walk Norman two or three days, but no more; therefore there was no match. I think Norman would have beaten Wells in the long-run, but should certainly have backed the latter for a two or three days' walk. Wells was a very strong man on a horse, and used to lap his long legs round them at the finish. He always sat well back in his saddle, and kept fast hold of the horse's head, and was a very resolute finisher. Take him altogether, he was a good jockey, but, as I have said before, rather eccentric in his ways. Like myself, Wells won three Derbys, his mounts being on 'Beadsman' in 1858, on 'Musjid' in 1859, and 'Blue Gown' in 1868.

Jem Snowden was a fine horseman, but, unfortunately, he was his own enemy. Nothing would keep him away from the bottle, and no one knew his weakness better than himself. I have frequently seen Snowden come to the post winking, blinking, and half laughing, and he would say to me, "Just look arter us a bit, wilt thou?" Still, I must say that Snowden was a very well-behaved fellow indeed when he was sober, and he would never try to take

any liberties. When he was not quite right he would sometimes say, "Don't mind me," but very seldom. I have seen him ride some rare good races, and I know John Osborne always thought him as good at the finish as anyone he ever rode against. Some good and funny stories are told about poor Jem. Once at Ayr Snowden came to the scales to weigh, and Mr. Tom Lawley said to me:

"See how drunk he is: I don't think I ought to weigh him out."

I answered: "Oh, I think it's all right; I have seen him as bad before."

Presently they brought Snowden some blinkers to weigh with, and put them on his lap as he was in the scales. However, he had sense enough to throw them away, with the remark, "Here, bleend horse and bleend jockey 'll never dee."

On another occasion Snowden was asked not to win by more than a neck, as it was a selling race, and they wanted to buy the animal in tolerably cheaply. Jem jumped off, made all the running, and won by six lengths. The owner had to pay a good bit to buy his horse back, and complained bitterly to a friend of Snowden's. The latter went and told him what was said, but all he remarked was, "Thou tell him he ought to think himself lucky to win at

all, as I saw five winning-posts, and didn't know which was the right one."

At various times Snowden had several good offers to come South. However, he never would accept an engagement, but preferred to be "up in t' North," as he termed it. There he was his own master, and could ride when he liked. Snowden had a real good engagement with Lord Zetland, and always rode for the Right Hon. James Lowther and others up in the North, who were only too glad to get him, especially when all right. He died at York some few years ago; but I am afraid that he was none too well blessed with this world's goods at last.

Travelling to Stockbridge one day, in company with three or four friends, including Sammy Mordan, I was relating a little incident that happened to a friend of mine I invited up to have a day's hunting. I mounted him on a very good chestnut mare given to me by the late Captain Coventry, and we had a real good run. Having to go back to Melton, as Sir Frederick Johnstone had mounted me that day, I told my friend to go to Tilton village, give his mare some gruel, and jog on to Oakham, and I would come home by the seven o'clock train to dinner. When I arrived, about a quarter past seven, I found my friend in anything but a friendly mood, which

rather surprised me, as we had had a good day, and the mare had carried him well. I asked him, "What's the matter?"

He immediately answered: "I have been insulted."

"What do you mean?" I inquired.

Then he told me what had happened. He went to the inn at Tilton, and whilst waiting in the stable an occasional ostler, a bucolic who did duty on hunting days, said, on seeing someone pass by, "Is that Captain Powell?" and also asked him for information about several other gentlemen who rode past. My friend, who was rather "starchy," had got himself up in the very best style he possibly could, having on a new black Melton cloth coat, with monogram buttons, and a blue-and-white striped waistcoat, which evidently the makeshift ostler had mistaken for livery. As my friend hadn't condescended to answer, the chap at last said to him, "I suppose you are waiting for your governor, then, are you?" This was the grievance my friend was suffering from. As we had our dinner, I consoled him as best I could, but, naturally, he begged of me not to mention it.

Just before I finished this tale, Sam Mordan remarked, "What a funny thing! I will just tell you

what happened to me not long since. I won a race on a rank outsider at Epsom, and Mr. Mundy, the bookmaker, said, 'Sammy, you did us a rare good turn that time. I will stand you a new hat.' He gave me the address of his London hatter in the Strand, and as I was passing one day last week I thought I would call. I went in, and told the man I wanted a high hat, to Mr. Mundy's order. The assistant reached several down. All of them were too large, so he said:

"'Well, we must make one for you.'

"He took my measure, and I was going out of the shop, when the man said:

"'Let me see, does Mr. Mundy have a cockade on or not?'"

The assistant had taken Mordan for Mr. Mundy's little tiger, as he was only about 6 st. Sammy turned round to him, and answered:

"You make that hat; never mind the blooming cockade!"

Mordan finished his tale by saying exactly what my friend did, "For goodness' sake, don't say anything about this." Of course we did not; people may always depend upon secrecy, when they tell stories too good to miss relating.

The next morning I saw Mr. Mundy, and told

him all about it. When he met Sammy on the course, he called to him, and said :

"How's this? I received a bill the other day from my hatter, who has charged me a guinea for a hat and thirty shillings for a cockade."

Sammy turned to him, and said :

"All right, Mr. Mundy. I suppose you have been talking to Mr. Custance, haven't you?"

Like my hunting friend, Mordan never heard the last of this case of mistaken identity. A version of the latter part of this story has appeared in the *Pink Un*, but never quite in its true form, so I hope "Master" will forgive me for trying to put it right.

No doubt some of my readers will recollect that eccentric person "Speedy" Payne. He used to ride for Mr. T. Stevens, with whom he lived for years, and many are the tales told of him. One, indeed, I can vouch for myself. "Speedy" was riding a horse named 'Cranberry' at Bath, a very nasty-tempered animal. It was in a half-mile race, and there were fifteen or sixteen runners. We had several false starts, and 'Cranberry' was the principal transgressor, as he went as far as the distance each time. "Speedy" dismounted, and led him back, after delaying the start more than half an hour

Tom McGeorge at last said to us, "Get ready; I shall not wait any longer for this brute." But he couldn't start us, as the horse was walking down the middle of the course. At length we were all ready; and when Payne was within five or six lengths, McGeorge told him to get on one side, and dropped the flag. As McGeorge was in the act of so doing, "Speedy" vaulted into the saddle like a circus-rider, without his feet in the stirrup-irons, got two lengths' start, was never caught, and, I need hardly tell you, won the race. It was a near thing, whether he was on the right side of the post or not when he started; but everybody was so much amused that no one thought of objecting.

On another occasion "Speedy" was riding a horse named 'Peignoir' at Brighton, belonging to his master, Mr. Stevens. The horse was beaten, but some of the public and the stewards were not quite satisfied about the way he was ridden. About ten minutes after the race, Payne was sent for out of the jockeys' room to go before the stewards, who were the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Falmouth, and Admiral Rous. I shall never forget "Speedy's" face when he removed a quid of tobacco from his mouth, straightened his curly hair, and said: "I'll give these people something." We were all waiting

anxiously to hear the result of the interview, when back came "Speedy." On inquiry, we found the following conversation had taken place. I will let "Speedy" tell his own tale: "They says to me: 'Can you explain your riding the horse 'Peignoir' in the last race?' I turns round and says: 'My lords, dukes, and admirals, all I say is, when I wins a race, they says nothing; when I loses a race, they says I pulls. I simply arx you, gennamen, if you was a horse dead beat, would you like your insides whipped out?'" Whether or not this eccentric answer caused the stewards to dismiss the case, I can't say, but I know it caused a great amount of amusement amongst the gentlemen and racing public, and nothing more was said about it at the time.

Jockey Norman, or "Post-boy," as he was familiarly called, was a very old-fashioned chap, and quite an oddity in his way. I believe he began life as a post-boy at Burghley, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, near Stamford, but afterwards went to Harlock's stables, at Newmarket. He got on very well, and started riding for the late Lord Exeter, and afterwards became his first jockey. Norman rode 'Stockwell' in the Two Thousand Guineas, the Epsom Derby, and St. Leger, winning the

first and last. The following year, 1853, he went to stay at Burghley House for the Stamford meeting. Having won such races in the popular light-blue and white stripes the year before, he was made a great fuss of, and he dined in the housekeeper's room. After dinner the latter said to him :

"Mr. Norman, would you like to take a little dessert ?"

Norman, who had not been used to such luxuries, but was one of the finest trencher-men I ever saw, said :

"Thank you, mum, I don't mind if I do, if you will fetch on that beef-steak pudding again."

He never heard the last of this remark of his, and used to enjoy the joke as much as anyone.

Norman was an extraordinarily good walker with sweaters on when he was wasting. Many a time he has told me that he has gone out "wasting" after ten o'clock at night to get three or four pounds off to ride a trial the next morning. He used to get a lot of trial-riding, and although anything but a good horseman in a race, he could always be depended upon to ride a trial horse, and come right through with him. This, after all, is a great thing, especially with two-year-olds. The jockey on the "old un," or trial horse, ought always to go from end to end, to

find out the weak points of the "young uns," if they have any. I can perfectly well remember walking with Norman and Jem Goater on many occasions to Stetchworth and Dullingham, the former having on twice as many sweaters as we had. He would call at Bob Union's, at Dullingham, have three parts of a pint of old beer (which very few jockeys could touch at such a time), and go a long round, perhaps three or four miles further than we did, and turn up on the course as fresh as possible. Norman was the only man I ever knew who walked wasting every day, whether he had anything to ride or not. It was quite hard work enough when you had anything to do it for, without doing it on chance, but he appeared to thoroughly enjoy the performance.

CHAPTER XI.

A Curious Finish—The 'Mystery' Case: Nominators and the Forfeit List—Jem Potter and his Tenner—Mr. Gretton and 'Sterling'—The Cambridgeshire and Liverpool Autumn Cup of 1873—'Sterling' as a Stud Horse.

OT having read Mr. William Day's book through, I do not know whether he has related the following story or not; but as I rode in the race, I think there will be no harm done if it is reproduced with my version of what occurred. It was the Stewards' Plate at Stockbridge, run on June 30, 1859, over two miles. 'Fisherman,' who had won Queen's Plates and Cups all over the country, and 'Marionette,' who had run second for the Derby that year, were to meet at weight for age. I rode a mare called 'Scent,' but the race was really between the two first-named horses, and, curiously enough, the owners of both of them thought they wanted a strong run race. As William Day had a

horse called 'Nimrod,' owned by Mr. Parker, engaged, I believe that I am right in saying he drew money from both the owners of 'Fisherman' and 'Marionette' to make running for them, nothing having been said about his winning. This they never dreamt of. Anyhow, there were four runners, including 'Scent.' Jimmy Adams, the present trainer, riding 'Nimrod,' jumped off at a real good pace, whilst I lay second on 'Scent.' Cresswell was on 'Fisherman,' and Ben Bray on 'Marionette,' and they waited together a long way off. As we got on the far side, 'Nimrod' still increased his lead, and at the mile-post he was at least two hundred yards in front of me, and I was about the same distance in front of the other two. My mare having broken a blood-vessel, I was pulling her up, when the two came past me looking at each other, and, I suppose, thinking—but I don't know why—that the other horse would pull up too. All at once they both set going, and go they did, but it was too late, as 'Nimrod' scrambled home first by three lengths. Never was the glorious uncertainty of the turf more fully exemplified. It was a lucky race for William Day, as he got the stakes, and I believe, as I said before, a retainer from the other two owners to make running, thus supporting a theory I

have always maintained — that horses may give weight away, but they cannot give distance. As another proof of this, I may mention 'Friday's' victory in the Goodwood Cup of 1882.

Whilst writing about Stockbridge, I am reminded of another very funny race in which I was concerned, that took place there in 1872. I intended going to London to meet my wife and some friends on the Friday morning, but I happened to meet Mr. M. Dawson, who told me he should run a three-year-old called 'Liverpool,' belonging to Mr. Padwick, who had a claim on me at the time. The horse was badly handicapped, having 11 st. on, and only three years old, and at that time professional jockeys were penalized 6 lb., making his weight 11 st. 6 lb., with which it seemed impossible to win. The race was set to run at three o'clock, and I had made up my mind to try and catch the 3.45 train, and told Tom McGeorge, the starter, of my intention. There were something like ten runners, and 'Prince Rupert,' ridden by Mr. Trewent, was a good favourite, and came towards the post with a very big curb bridle on, led by a groom, who loosed him before he got there, and away he went and ran the course. As soon as he came back, McGeorge said, "Loose him," and dropped the flag to a good

start. Away went 'Prince Rupert,' and before we had gone a quarter of a mile had a ten lengths' lead, and came right through the last opening about a quarter of a mile from home. All the front horses, thinking pursuit hopeless, were pulling up. I kept riding along, and when I passed Fordham and Cannon, they said:

"Where are you going?"

"To catch the train," I said.

But seeing the horse in front switching his tail, and trying to stop, I kept on. When I got inside the distance—I presume most of my readers know Stockbridge racecourse has one of the most severe finishes in England—'Prince Rupert' was at least six lengths in front. Still, I kept riding on the off-chance of his stopping, and I kept getting a little nearer, although my three-year-old with 11 st. 6 lb. to carry had had nearly enough. Mr. Trewent suddenly looked round, thought he saw me coming, and up went his whip. The first time he hit 'Prince Rupert' he kicked, the next time he half stopped, and eventually he altogether stopped, and turned sideways to kick within half a length of the winning-post, which was the distance Judge Clarke gave in favour of 'Liverpool.' I afterwards caught the train, and I shall never forget Mr. Dawson's surprise when I

told him on the platform—he did not stay to see the race—I had won. It was a funny finish altogether, as I'm afraid it quite finished "Mr. Bruton," the owner of 'Prince Rupert,' and also Mr. Trewent, they having had a "royal dash" on their horse. Another funny part of the story was, I had not won a race since Northampton, but had been obliged to put up with second place over twenty times. I was congratulated all round on riding a fine finish, but it was nothing of the sort; it was the other horse stopping that made mine win.

This gives me an opportunity of saying how often jockeys are judged and blamed — sometimes by people who know nothing whatever of riding, or the theory of it, and at other times by people who speak at hazard, and don't give themselves time to think. Having once said a thing, nothing will persuade them to alter it, no matter what injury it may cause an inoffensive horseman. I do not for one moment mean to say jockeys are blameless or infallible, but what I do say is, let a man take time to consider before he makes a charge against a rider, and be quite certain he has good grounds for it, as, having once done it and injured a man's character, it takes a long time for the latter to retrieve it.

The 'Mystery' Case which occurred at Huntingdon in July, 1876, has been often talked about and discussed by persons who know nothing of it at all, and, as one of the principals, I will try to give my version of it. The first day at Huntingdon a mare named 'Mystery,' belonging to Captain Machell, won a selling race. She was, of course, put up to auction, and bought by Mr. Mumford, who asked J. Cannon, the trainer, if he would lend him the clothes, etc. This he did. Presently the deal was turned over to Mr. J. Potter, and he asked for the use of the clothes. Cannon said:

"Certainly, so long as I get them back; only let me know who I am to look to for them."

The next day J. Potter came to me, and said:

"Now, I've got a certain winning ride for you to-day."

I directly told him I had dirtied my breeches and boots too often for him without being paid for it, and declined to do so again—Messrs. Weatherby did not collect jockeys' fees at that time—unless I was paid beforehand. He said directly:

"You shall be on £10 to nothing, and be paid as soon as you get off after winning; is that good enough?"

I answered: "Yes."

So I rode the mare. On going to the post, Constable, the jockey, who was riding 'Ashfield,' remarked :

"That is the one we have to beat," pointing to a two-year-old named 'Gloxinia.'

"Why, my old mare will beat yours," I replied.

He laughed, and said : "You are not in it."

"Well, my mare won yesterday."

"We don't take any notice of yours," was his reply.

The race was run. Constable was left at the post on 'Ashfield,' but we came along, and, after a tremendous struggle, I won by a head from 'Gloxinia' on 'Mystery.' Directly after passing the post a lot of people kept running up and asking what was the matter—was I overweight, or what? I answered no questions. But it then transpired that the owner was in the Forfeit List. Joseph Dawson was second with a two-year-old, but he said he would not object. Presently Weever came and objected, so then Mr. Dawson was obliged to enforce his claim, which was to the effect that the owner was in the Forfeit List at the time of starting. It turned out the lot were playing a nice game—I might say trying to, as it did not come off. The mare 'Mystery' had won the first day, and they bought her; they then entered her for a selling

race the next afternoon. This was the race that I won on her, and Mr. Potter was so generous as to put me on £10 to nothing. It afterwards turned out they had actually three, if not four, winners in the same race, had it come off as they expected. First they laid against 'Mystery' in Tattersall's ring, then they backed her in the outside ring, first past the post. A well-known bookmaker was also trying to bet after the winner's number was up, and one of his friends came up and said:

"Mr. ——, the numbers are up."

He had his back to the board, "kidding" that he did not see. He turned on him at once, and told him to mind his own business, and he knew what he was doing. I saw Jem Potter very soon afterwards. He said he would bet anything the winner got it. I told him I knew a friend—it was Lord Kesteven—who had backed the mare, and would hedge any of his money, as well as his own; but he swore to me that it was correct, and I unfortunately believed him, and made some of my friends lose their money.

When everything was sifted and discovered, one saw there never was a more cleverly arranged "plant," if it had but come off. This is how it came

about: A horse called 'Bras de Fer,' belonging to Mr. John Batson, had won two races at Manchester in the April previous, and it was proved the owner was in the Forfeit List at the time of entry, but paid afterwards. In consequence, the horse was disqualified, and bets went with the stakes. Now, said these gentlemen to themselves, "There is the finest opening for us: we have only to get a horse that the public will back, enter him in someone's name who is in the Forfeit List at the time, and if he wins, of course he will be disqualified." This they tried to do with 'Mystery,' having 'Bras de Fer' as a precedent. But the stewards of the Jockey Club happened to suspect there was something wrong. After investigating the case, I believe they referred the bets to the Committee of Tattersall's, who gave a decision directly opposed to the one they had given some weeks previously, as they saw this business was a mere "plant." So the biters got bitten to a great extent, and I don't think they got much sympathy either. I afterwards asked Jem Potter for the £10 he promised me. He directly turned round and exclaimed—was it not bad enough for him to lose £150 over the race, and to lose his mare, which was claimed, etc.? I listened to him for a short time, and presently remarked:

"Now, Mr. Potter, you have been telling me lies long enough, and unless you produce a tenner in less than a quarter of an hour you will be where your pal" (who was warned off the course) "is."

He directly said: "Oh, don't be so hard on me, Cus."

Whereupon I answered: "I don't wish to be hard on anyone, but when people come and try to bully me, I won't be answerable for what I do."

Potter came to me afterwards and apologized, bringing a five-pound note, which he swore was all he could get in the world, and begged I would accept it, which I did. So the matter ended, so far as Potter and I were concerned; but there is no doubt he was mixed up in the affair as much as any of them.

On two occasions only have I had the pleasure of wearing Mr. F. Gretton's colours, but both were 'Sterling' good rides—if the joke may be excused. The races in question were the Cambridgeshire and Liverpool Cup in 1873. One was quite a casual mount, and came about in this way: Fordham and Chris Fenning were great cronies; the latter was also a great friend of Mr. Gretton's, and they had laid themselves out to win the Cambridgeshire with 'Sterling,' and Fordham was to ride him. All went

on well until they came to Newmarket. Fordham, who had not been in good health, had not been riding anything but very quiet horses; all his employers allowed him to pick his mounts, knowing he was not in condition. One day he was asked by the trainer (a man named Roughton, who was formerly head lad to old Mr. T. Taylor, father of Alec) to come and ride 'Sterling' a gallop in the morning. This he tried to do, but in cantering previously to his mounting the old horse began rearing and kicking, which poor old Fordham could not stand, so he said to Roughton:

"I think you had better get someone else to ride this horse; I am not strong enough."

Roughton asked: "Who am I to get?" And Fordham replied: "I will get you a jockey."

Subsequently he sent round for me to go and see him, and he told me all about it, Chris Fenning being in the room. He asked me if I would ride 'Sterling' in the Cambridgeshire if they put me on a thousand to nothing. I immediately told him I would only be too glad of the chance for half the price. He also informed me the horse was a bit nasty, but that I should not mind it. It was an unlucky day for me when I rode him in the Cambridgeshire. It rained in torrents, and was dreadfully cold; I had

been wasting for other races, and we were about three-quarters of an hour at the post. There were thirty-seven runners, and 'Sterling,' who had behaved himself pretty well the first ten minutes, became almost unmanageable afterwards. He reared, kicked, and did everything he should not have done, as his temper was upset. At last the flag fell to a straggling start, and before we had gone two hundred yards I was in the first three, with 9 st. 7 lb. on. When we had gone a quarter of a mile I was second, with my reins like soft soap. I ought really to have been about nineteenth or twentieth, with top weight on, but it could not be helped, as I was perfectly helpless; my hands were numbed, and the sweat from the horse's neck made the reins quite past holding—in fact, I was under every possible disadvantage, although I finished third. I begged Mr. Gretton to accept with 'Sterling' for the Liverpool Autumn Cup, but he was rather inclined to scratch him, as he hated to be forestalled.

One evening, a day or two afterwards, I was dining with Fenning at Newmarket, when he said:

"What will win the Liverpool Cup?"

I replied at once: "'Sterling.'"

"Come round to Mr. Gretton's place and tell him so, then," urged Fenning.

Mr. Gretton accepted with him; but soon after 'Sterling' had an accident; he hit his leg, and was stopped in his work for nearly a week, so was knocked out in the betting, and looked like being scratched. However, he got better, and I went over to Aintree from Waterloo, where I was staying with Fenning, to ride 'Sterling' a gallop on the Wednesday morning, the Cup being run on Friday. I was driven over by the landlord of the hotel at Waterloo, named Hineson, who had a hotel at Liverpool as well. Arrived at Aintree, I rode 'Sterling' a half-speed gallop over the Cup course. The horse was very fresh, but pulled up all right and sound. When I got back to breakfast, Fenning said to me:

"Well, how did he go?" And I told him: "First-rate."

"By jabers," he said, "he will ate half the brutes at the post, and win in a canter"—a real Irishman's saying.

'Sterling' did not, however, eat any of his competitors at the post, and he certainly did not win in a canter—but I will try to describe the race.

There were fifteen runners; the handicap was rather a flattering one: 'Lilian,' for instance, who had won several Queen's Plates, had only 8 st. 3 lb. on,

including a 5 lb. penalty. Naturally, Mr. Savile's mare made the running ; the course was very heavy indeed, and, thinking that weight must tell, Maidment sent her a real cracker. As I mentioned, 'Sterling' had been eased in his work—or, I might say, had done no work at all—for a week. I was obliged to wait with him—not quite last, as I don't believe in waiting too far out of your ground. When we came round the last turn, nearly half a mile from home, I began to draw away from the ruck, and by the time we got to the distance towards the front lot, I saw 'King Lud' and 'Louise Victoria' racing together. My old horse was going great guns at the time, but I wished Judge Johnson could shift his box nearer to me, as I was afraid, when I asked 'Sterling' the question, he would not quite get up to him. I still suffered and waited, letting the other two run themselves out, and was at last rewarded, partly by their coming back to me, and partly by the extraordinary struggle made by 'Sterling.' When I called on the gallant animal for the final effort, he got up and won by a short head, the same distance dividing second and third. In this race I beat two of my old masters, Mr. Cartwright and Lord Lonsdale, who owned 'Louise Victoria' and 'King Lud' respectively. As was truly remarked in all the

papers at the time, nothing could have excelled 'Sterling's' brilliant gameness and determination. It was a grand finish to a rather uncertain career. I need not tell my readers that 'Sterling' was a great success at the stud; and although I do not care about answering the question often put to me about which was the best horse I ever rode, I am not certain, if I did so, that I should not name 'Sterling.' It certainly would be either Mr. Gretton's horse or 'Thormanby.' Mr. Gretton had a real good race, and he gave me £500 for winning. This was, of course, a very nice present indeed for me to winter upon.

As many of my readers may know, 'Sterling' really belonged to Miss Graham, a sister of the well-known Yardley breeders, and he was only leased to Mr. Gretton. 'Sterling' died on March 26, 1891, having been for many years the bright particular star of the stud near Birmingham where he was located. Of course, the best horse he ever got was 'Isonomy,' who, in his turn, has been the sire of a couple of "triple-crown" heroes in 'Common' and 'Isinglass.' Second in order of merit amongst 'Sterling's' sons I think I should place 'Paradox,' who was very unlucky to be beaten at Epsom by 'Melton' in 1885. A half of that greatest of all

turf prizes his son 'Harvester' gained when he ran a dead-heat with 'St. Gatien' the year before. He sired a couple of Two Thousand winners in 'Enterprise' and 'Enthusiast,' and although his name is missing as the sire of a St. Leger or Oaks winner, his stock ran second for each race with 'Geologist' and 'Superba.' By the prowess of 'Isonomy' he could lay claim to most of the Cups, and in 1890 his son 'Gold' credited him with the most coveted trophy which is run for on Ascot Heath. With other sons, and his grandsons 'Isinglass' and 'Ravensbury,' who occupied the leading positions in both the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger of 1893, and as he has another grandson in a promising colt, Lord Durham's 'Son of Mine,' there is no fear of 'Sterling's' memory being forgotten for a long time to come.

CHAPTER XII.

'Broomielaw' and 'Peter'—Trying Two-year-olds—Mr. Verrall's "Eccentric" Handicap—My Derby Career—Why I gave up Riding — Systems of Training — The Brothers Dawson as Trainers—John Scott, the Wizard of the North.

WITH the love of race-riding and horses still fresh in my memory, it is impossible to conclude without adding a few words about riding races, and the different temperaments of thoroughbred animals. As I have pointed out, I have had a deal to do with some very queer-tempered horses. Amongst others, I may mention 'Broomielaw' and 'D'Estournel,' both of whom were confirmed rogues, and would stick their toes in the ground, kick, and try all they knew to get rid of their jockey, or stop in the race. Nothing but the greatest determination and force would persuade such animals to do their best. 'Peter' was another horse of the same character. Many others could I mention, but these

are sufficient examples to illustrate my meaning. On the other hand, you have horses condemned and termed rogues which are certainly nothing of the kind, but are really light-hearted, timid animals that are frightened to death at the whip. These are the sort that generally get the most whalebone; consequently, when they are asked to go and finish, or win their race, they are afraid to do so, and they curl up, instead of stretching themselves out and making the most of their action—in fact, they shorten their stride, and in reality are not half galloping. I have known several instances of this kind, and will quote two in particular. One was the horse 'Lytham,' that fell and broke my collar-bone at Epsom in 1866. I have previously said they put blinkers on him, so that I could hit him without him seeing me. Poor brute! he was so afraid of the whip that I rode him three or four times without one, as he always had his eyes back on it to see if you were going to pick it up to hit him. At last he regained confidence, and, carrying a big weight, I won the Rothamstead Plate and the Harpenden Handicap on him (after a dead-heat), both races being run the same day. In addition, I also won the Bath Handicap with him, and never had a whip in my hand. I only quote this to

show how much is the difference between rogues and light-hearted horses, or, as some people would call them, "curs."

There is another instance of a horse called 'Millionaire,' which Mr. George Bryan bought from the late Mr. Fred Swindell for £300. The latter was not noted for parting with any cheap animals; on the contrary, he generally made some very good bargains. 'Millionaire' was always supposed to be a great rogue, and the consequence was that they used to jump off, make the running with him, and when anything came up to him at the distance, or nearer home, the jockey generally picked up his whip and tried to drive him home, instead of which he used to curl up and stop. The first time I rode him I found him frightened to death, but I asked Mr. Bryan if I might have my own way with him, and ride him as I liked. His owner gave me his permission to do so, and I acted in what I think is the only way to ride a cur: instead of driving him along, and making every post a winning-post, which is the usual practice, the best way is to wait behind, and keep "kidding" to him that he never has the worst of it. If the horse does not go into his bridle at first, don't try to press or push him, but keep a nice hold of his head, but not too tight, and when you feel

him about to take hold of his bit, let him do so, but don't let him get to the front until you want him to go in and win. Never ask your mount to go too suddenly, but, as I said before, keep "kidding" to him that he has a lot the best of the race.

Referring again to 'Millionaire,' I may say that in 1863 I won the Burghley Stakes at Stamford (a great race in those days) with 8 st. 12 lb., and also landed the Stamford Cup the next day, besides several other good races. The best race 'Millionaire' ever ran was when he gave 'Isoline' weight for age, and ran her to a neck for the Queen's Plate at Goodwood (three miles five furlongs) the day after she had beaten a good field for the Cup, including 'La Toucques,' 'Buckstone,' and 'Fairwater,' etc. This was a great performance, and one Mr. Naylor remembered, as his mare was good for nothing afterwards. Only fancy running an animal, that had won the Goodwood Cup the day before, three miles five furlongs for 100 guineas! They did funny things in those days.

And now a few words about trying horses—I mean, two or three year olds, animals that have not had a great deal of experience, and of which little is known concerning their merits. Many colts and fillies are tried and beaten, and a good percentage

of these are never galloped again. Perhaps they are put into a selling race, which they win, and their party let them go at auction, thinking that they have several better at home. How often it is, when they meet again in public, the "cast-off" comes and beats the very animals which had been tried and found superior in private, thus upsetting all calculations! This shows that an owner ought never to part with an animal unless he has tried him on long and short courses, and made sure that he is not worth retaining. Many mistakes are made by not finding out whether a horse possesses speed or stamina. A two-year-old is galloped over five furlongs, and is beaten off, but if the gallop had been a mile, or even more, he might have turned the tables on his conquerors. There are lots of youngsters useless in a five-furlong trial, because, being bad beginners, they get bustled, are never allowed to get into their stride, and then are condemned as worthless. Try them a distance of a mile, and the result will probably be very different. Many examples can be given to illustrate my meaning, but I need only allude to a little horse called 'Charon,' belonging to Mr. Henry Chaplin, which I rode in several short-distance races. Eventually, after passing through Lord Wilton's hands, Tom Green, of Beverley,

bought him, and he turned out to be a good stayer, capable of winning several races over a distance of ground, amongst them being the Town Plate at Doncaster, over two miles, Her Majesty's Plate at Newmarket, the Brighton Cup, and the Queen's Plate at Lincoln as a three-year-old.

A great many years ago—it must be about twenty-five — the late Mr. Verrall brought out a very good idea, and instituted a peculiar race. It was called the Eccentric Handicap, for supposed non-stayers. I think it was a Free Handicap, and he used to put in all the short-course horses, and handicap them to run two miles at Lewes. This brought out several horses that it was supposed could not stay a mile. Another reason why I think it necessary to try two-year-olds twice—of course I mean in the spring of the year—is, that they get used to the colours, and are better at jumping off at the start.

Many a time I've seen a youngster, making its début, just as the other horses are in a line, and the jockey tries to jump him in between two others, stop and whip round, sometimes being left at the post. This is solely through being afraid of the colours, especially on a windy day. Of course, on such occasions the starter is generally blamed, although it is no fault of his, as the animal is quite

near enough, and looks like jumping off, and the accident really happens when the flag has fallen. Nothing would induce me if I officiated to put my flag up again, if three or four were to whip round. Naturally, it is very annoying to trainer, owner, and jockey; but such things must happen sometimes. The best way to try and avoid them is to get your horses as much used to the colours as possible before bringing them on to a racecourse.

My Derby career has been a very curious one. I saw four Derbys run in the years 1856-59, and I won the first I rode in, on Thormanby, in 1860. After this I was in the saddle in nineteen consecutive races for the big race on the Surrey hills, winning three, second twice, and third once. Only once have I seen the Derby since I left off riding in 1879, and that was when I started them in Melton's year, in 1885. Having ridden at Epsom many times besides, I think I ought to know the course pretty well. It is very bad, as well as dangerous. What is known as Tattenham Corner is one of the worst bends I ever rode round or saw. It is not only down a very steep incline, but on a side hill, as well as a very sharp turn; and it is wonderful to me it is not productive of more accidents.

Nowadays it is often remarked: "Why did you

give up riding?" In these days, when large salaries, big retainers, and handsome presents are the fashion, it seems a pity that, being blessed with good health and a hard constitution, I should have been obliged to abandon a profession I was passionately fond of. At the time I gave up the weights had not been raised, consequently I had the greatest difficulty to reduce myself to 8 st. 7 lb., and it was very hard work indeed for me to keep down to 8 st. 10 lb. all the year round. I could get down to my weight in the spring easily in a fortnight, and generally started at Lincoln; but to manage to remain so all the year was a fearful trial, and at the finish my doctor told me I must give it up or seriously injure my health, if the result was not worse. In reality, I was trying to waste muscle instead of flesh, and every week it got harder and more difficult to get off Many a time have I gone out from Newmarket in the autumn, walked nine or ten miles with a lot of sweaters on, and worked as hard as possible, and arrived home imagining that I was certainly two or three pounds lighter. When put in the scales I found I was not more, and sometimes less, than one pound lighter, not having had a mouthful of anything to eat. It is the last pound or two that really takes the getting off. No one knows, who has not been through it, the hard

HENRY CUSTANCE.

From a Photograph by Messrs. Robinson and Sons, Regent Street.

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work it is; but, although I had twenty-four years' experience, I don't get much pity now, as people say that I look as well as ever.

One of the most extraordinary accidents that happened in the whole of my career, occurred to a horse named 'Fitzroy,' a two-year-old. He was the property of Mr. R. Ten Broeck, the American sportsman. We tried him one Saturday at Newmarket, in 1866. I rode 'Paris' in the trial, and he was a long way above plating form, and the "young un" beat him at even weights, with three others in the gallop. In fact, 'Fitzroy' won such a good trial that Sir Frederick Johnstone gave Mr. Ten Broeck £4,000 for half of him the very day before the accident happened. The horse was matched with the Duke of Newcastle's 'Pericles' for £200 p.p., over the Rous course, so they were obliged to run. Mr. Matthew Dawson said to me, "We are obliged to run, as it is for all the money; but as soon as you find you are beaten—as I hear this is a good horse—don't persevere, as 'Pericles' is in two or three other races this week." As I knew 'Fitzroy' was a real good one, I rode my horse accordingly. As soon as we jumped off, Fordham, knowing 'Pericles' had good speed, slipped 'Fitzroy' along to the top of the Bushes hill as hard as he could. He then

found out he could do as he liked, and steadied his horse to try to make a show of a race of it. Seeing what he was doing, and knowing what a clinking good horse I was riding against, I left off riding 'Pericles,' not really pulling him up, but I left off persevering. All at once something went crack, and I believe I am correct in saying that the Duke of Beaufort and the late Lord Westmorland both heard it. I myself distinctly did so. 'Fitzroy' stumbled, and I had just time enough to set my horse going again to win by a length. Had the accident happened fifty yards further, 'Fitzroy' would have won on three legs. I shall never forget Fordham pulling both his feet out of the stirrup-irons, the horse going on three legs, and my saying to him:

"Jump off, George!"

He replied: "Jump off! How about my knees?"

Eventually he did scramble off, and poor 'Fitzroy' was taken in a van to Mr. Barrow's, and was obliged to be destroyed. It was a very unfortunate accident, and Mr. Ten Broeck got a great deal of sympathy; but I think Sir Frederick Johnstone was more to be pitied than anyone, considering he had given £4,000 for half of the horse only the day before the accident happened.

They say, "Nothing succeeds like success," and

through this piece of luck I had another winning ride the same week. I did not know whether Captain Machell wanted me to ride 'Knight of the Garter' in the Prendergast Stakes or not, so I went to ask him. He said, "No; I shall put up the same jockey" (T. Cannon) "that I did the other day in the Middle Park Plate." On hearing this I galloped down to Mr. Dawson, found out he had not engaged another jockey, so told him I would ride for him, which I did. 'Pericles' was a very quick, sharp horse, but, unfortunately, made a slight whistling noise. The T.Y.C. at Newmarket is rather an easy course, and what they call the New Ground (which must be getting old now, as it has been called the New Ground ever since I have known it—thirty-five years) was very uneven, and not suited to a long-striding horse like 'Knight of the Garter.' This being the case, he got bustled or cross-legged, and was beaten a neck by 'Pericles,' who certainly was not within 10 lb. of him. Do not think for one moment I am saying anything against Tom Cannon. Although he was only a 7 st. boy then, he was as good as most of the others, but at that time, of course, not quite up to top form. I need not tell you this did not please Captain Machell; but it was his own fault, as he was annoyed at me not riding

'Knight of the Garter' in the Middle Park Plate. This I have explained in a previous chapter, and how I could not do so without forfeiting my word to General Pearson, as I had promised to ride the Ilsley filly 'Achievement.'

The system of training racehorses has been considerably altered since I first went to Newmarket thirty-seven years ago—I mean so far as sweating and galloping are concerned. You seldom, if ever, see or hear of a horse being sweated now; but at the time I have just mentioned it was quite a common thing to see fifteen or twenty horses sweated in one morning; and at that time there were not one-fourth of the number of animals in training at Newmarket that there are now. It was the fashion to sweat a horse whether he was a gross or light animal once a week, and in some cases three times a fortnight; in fact, they were trained by rule, and no one seemed to dare to alter the system, although it was often talked of. Perfectly well do I recollect when Mr. Joseph Dawson first went to train at Newmarket, that he was ridiculed and laughed at for not sweating his horses in the same fashion as other trainers did; but he outlived all the ridicule, and had the satisfaction of seeing his own method of training come into vogue long before he died. I believe it

was his brother, Thomas Dawson, of Middleham, who was the first to abstain from the practice, and it was afterwards carried into effect by all the brothers. I don't think we have ever seen their equals, take them altogether, as trainers. Matthew was the best trainer of a two-year-old, I think, I ever knew. Thomas, as anyone old enough to remember him five-and-twenty or thirty years ago will agree, was very hard to beat in the North, where he had some real good rivals to compete with, among them John Scott, John Osborne, and John Fobert; he was a very clever as well as a successful trainer, especially for a long race. Joseph, whom I have just previously mentioned, was a very shrewd man indeed when he trained at Ilsley thirty years ago. No one won more races or placed their horses better than he did; and it was a lucky day when Lord Stamford selected him for his private trainer. This was proved by the success he had.

John Dawson (of course, I am speaking of the elder one) also migrated from Compton, on the Berkshire Downs, to Newmarket, where he, like his brothers, has been pretty successful, being the trainer of 'Galopin' amongst other good horses belonging to the late Prince Batthyany, to whom he was private trainer for a long time—in fact, up to his death.

Having said so much of the Dawson family, I must now speak of one or two more of the old school that I knew, amongst whom I must especially mention Mr. John Scott, of Malton. I was only a youngster when I first met him, and went to ride trials at Whitewall, which was considered a great feather in one's cap in those days. Anyone seeing the place now could never imagine the large establishment it was thirty years ago, with its 90 or 100 horses in training belonging to the greatest noblemen and gentlemen of the day, including the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Glasgow, the Earl of Annesley, Earl Fitzwilliam, Mr. Bowes, and several others, whom at the moment I forget. It will, however, suffice to say that Mr. John Scott quite deserved the sobriquet he was always known by, viz., "The Wizard of the North." We still have one of the branches of the old Whitewall establishment under Charles Lund, whom I well recollect over thirty years ago as Mr. Scott's favourite lad, of whom he thought a great deal. I am pleased to see he has quite maintained the high opinion Mr. Scott had of him.

John Scott was a great advocate for sweating horses, and many a sweat have I ridden round Little London (a round tan track) three or four times, and

up the hill to the rubbing-house, where the horse was stripped and rubbed down by two men, and afterwards given a smart gallop of five furlongs or three-quarters of a mile. I don't say Mr. Scott made sweating as much a rule as the Newmarket trainers did in those days, but he pursued the plan more or less up to the time of his death. Take him altogether, he was a real good man, and no one was more respected.

One of my earliest recollections of a Derby favourite was seeing 'Toxophilite's' van coming to Webb's Hotel, Piccadilly (where the Criterion now stands), with four gray horses, and two postilions with blue jackets and white top hats, on their way to Leatherhead. Mr. Scott always stayed at Webb's: as it was not much out of their way, his horses invariably called there, and a nice crowd collected. All this is, however, changed now, and instead of the favourite coming up from the North on the Saturday or Monday at the latest, he would more likely have a special train on Tuesday afternoon. This is perhaps a better plan, as I believe horses prefer their own stables to fresh ones, and many a favourite has been upset by the old method, and afterwards reported to have been poisoned or got at (a remark too often made use of) without the slightest foundation. Of

course such things have happened, but not nearly so often, nor to such an extent, as folks talk about. After all, a man is running a great risk of penal servitude, and he must not only be pretty well paid, but must be very clever to accomplish it without being found out, especially in these days, when every precaution is taken. It would be a very risky thing indeed for a bookmaker to lay against a horse on the chance of its being "got at," and unless the thing was done in a very scientific manner, the chances are that the attempt would show itself, and, then, what likelihood has he to lay against the horse to make it worth his while?

It is wonderful to think what some of the people of the present day who are crying out for the date of the ages of thoroughbred horses to be changed from January 1 to May 1, and also of the depreciation of our blood stock on account of the early running of two-year-olds, would have thought of a yearling race such as I saw in 1859 at the Shrewsbury Autumn Meeting. It was called the Anglesey Stakes. I can't call to mind just now all the runners, but I know a filly by 'Orlando'—'Volley,' afterwards called 'Little Lady,' owned by Lord Stamford, won. There was a yearling race at the same place the previous year, won by a mare

named 'White Rose' that belonged to Mr. James Barber, and she afterwards ran and won seven races at two and three years of age, being then sold to go to Brunswick, thus showing that early training in some instances does not do any harm, or at any rate not so much as people talk about.

I am, however, not an advocate for going back to yearling or early two-year-old racing, but only wish to show that the early running of two-year-olds (unless they are big overgrown horses) does not interfere with their stamina to any great extent. Take, for instance, 'The Bard.' He ran sixteen times as a two-year-old, and, as I have said in another part of my book, a little horse named 'Folkestone' ran fourteen times, while 'Thormanby' also started in the same number as a two-year-old. Of course, I should not think of making it a rule to run all young animals so early nor so often, and I only quote the above instances to show that no benefit accrues by bottling up young horses unless they are overgrown or suffering from lameness or from some other ill to which all animals are subject. We have more instances of good horses running as two-year-olds than we have of those that have been kept until they are three before asking them the question. Of course, there are exceptions to every rule, and

I have no doubt some people will quote 'Blair Athol,' 'Doncaster,' 'Bendigo,' 'Merry Hampton,' and 'Common,' but they were exceptions.

In mentioning a name just now, I was reminded of a good story the late Mr. Saxon used to be very fond of telling about himself. He was a self-made man, and used at one time to work in a coal-mine. One day, some time after he had left off working below ground (having been very fortunate betting, and started a stud of horses in conjunction with his friend, Mr. James Barber), he met an old pal in Manchester who had worked by the side of him for a very long time in former days, and who had not seen him for years. His friend came up, shook hands with him, and said:

"Joe, what pit is thou working in now?"

Joe made answer, and told him he had "done working in pits, and that he had a much better game," at the same time inviting him to have a drink. This over, Saxon, seeing his old pal's clothes were rather shabby, took him to the nearest shop, and stood him a new suit of fustian. The pitman then said:

"Joe, clogs are rather bad."

So he stood him a new pair of clogs. After looking himself up and down, he hardly seemed satisfied, but turned round and said:

"I say, Joe, thou hasn't an owd watch thou could gie us, has thou?"

I have heard Saxon tell this tale in the Lancashire brogue with the greatest zest possible.

As I have mentioned, he and Barber (or Jemmy Barber, as he was called) were partners for a good many years, and had some very good horses. Each used to run in his own colours—Saxon's, green, yellow braid and cap; and Barber's, brown jacket, white cap, which many of my readers will remember at a much later date. Saxon's best horses were 'Big Ben,' 'Brown Duchess,' 'Ancient Briton,' and others. Barber's were 'Commotion,' 'Ben Webster,' 'Pretty Boy,' 'Polly Peachum'—all useful animals. He also had some fairly good steeplechasers, including 'Fan,' a mare that ran second for the Liverpool Steeplechase, and afterwards gained a certain amount of notoriety for refusing a certain fence in the course at Aintree.

CHAPTER XIII.

Well-known Turf Celebrities—Lord Glasgow as an Owner and Breeder—Incident between his Lordship and Jim Godding—Lord Glasgow's Eccentricities—As a Match-maker—His Dress and Appearance—His Dislike to Nomenclature—His many Trainers—Aldcroft's Ride on 'Tom Bowline' in the Two Thousand Guineas—Blackballing Colonel Forester from the Jockey Club—Mr. Mannington and George Fordham—The Demon's Riding Lesson—Out with the Brighton Harriers—Mr. Mannington as a Veterinary Surgeon—About "Count Bolo"—West Drayton and its Clerk of the Course—The Grand Stand burnt down—The Count as a Practical Joker—Mr. "Billy" Nicholl—Hedging the 'Belladrum' Money—As a Town Councillor—Mr. Joe Wood as a Racing Man.

TRAVELLING about to race meetings is a varied experience. One must meet many curious people, both patricians and plebeians. It would be difficult to find a more eccentric sportsman than the late Earl of Glasgow, who used to breed and run many racehorses between 1854 and 1869. Although he had his

fads and his fancies, he proved to be correct in some of his theories, and his stud produced such horses as 'Musket' and 'Adelaide,' besides several other very stout animals. It is from the Glasgow blood that we now get many of our stayers and stoutest horses.

I have said that his lordship was very eccentric, but I must also remark that he was a very queer-tempered gentleman as well. On one occasion, when the late Mr. J. Godding trained for him at Newmarket, an amusing incident happened. His lordship was walking through the stables with his great friend, Mr. George Payne, when they came to a very fine good-looking bay horse, which turned out to be 'Volunteer,' who was bred by Squire Gardner, at Fordham, a village four miles from Newmarket. Lord Glasgow took a great fancy to the horse, and inquired all about him. After Godding had told him how and where he was bred, the trainer said :

"It is a very curious thing, but the owner and breeder has never seen him, although he only lives four miles from here."

"Indeed," replied his lordship; "I should certainly have thought a gentleman would have come such a short journey to see such a good-looking horse belonging to him."

"Yes," said Godding, "but you see, my lord, the owner was born blind."

The Earl, as I have just stated, was very queer-tempered, and could not stand a trainer playing a joke off on him, so he ran poor old Jemmy Godding, much to Mr. Payne's delight, all round the yard, calling him all the "red-faced old scoundrels" he could lay his tongue to. Luckily he failed to catch him, or he would certainly have laid his stick about him. His lordship was so annoyed at Godding's jest that he removed all his horses a few days afterwards, and I think they went back to Middleham, to Mr. Thomas Dawson, for the second time.

No one was fonder of his racehorses than the late Lord Glasgow, and he spent thousands of pounds trying to breed first-class ones. This he eventually did, but never succeeded in winning either the Derby or St. Leger, although he was second with 'General Peel' to 'Blair Athol' for both races in 1864. 'General Peel,' however, had previously won the Two Thousand Guineas. Lord Glasgow had some of the biggest and best-looking horses in training, among them 'Rapid Rhone,' 'Make Haste,' 'Tom Bowline,' 'Brother to Strafford'—afterwards named 'Outfit.' These were all good hunting sires, and the stoutest horses possible. This eccen-

tric peer was never known to sell a racehorse. He used to have a regular shooting day after he had tried his two-year-olds ; those he found out not good enough for him to race had the bullet put through their head at once. Occasionally he was known to let some few people have a horse for their lifetime for hacking purposes. The late Tom Aldcroft, his jockey, had two or three. Amongst others, Aldcroft had a lovely chestnut horse, called 'Blacksmith,' good-looking enough to take a prize at any show ; but he or anyone else that had one was obliged to give a guarantee that the animal never went out of his possession, but was shot.

Lord Glasgow was also a good patron of the turf, and, although he had his little eccentricities, he had some very good traits in his character. Unfortunately, he suffered from some nervous affliction, and when he got excited he always rubbed the back of his neck with his hand as fast as possible, and was of a very quick temperament. On one occasion, when he was staying at a hotel in Glasgow, the waiter annoyed him by answering very abruptly, whereupon he picked him up and threw him out of the first-floor window, breaking his leg, as well as causing other injuries. The landlord went up to know what was to be done, as the man was badly

hurt, and it was a very serious matter. His lordship turned quietly round, and said:

"Put him in the bill, no matter what it is."

Lord Glasgow was very fond of match-making with his racehorses, but he generally had the worst of it, as he never would have his animals run down or considered worse than anyone else's. In fact, he would make a match and give weight away rather than have his horse insulted, as he thought they would be if favourably handicapped. On one occasion he had a colt engaged in a race at Newmarket to be handicapped the night previous, and as Lord Glasgow had not won a race for a long time the weight allotted was a very light one. Directly his lordship saw the weights he sent round to the Rooms and scratched him, saying he would not allow one of his animals to be slighted in that way. There are not many of his sort about now. He was a very aristocratic, gentlemanly-looking man, and always wore a blue cloth dress-coat with gold buttons, buff waistcoat, white trousers, with a slit at the bottom, low shoes, and a short-crowned, broad-brimmed beaver hat. His favourite places of sport were Newmarket, Ascot, York, and Doncaster. He occasionally ran a horse in the Derby at Epsom, but never patronized the Surrey meeting as much as the other places. In

those days there was a race called the Black Duck Stakes at York, 500 sovs. each, half forfeit, and for several years Lord Glasgow and Mr. Merry were the only subscribers, his lordship frequently having four or five nominations; but he was generally beaten. He won it once with an unnamed colt, and he named him directly afterwards 'The Drake'—a very appropriate name. Very seldom did he name his horses, and this practice used to be very misleading, as there were very often three or four animals bred exactly alike all running at the same time. There were two Brothers to 'Strafford,' and several out of 'Physalis' and 'Physalis'' dam, so that it got rather confusing. I remember a filly belonging to John Nightingall, of Epsom, winning the two-year-old race at Harpenden, and being disqualified for being wrongly described. Her dam was by one of the brothers to 'Strafford,' but they had not put in the year he was foaled. It was a very hard case, with no fraudulent intent, but the stewards decided it was an insufficient description. Lord Glasgow had a great many trainers in his time, having Thomas Dawson twice, John Dawson, Joseph Dawson, John Scott, J. Godding, and one or two others I quite forget. His irritability was no doubt owing to his affliction. On one occasion he called Aldcroft out

of the weighing-room at Newmarket after he had ridden 'Tom Bowline' in the Two Thousand Guineas of 1860, for which race he started second favourite. Several jockeys about saw that his lordship was in a rage, so we stood up at the window, close to where the conversation was going on, and consequently heard every word. It commenced by Lord Glasgow asking Aldcroft how the race was run, and how his colt carried him. Poor Aldcroft, although a good jockey and very fine finisher, never knew anything about a race five minutes after it was over, and he began by saying, "After we started, I waited with my horse until half-way across the Flat; then I sent him to the front, and took second place with him. After we passed the Bushes my horse began to tire."

His lordship, who had been very fidgety all the time (being very much enraged at being beaten by 'The Wizard,' a horse trained in the same stable), and scratching the back of his head faster than usual, turned round in a fearful rage, and, screaming with temper, said:

"You liar! You never were in the first ten."

Off went Aldcroft as quick as he could, much to our amusement.

Lord Glasgow carried his eccentricities to a great

length. To give an instance, he always declared Colonel Forester should never be a member of the Jockey Club whilst he was alive, and on one occasion he travelled all the way from Glasgow, and had a special train part of the journey, on purpose to black-ball him. As one black ball is sufficient, the Colonel never was elected until after the Earl's death, when he left the Colonel a good legacy—I believe £20,000—apparently as a reward for the injury he had done him.

The late J. Mannington, the veterinary surgeon, used to tell a capital story about George Fordham. They were very great friends, and George always stayed with him, for the races, at his place in Middle Street, Brighton, and both were fond of a joke. A friend of Mr. Mannington's kept a riding school, and having a new riding-master, who was a great swell in his way, they thought they would have a lark with him. It was arranged Fordham should go as a pupil to take riding lessons. They first put George on a pony, and he would keep getting into every position he should not, much to the riding-master's disgust. At last the latter got Fordham to sit fairly straight, so that he could trot up and down the school by himself—he had had the pony led previously. At the finish the tutor said :

"Well, I think you have done enough to-day. You can tell your papa, if you get on as well to-morrow as you have done to-day, you will be able to go out with the other pupils on Thursday on the cliff."

Needless to say, George never went any more, and you can imagine the riding-master's face when he saw his pupil in the King's Road riding a thoroughbred horse named 'Woodburn' (given to him by Mr. Ten Broeck) that was very fresh, and bucking and kicking like mad. He then inquired who the pupil was, and found out he had been made the victim of a real good joke.

On another occasion I was down staying with Fordham at Mr. Mannington's in the winter, and we had a good day with the Southdown Foxhounds. The next day George said to me:

"Would you like to go out with the Brighton Harriers for a lark?"

Naturally I agreed.

I rode a horse called 'Babylon,' and Fordham 'Woodburn,' two thoroughbred animals. I had no breeches and boots, as mine were wet through the day before, so I had a makeshift pair of George's, which certainly did not look as if they were made for me; but they answered the purpose, and perhaps

did better than if they had been my own. I shall never forget the different styles I saw that day. There was every imaginable dress. I am not certain there was not a kilt. The huntsman was a stout old man (like the late old Isaac Woolcot), quite 17 st. He seemed to do nothing but find fault with the field, and swear at some of the outsiders (I suppose these were the ones who had not answered to "the cap"). It was usual in those days to go round with the cap to start with, which, I presume, was the huntsman's perquisites or wages. After some time they found a hare, and ran about a hundred yards into a patch of furze, where they checked. Indeed, they looked like staying there all day, so after chaffing some of the field we left them to enjoy their fun. This was my only day with the Brighton Harriers, some thirty years ago; now they tell me they have improved, and I sincerely hope they have, as there was plenty of room for it.

Speaking of Mr. Mannington, I must not omit to say what a loss I consider he was to the profession he so successfully followed. He was always looked upon as an authority, and was called in as an umpire when the bet was made about which was the best looking sire, 'Gladiateur' or 'Blair Athol'—which, I believe, was drawn. Upon all occasions

his opinion was greatly valued by the Duke of Beaufort, one of his chief employers. He was also veterinary to the troop of the Gloucestershire Yeomanry, and as good a sportsman as I ever saw. He could ride well on the flat, and won several races at Lewes, principally for Drewitt, the trainer, being connected with that stable, where Fordham was apprenticed. Later in life Fordham and Mr. Mannington became the greatest of friends, and their friendship lasted for over thirty years.

Amongst other eccentric persons I have met in my career, I must not forget to mention one (although only known to a few of the present day)—"Count Bolo," or George French, which was his proper name. "Count Bolo" was a self-imposed title, which he made use of when he could, and did not forget to advertise it on his umbrella and walking-stick, as he had the title stamped upon them in large letters, and always put them up to his mouth, so that no one could help noticing it. The "Count" was without question one of the most witty, impudent dare-devils that ever trod shoe-leather. He used to live at Worcester, but afterwards came nearer London, and resided at West Drayton, where he made himself known by becoming the clerk of the course. Bolo always said it was no use

employing too many hands, and he preferred the West Drayton racecourse, because it was on an island, and he used to have twenty men stationed at the bridge, so no one could go over without paying. Strict orders were given about this, but Bolo told his men not to interfere or take any notice of those who liked to swim, as he knew they were no good and couldn't pay. Things went on all right, and the course was paying well. All at once a Bill was about to be presented to Parliament to suppress suburban race meetings, and West Drayton came within the radius. Bolo was in partnership with a man named George Fox, and they had the grand stand insured for £600 (I don't know how they got it insured, as I should think the whole structure wasn't worth £200), and by some unfortunate *accident* one night it was burnt to the ground. Bolo visited the insurance office a couple of days afterwards, and they were inclined to settle the matter at once if he would take £400, but he said "No; the place was worth more than that to him," thinking they would be sure to give him another hundred. Soon afterwards the insurance company got to know there was something rather shaky, so they refused to offer any money at all, but said they would consider the matter, which

they did, hoping to prove it was a case of incendiarism. Proof of this, though, was found impossible; but, rather than be done, they built a new stand costing £600, and it was never used afterwards. The meeting was done away with, as several others were about that time, consequently the stand was a white elephant to George Fox and Bolo. I well remember it being built, and also seeing it pulled down, and the bricks placed for sale. I used to notice it when travelling on the Great Western Railway *en route* for Bath Races. The course almost adjoined the West Drayton railway-station.

Count Bolo always considered himself a great friend of poor Fordham's, but really he was Fordham's greatest enemy. George was fond of a lark, and easily led away, and this Bolo knew, and many a night has he spent in his company larking when he ought to have been in bed; but up to the very last Fordham stuck to him. With all Bolo's faults, he was an amusing companion. You could not help laughing at him or liking him, he was such an extraordinarily clever fellow. I knew him at least twenty years, and during all that time he lived up to quite £2,000 a year, although he had no income of any sort. His argument was that the best of everything was good enough for him, and

when that ran short he would turn it up altogether. As to practical jokes, he seemed to live for them. Even Jack Coney—and he was also fond of such games—had to play second fiddle. I have myself heard Coney say: "I always give way to Bolo."

One day Fordham, Bolo, and myself were walking up Regent Street. All at once Bolo saw someone walking down the same side we were on at about five miles an hour, apparently in a great hurry. The Count slipped back thirty or forty yards, and met this long lean gentleman, who was about six feet high—Bolo was a little smart fellow—and immediately he went up to him, caught hold of his hand, shook it, and told him he didn't know how to thank him. The gentleman was evidently pressed for time, and informed him that he had made a mistake, and had the advantage of him. Bolo, however, would not be denied. He said, still keeping hold of his hand:

"I shall never forget or be able to repay you for the good your pills have done me. I know you; your name is Holloway, and I am aware that you don't want everybody to recognise you."

The man assured him his name was not Holloway, but Bolo detained him nearly five minutes before departing. I feel certain the gentleman did not

know himself exactly who he was when he left the Count. The assurance of the latter was most remarkable, and his manner was of such an imposing nature that few could resist it. I don't recollect when he died, but it must be about fourteen years since. He was well known to many of the present school, but more so to the older generation.

On one occasion I went with Bolo to see a friend of his who was locked up in Oxford Gaol; they used to imprison a man in those days for debt. We went inside, and took the man some papers and what else we dare, and stopped at least an hour. He had very comfortable quarters, and did not complain of anything, except of being there alone by himself, with nobody to talk to. All at once Bolo said:

"Why, you seem very comfortable here. I owe about £1,200; I am in a great mind to come and keep you company."

His friend said: "I wish you would. You would clear yourself in a month or six weeks."

This was in July, so he said to his friend:

"Well, old pal, if you will stay here until after the Newmarket October Meetings, I will come and keep you company."

To which his friend turned round and said:

"I hope to be out long enough before that."

"Very well," said Bolo, "don't expect my company if you can't wait until then. I can't come any earlier."

A great many amusing stories are told of one of the best-hearted but most eccentric characters possible, who was known on the turf as "Billy Nicholl." I cannot vouch for the truth of all of them, but will try to tell some as they were related to me. The following I was a witness of, except the betting transactions, which were told to me afterwards. It happened in the year 1868, and was in connection with the horse 'Belladrum,' belonging to Mr. Merry. He was a real good two-year-old, and won nearly all his engagements that year, including the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom and the New Stakes at Ascot, leaving off a great favourite for the Derby. During the winter months it was discovered by Mr. Waugh (who trained the horse at Russley at the time) that 'Belladrum' had turned roarer. This he communicated to Mr. Merry, who directly sent off to a gentleman telling him to hedge his Derby money for him. The said gentleman thought he might as well get a couple of friends to help him do the commission, which they did, commencing at Liverpool Spring Meeting. It was in connection with this a rather

curious thing happened. Mr. Nicholl and some of his friends had heard there was something wrong with the Derby favourite, so they pretended they wanted to back the horse, for no other reason than to keep him at a short price, so that they could lay against him at that price. Funnily enough, whatever part of the ring the backers were, the amateur bookmakers always happened to meet them, and accommodated them with their price to all the money they liked to back him for. At the finish Mr. Nicholl and company found out they had made a mistake, but it was too late. This happened on the Friday of the Liverpool Spring Meeting. (It is quite unnecessary to name the three amateurs, as they are living, and known to many of my readers, but it will suffice if I say they were, and always have been, known since as the "Three Busy Bees".) On the Monday following, the Quorn Hounds met at Widmerpool, just half-way between Nottingham and Melton Mowbray. Colonel Forester had mounted me that day, and who should I meet out but Billy Nicholl on a very clever little gray horse I think he had bought from Mr. Chaplin for £50. I had not seen him out hunting before, and was very much amused with his get-up. He wore a hunting-cap (with his hair cut to fit it), a green coat with brass buttons,

the tightest pair of cotton cord breeches, and a pair of brown-topped boots (the tops of which looked as if they had been soft-soaped); but although his get-up was eccentric, Nicholl was a hard nut to crack when hounds were running, as he knew no fear, and his little gray horse was not only a big jumper, but as clever as a cat. I have rather over-run the line here, so must hark back to my racing story. As we were waiting at the meet, one of the amateur bookmakers rode past. He was got up, as usual, in the very pink of fashion: scarlet coat, silk hat, the best of breeches (leathers), and boots, all put on properly—in fact, he looked as if he had come out of a bandbox. Billy was not long noticing him, and said in a loud voice to Harry Loy, another commission agent who lived in Leicestershire:

"Harry, see that cove there. That's 'Belladrum's' stable-lad. Bloomer's looked after him all winter."

It was quite *infra dig.* for anyone to mention racing, at all events, this particular question, so he rode up to Billy, and said:

"Good-morning, Nicholl. You are quite mistaken about those bets I laid at Liverpool. They were all hedging bets, I give you my word."

Billy, without a moment's hesitation, turned round and said:

"Indeed, Captain, them poor blokes 'll have some nice hedging what ta'en 'em."

Another curious incident took place the same year, and over the same horse. The three amateurs were all friends, and as they were in the know about 'Belladrum' being a roarer, it suddenly struck them they might turn their information to good account, so they took the liberty of laying against him for the Two Thousand Guineas on their own account. I question if they ever had such a fright before or since as when they saw Sammy Kenyon (whose riding weight was about 6 st. 10 lb.) on 'Belladrum' come over the Bushes Hill leading quite three lengths. The horse was pulling double, and until Osborne brought up 'Pretender' with a tremendous rush in the last fifty yards, and won by a short half-length, their feelings can be more easily imagined than described. I believe they went to Mr. Merry and insisted on him scratching the horse for the Derby, but he did not do so, and the horse ran, though he was unplaced.

Another good story is told of Nicholl, which goes to prove what I said about his good-nature. On one occasion a clergyman called at his house to ask for a subscription towards restoring the church in the parish where he lived at Nottingham. Billy

was upstairs shaving, and his wife called out to him :

"William, Mr. Johnson, the Vicar, has called for a subscription for the restoration of our church."

Billy, who was always rough-and-ready, replied :

"Gie him a 'pony.'"

The clergyman, hearing this remark, said to Mrs. Nicholl :

"I am very sorry, but a 'pony' would be of no use to me, as I neither ride nor drive."

She could not help laughing on telling Billy what the clergyman had said, so he called out :

"Well, gie him a tenner, and tell him to be off."

On receiving the £10, Mr. Johnson thanked Mrs. Nicholl with effusion, and went away quite satisfied, little thinking he had lost £15 by not taking what was first offered him.

Another anecdote, known probably to many, is worth repeating, as I am assured it is a true one. It may not be generally known that Mr. Nicholl was, and I believe still is, on the Nottingham Town Council. He attended most of its meetings, but never offered an opinion on any of the moving questions, until one evening there was a very warm discussion being carried on about a wall

being rebuilt round an old disused churchyard, and the sides were about equal. All at once one of the gentlemen sitting next Billy said:

"Well, Councillor Nicholl, what is your opinion on this question?"

"Well," said Billy, "them poor devils what's inside, there's no fear of them getting out; and them blokes what's outside don't want to get in; so I don't see what you want a blooming wall at all for."

A more original, amusing companion I never met. He used to keep a few racehorses at one time, and had two or three useful ones—I forget their names—which he generally ran up in the North, and his principal jockey was Jem Snowden, whom he was very fond of, and to whom he always behaved well up to the last, although he had left off racing. He was, indeed, a real good-natured, kind-hearted man. He is still living, although, I regret to say, nearly blind.

One has only to mention the name of Joe Wood to many persons still living to bring back to memory several little things past and gone. Joe Wood was a man who made money easily, and generally spent it nearly as fast as he made it. Although he was sharp enough at his own game, he was just as big a

flat at racing, and always fancied his own horses were sure to win. He had some useful animals in his time, including 'Soapstone,' and a rather smart mare named 'Beauty.' I recollect once he had a horse called 'Custard Castle' that he fancied a great deal, so much so that the Cambridgeshire was thought a certainty for him a long time before the weights appeared, and Joe Wood backed him for a lot of money. When the weights came out he had at least 7 lb. less than they expected, so he was supported at a short price. At last they arranged to try the horse at weights they thought he could not be beaten at; but beaten he was, nearly a quarter of a mile, and all the money was lost, as they could not get anyone to back the horse afterwards. I believe this was only one of many instances where owners think their horse is sure to win a race, because they have been stopping him to deceive the handicapper, whereas they have been deceiving themselves, as they have never found out their horse was good enough in the first instance. Thus, after backing him for a lot of money, they discover he is only a gay deceiver, and no more. I don't mean that this is an everyday occurrence, or that it often happens to trainers or owners who know their business; but there are people like my old friend Joe Wood, who

like to try to do something clever and different to other folks, and these are the ones that generally get dropped on. The old saying, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," is very applicable in this case.

CHAPTER XIV.

The Best Horse: 'Ormonde'—'Boiard' and 'King Lud'—Visits to Stockbridge — The Breeder of 'Petrarch' — Police dine while Pugilists meet—A Certainty to get Home upon.

THE point is always a delicate one to touch upon with racing men, as to which is the best horse they have known. A trainer or his friends are sure to think some animal that was trained by them the best, or an old trainer will tell you about what the horses did fifty years ago, and argue that they were much better than they have been for the last twenty years. As a rule, I believe this to be true, but my opinion is that we have not seen a better animal than 'Ormonde'—certainly not during my time. He was a good horse in an extraordinarily good year. Look at the Two Thousand Guineas, how 'Ormonde' distanced 'Minting' and the others! To analyze that

form is to admit its excellence. There was 'Saraband,' a good genuine colt, who in most years would have been considered quite first-class, but 'Ormonde' beat him anyhow. Then, again, what a wonderful horse 'Minting' was! But when he met 'Ormonde' he was obliged to strike his colours. Mr. Vyner showed good sense in deciding to run 'Minting' in the Grand Prix at Paris (which he won), instead of throwing down the gauntlet previously to 'Ormonde' for the Derby. The same year saw that wonderful little animal, 'The Bard,' who never knew what defeat was until he met the great 'Ormonde.' Yet a course like Epsom was much more likely to suit the speedy, game little horse he had proved himself to be (by winning sixteen races as a two-year-old) than it was the big son of 'Bend Or.' It is really not going too far to say that 'Ormonde' beat 'The Bard' easily at the finish on that occasion. It certainly has always been my impression that 'Ormonde' was the best horse I ever saw, and I think 'Gladiateur' was the next to him. Admiral Rous always used to say that the best animals he ever set eyes upon were 'Bay Middleton' and 'Gladiateur,' so that my opinion is confirmed about the Frenchman.

There have been several other good horses, of course — 'Thormanby,' 'Blair Athol,' 'Cremorne,'

'ORMONDE.'

WINNER OF THE DERBY, 1886. WITH PORTRAITS OF J. PORTER AND F. ARCHER.

FROM A PAINTING BY E. ADAM.

To face page 208.

'Prince' Charlie,' 'Galopin,' and 'Bend Or,' that have won one or more of the classic races, all good horses, but not in my opinion so good as the two before mentioned. Of course, some people will differ with me, and go so far as to say 'Isonomy' would have won all three of the great classic races. I only state my humble opinion, and I think if the whole of the racing people competent of judging were canvassed, the majority would be in favour of 'Ormonde,' but am doubtful if they would agree with me in my selection of 'Gladiateur' next. After all, it is a matter of fancy and conjecture, and one that it is impossible to prove. The nearest calculation that can be made is by collateral trials, and the form of the same horses shown in the succeeding years. Sometimes these turn out to be right, but are not always trustworthy.

Here is an instance of collateral form really carried out almost to the letter. I was in the paddock at Ascot, ready to ride 'King Lud' for the Alexandra Plate at Ascot in 1874, when Mr. Chaplin, my old master, came up and asked me what my mount was going to be. I told him 'King Lud.' He immediately said:

"Well, Custance, you will have a good view of the race, and I should like to know your opinion of this French horse 'Boiard' afterwards."

'Boiard' had beaten 'Doncaster,' 'Kaiser,' 'Marie Stuart,' 'Flageolet,' and 'Gang Forward' in the Gold Cup the day before, and many people thought him a wonder. I said:

"Don't be surprised, Squire, if I beat him."

"What!" he answered, "what, with 'King Lud'? He is only a common handicap horse."

I told him to go to his friend, Mr. Savile, and ask him how much 'Kaiser' was behind 'Cremorne' for the year, and he told him at least a stone; so I said to Mr. Chaplin:

"If you look at the book you will find 'King Lud' was about 18 lb. behind 'Cremorne,' perhaps 21 lb.; so, if you look at it in that light, 'Boiard' has not so much in hand as you think."

Instead of backing the French horse at even money, Mr. Chaplin took 6 to 1 about mine; but the public are apt to be led away by the fame of a horse that has won a Two Thousand, Derby, or St. Leger. Here, for instance, was a horse which had beaten the most representative field (so far as classic horses were concerned) that had ever been seen together; there were the first and second in the Two Thousand Guineas, the first, second, and third in the Derby, the winner of the Oaks, and the first three in the St. Leger: all these

were beaten in the Cup by 'Boiard.' To show it was no fluke, he had also beaten 'Doncaster' and 'Flageolet' in Paris for the Grand Prix the year before. It really seemed ridiculous to think of a handicap horse defeating such talent as this, but 'King Lud' beat him a neck after a terrific race. Allowing that 'Boiard' ought to have just won, this carries out my argument that the different years produce quite different class animals, and what may be considered a first-rate horse one year, is not perhaps within a stone or more of a good one the year or two before or after.

For several years running I stayed at Jem Goater's place at Littleton for Stockbridge Races; and a good time we had of it. The only drawback was, the better we enjoyed ourselves at night, the more we had to work to get off the weight in the morning. As, however, it was generally fine warm weather, we used to be up in good time and walk on to Stockbridge — eight long miles—in our sweaters, and change there. The usual party consisted of Mr. W. Gosden, Tom French, and myself, with an occasional friend or two. Mr. Gosden, as many of my readers know, was the owner of 'Laura,' the dam of 'Petrarch,' 'Rotherhill,' 'Protomartyr,' and others. It was on the very day that the last named

won the Beaufort Handicap that a most amusing incident happened, and it was to the gentleman I have just alluded to. I must tell you Mr. Gosden was a very well-dressed man—in fact, I don't know of anyone who took more pains with himself in this respect, and repaid it better. He always looked as if he came out of a bandbox. Mr. Gosden devoted time and trouble to his toilet, and many a laugh we had at his expense. Seven o'clock was his hour for being called in the morning, when the maid took him his cup of tea and shaving-water. What he used to do with himself afterwards we did not know; anyhow, he would make his appearance about half-past nine ready for breakfast, and a good one it usually was. He generally wore a brown or black frock-coat, a worked double-breasted waistcoat cut rather low to show off a pleated-front shirt with plain gold studs, and always wore a satin tie, his own colours—green and black belt—with a square white collar. We never could make out, but always fancied, that it was the tie that took him so long to get right. When he came down he was always looking in the glass, and adjusting it. It always appeared to be the sixteenth part of an inch too long either one end or the other, and he never could make out which.

On this particular day in 1873, 'Protomartyr'

was expected to win, so I need hardly say our old friend had left nothing undone in his own mind. Having a farewell glance at the looking-glass, he said :

"Now, Mrs. Goater, just before we start, I should like half a bottle of soda-water and a thimbleful of brandy."

"Certainly, Mr. Gosden," said Mrs. Goater, who rang the bell and told the servant to bring it in.

As the girl seemed afraid to do so, I offered to open the soda-water. Mr. G. having helped himself very sparingly to brandy, I proceeded to open the Schweppe's soda. It was rather frisky, and finding the cork very much inclined to shoot out, I resisted it, with the result that it made straight for Mr. Gosden's shirt-front, collar, and tie. The more I tried to prevent it, the more the spray shot out. Really, if I had tried to do it for a lark, I could not have brought it off half so well. Poor Mr. Gosden! I shall never forget him. When he could collect himself sufficiently to speak—he was in such a rage he could not do so for a minute or two —he called me everything he could think of, and swore I had done it on purpose. Luckily, he had not got his silk hat—that he was very proud of—on,

or I don't think we should have got to the races in time. As it was, he went upstairs and straightened himself up, accepted my apology, and treated the whole matter as a mistake, which it really was. We started for Stockbridge in a large waggonette with a pair of horses and postilions—quite in the old-fashioned way. It was a lovely morning; the past had been forgotten, and we had had many a good tale and a laugh. All at once Tom French, who was sitting next me, and very fond of a joke, pretending to speak in an undertone, said:

"How well you did that this morning! The old man thinks now it was a mistake."

You should have seen Mr. Gosden's face. Of course, I could not help laughing at the ridiculous way in which Tom French was getting a scene up for us. Mr. Gosden said to me in the most vicious way possible:

"You young scoundrel! I knew you did it on purpose."

It took him some time, even after French had assured him that he was only joking, to make him believe it. Many a good laugh we have had over this since. When we used to go over to his place at Midhurst on the Sunday after Goodwood, nothing he could put on the table was good enough for one;

a more hospitable man I never met. He carried everything out on the same principle as his dress. His small stud-farm was a model of neatness; his Alderney cows, spaniels, etc., were all on a par, so far as smart appearance was concerned.

Speaking of Stockbridge reminds me of a very sporting little affair that took place at one of the meetings there, which was one of the merriest fights whilst it lasted I have ever seen. It was between Alec Lawson, of London, and Frank Wilson (the Mouse), of Birmingham. "The Mouse" had been in training for three or four weeks, and being a thin man, was fairly fit. Lawson had only been told to get himself ready in case he was wanted a week before. All at once Alec was wired for, and he was sent down on his own account, and not being a very particular fellow, he went to a lodging-house in Stockbridge where all the card-sellers and roughs put up. He said that he only had three shillings in the world, and they stole that from him, but he found out Alec Keene and George Brown in the morning, had some breakfast, a good walk, and came up to fight as he was. It was the best-arranged affair I ever knew of.

Mr. John Day (Clerk of the Course) was so satisfied with the able manner in which the Hamp-

shire Constabulary had cleared and kept the course on both days that he wished to show his appreciation by giving them all a dinner at Danebury after the races. Whilst the Hampshire Constabulary were enjoying their feed, we were taking our pleasures in the Long Belt or Plantation with as good a mill for half an hour as it was ever my lot to witness. Mat Collinson, of Birmingham, offered £100 to £10 or any part of it on "The Mouse" after the third round. Five minutes afterwards it was 10 to 1 on Lawson, who won at the finish.

These were the good old days at Danebury—though I dare say they have some lively times now—when the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquis of Hastings, and many other real good sportsmen trained their horses there. I think I am right in saying they had at one time over a hundred animals in training, besides brood-mares and stallions. It was a very large establishment to keep up, and so it is now, and, I must add, the present master, my friend Tom Cannon, is lucky in having two such good and worthy sons. Young Tom, who has got too heavy for riding, has very sensibly taken to training, and I don't know any young fellow who has made a more promising start than he has. His brother Mornington it is hardly necessary for me to write

about, as his doings and feats in the saddle will speak for themselves; but I will take this opportunity of saying that a nicer-mannered or more gentlemanly young man I have seldom met; in riding and behaviour he is an ornament to his profession.

An amusing incident happened at the meeting I have just mentioned. On one occasion the gentlemen had been having a very bad time of it, and they wanted to know if John, as they always called Mr. Day, could find them something to get their money back on. He said:

"Well, I have a useful colt in the stable named 'Land Tax,' if Mr. Starkey will let him run. He can win the Nursery with any reasonable weight on his back."

'Land Tax' was entered for a Nursery Handicap over-night, and had nearly bottom weight, 6 st. 7lb. In the race was another animal called 'Viridis,' a very smart filly, who was allotted 8 st. 12 lb. She belonged to the same owner, and John Day thought she might as well run (as no expense was entailed by the outing) to get a little weight off. Most of my readers know what that means. This filly was ridden by Bob Salter, who was generally known as the "Stable Jockey," and I

suppose everyone thought he knew they had backed the colt 'Land Tax' for a ton of money, and that he was the one they wanted to win with. Nothing, however, was said to Salter, who went to the starting-post, jumping off three lengths in front. Arthur Edwards, who was riding 'Land Tax,' did not take any notice of this filly. He thought she would be sure to stop, as he was under the impression they had declared to win with 'Land Tax' (but it appears they had not done so), consequently he let the leader get too far away, and when he called on his mount, he made a grand effort, but just failed to get there by a neck. The first man to run up the course and lead his filly back was Mr. Starkey, caressing her on his return to the paddock to weigh in. John Day and his friends were furious, but there was Mr. Starkey leading cross-eyed Bob Salter back, both of them smiling happily, not knowing or thinking how many good men they had broken or bent by their extreme cleverness, although they had not won a penny—in fact, had lost money on the race. It was in the real plunging days of the Marquis of Hastings and his party, so it can easily be imagined some money changed hands.

CHAPTER XV.

With Squire Heathcote's Staghounds—With Mr. Tailby's and the Cottesmore—Frank Goodall as Huntsman: his Artful Dodge and Severe Accident—The Fitzwilliam Hounds and Field—Some Eminent Riders.

IT was my original intention when I began to write my experiences to treat of racing and turf doings only. Some of my friends, however, have prevailed upon me to add a chapter or two about fox-hunting, and the runs that I have seen and participated in. It seems a long time, but I have had about thirty-five years' close connection with the pleasures of the chase.

I began hunting in the season of 1858-59, with the Surrey Staghounds, when Mr. Arthur Heathcote (the "Squire") was Master, and hunted them himself. Jem Bentley (who later on trained 'Beeswing,' 'Skirmish,' and other good horses) was whip, and Johnnie Haseman, a very great friend and

companion of the Squire's, assisted. Many a good run have I seen in the Guildford Vale, and many a long ride home have I also had. It was a custom of the Master's, whenever he took the stag any distance over ten miles away, to go to the nearest town or village, put the horses and hounds in a stable, and, if it was possible to get it, have a beefsteak and oyster-sauce dinner; after which he would order some whisky, hot water, sugar, and lemon, and make some punch, an art in which he was a great adept. The Squire would insist upon every one who was up at the finish joining in, and he always finished up by singing (or, rather, talking) "The Good Old English Gentleman." When all was over we used to take the hounds home to the Durdans at Epsom. Often we reached Epsom town by moonlight. Squire Heathcote was a remarkable man. He had very long, black, curly hair right down his back, and wore his hunting-cap quite on the back of his head. Although he had rather long legs, he used to ride very short; but he went as straight as possible over a country. In spite of his ugly seat, he was a good horseman, and a capital huntsman. He had a very feminine voice, but could blow his horn well, and the hounds were very fond of him. For many years he officiated as master, and when I go into that part of

the country now, I often meet some of the old ones left, who are never tired of talking and praising the doings of Squire Heathcote. I was only sixteen years old at that time, and had won the Cesarewitch on 'Rocket' in 1858. Mr. "Ned" Smith, with whom I lived at the time, said he would keep me a hunter if I won the big Newmarket handicap. Fortunately, I was soon able to buy a horse, and, although it was only three years old, it had to take its turn, or, rather, come out when I wanted it.

My first hunter was a little brown mare I called 'Sarah.' She was just 15 hands high, a natural jumper, and very willing. It is a very trappy country in the Guildford Vale, and she knew nothing whatever about banks, and consequently used to try to fly them. However, we managed, after fifteen or sixteen falls, to get through the season—as I only weighed 5 st. 7 lb. I didn't fall very heavy—when, having partly broke her down, I had her turned out and fired. The next year I brought her to Leicestershire, where I used to stay with a farmer, a great friend of mine, named Sam Stokes, at Caldecott, for whom I had won six pony races before I went away to the racing stables, as I have mentioned in the racing part of my book. As Mr. Stokes always had two or three horses, sometimes more,

and did not ride much himself, I had a pretty good time. I hunted with Mr. Tailby's hounds twice a week—Thursday and Saturday ; whilst Mr. Watson had a pack of harriers at Rockingham Castle, close by, which hunted three days a fortnight, and capital fun it was. The only drawback was that the country was a bit too big for most of the people who came out ; and many a time I have had the hounds to myself, and really enjoyed it. There was the Pytchley also, always within reach once a week. In the cub-hunting season and latter end of the year the meets were quite close ; there was no Woodland Pytchley pack then ; but the hounds stayed at Brigstock at the beginning and the end of the season. Years ago, in old Charles Payne's time, I remember finding a fox at Rockingham Wood, and running him along the side of the hill nearly to Gretton, when he turned to the left over the river Welland and the railroad between Harborough and Stamford —luckily we were near the road, which we got on to, and crossed both river and line—by Liddington, and killed close to Stoke End. This happened before we knew what wire-fencing was. I wonder how anyone would try to ride that line now ? They would have to get into the road and stick to it, as it is wire the whole way.

At the time I am writing about Mr. Tailby was in his zenith. As some of my readers may not know what Mr. Tailby's country consisted of, I will try to explain. The Earl of Stamford, having taken the Quorn Hounds, hunting himself from Bradgate, did not care to carry it on to the great extent it had been carried on formerly, and was willing to give up the country from Tilton to Allexton. Sir John Trollope—afterwards Lord Kesteven, and father of the present peer—was living at Casewick, and did not care for the country north of the Melton and Uppingham road. It was too far from him, and Mr. Tailby agreed to hunt the two parts at a certain subscription. It consisted of the two ends of the original Quorn and Cottesmore countries, where they joined each other.

Jack Goddard was huntsman to Mr. Tailby in Leicestershire in 1859, and many a good run and a good joke have I had with him. He was a very fine horseman indeed, and rode several steeplechases with great success whilst he was first whip to Jem Hill with the Heythrop. He won twice or three times on that good horse 'Ploughboy,' and I have heard Tom Golby—and there was no better judge—say Jack was as fine a horseman as he ever saw. Curiously enough, my old friend Fordham

was out the very day there was a row and a burst up between Mr. Tailby and Goddard. It was the first time George had seen Leicestershire, and he brought down a thoroughbred horse called 'Babylon,' that Mr. Ten Broeck gave him. He was an extraordinary hunter in Sussex, where I had ridden him many a time, but too clever for our country, where you must have a flying jumper. Fordham always said before he saw Leicestershire that his horse could double any fence. I shall never forget him trying an ox-fence, and seeing the fix he got into. The old horse wouldn't refuse, but jumped the ox-rail sideways, and there he was, a fixture between the rail and the fence. We broke the rail, after a lot of trouble, and poor old George never tried to double an "oxer" afterwards. He only was out two days, and went away disgusted, as he said nearly everyone went through the gates, which was true of the lot that he got with, the third-raters and the second horsemen. I offered to mount him on my little mare, but he said he wouldn't ride such a hot-headed brute. I never could get him to understand that a little animal must go a good pace at its fences in Leicestershire, or it has no chance to get over them.

Jack Goddard was succeeded by my dear old

friend Frank Goodall, who was the most cheery, good-tempered huntsman I ever met. He was up to as many tricks as a monkey, both on and off duty.

One of the many good tricks he played was at Staunton Wood one afternoon. We had been hanging about Keythorpe coverts all the morning, and had no sport. Directly the hounds were put in there were three or four foxes on foot, and they chopped one. Whilst the hounds were worrying this, there was a "Holloa! away!" at the top end of the covert. Goodall jumped on his horse, and said to Jem Bailey, "Send them on"—meaning the hounds—"and bring the fox with you." This Bailey did, by putting what was left of the carcase in his inside coat pocket. As soon as the hounds got to the outside of the wood they hit off the line, and ran very fast to Rollestone, and on nearly to Kibworth, when they came to a check. It was rather late, and getting dark, but Frank kept on casting his hounds, and I noticed he was always trying to get away from the few people that were left. Mr. Tailby said, "What is Goodall trying to do? Why don't he give it up?" I thought I would go and see what he was doing. All at once I heard Jem Bailey say, "It is only Custance." Then there was a "Tally-ho!

tally-ho! Whoo-whoo-whoop!" and a great worrying going on. The few gentlemen who were left came up and congratulated Goodall on his success; and on riding home with three or four they were profuse in their admiration of Goodall's perseverance, little knowing, as I did, the clever trick he had played. He only wanted to get away from his field to give Jem Bailey a chance to bring the dead carcase out of his inside pocket, which was done in my presence, and had hard work to get the hounds to worry or break it up, but they would do anything for him.

Frank Goodall's bad fall in 1871 was a very serious affair. It was one of the worst accidents I ever saw, and, curiously enough, it happened within a quarter of a mile of my house at Manton, and under very peculiar circumstances. The Saturday before I had been hunting with the Cottesmore, as they were near to me that day, and on my arrival home my wife told me I had just missed a rare lot of the people, who had called to bait their horses and refresh themselves. Mr. Tailby's hounds had run from Glooston Wood to Manton Gorse, where, I have no doubt, they got on to a fresh fox, and away they went towards the Uppingham Road. Then they turned sharp to the right over the brook, and as everybody funked or shirked a big fence, the

hounds ran clean away from them to Wardley Wood, the field having to go quite a quarter of a mile round. On the Sunday Mr. A. Fludyer came over to see me; we walked to the very fence that had stopped them all, and he said:

"Now, do you think it jumpable?"

I directly said: "Yes; if I was riding my mare 'Marigold,' and hounds were running, I feel certain she would fly it."

Oddly enough, the next Saturday Mr. Tailby's met at Ridlington, and came straight to Manton Gorse for first draw. They found immediately, and the fox broke in exactly the same place as on the Saturday previously, and ran the same line for a bit. Curiously also, I was riding the very mare I had said would jump the fence that had stopped them all the week before. Mr. Powell was just behind me, and he called out:

"Cus, can we do it?"

I answered: "Yes; if you are on a bold one."

Away I went on 'Marigold,' and, being a very bold big jumper, she cleared it splendidly. Mr. Powell was riding a horse named 'Orangeman' he had recently purchased at Sir F. Johnstone's sale for 400 guineas. He followed, and just got over.

His horse hit the second rail with his hind-legs, he told me afterwards. He next called out:

"Can we get over the brook?"

This obstacle was just in front, and a very treacherous one, as in some places it was quite easy, and in others unjumpable.

"Yes," was my reply.

I had been down and spotted the right place before. Just then, the hounds turned short back to the covert; I happened to look round, and saw a loose horse galloping across the field, and a man in a scarlet coat lying on the ground, who I was afraid (as it turned out to be) was Frank Goodall. I immediately went and caught his horse, and asked Mr. Powell to go and see to him. When I got back, I found poor Frank quite unconscious, with his head hanging down, and Mr. Powell trying to hold him up. I said at once:

"For goodness' sake, lay him flat on his back."

This Mr. Powell did.

Presently, as the fox had doubled back to the gorse, up came two doctors—Mr. Snell and Mr. Crane—who happened to be out hunting. They examined Goodall, and said I had done the proper thing in laying him flat on his back. They felt his pulse, and looked gravely at each other. I asked

them if they would not like to have him moved to my place at once. They, however, shook their heads, and said:

"No; if he lives anywhere, he will live here for a quarter of an hour."

Gradually his pulse and temperature became more regular, and we put him in the bottom of a cart, and took him to my house at Manton, which was about a quarter of a mile away. There he remained for a month, and never recollects to this day having been at the house at all. It was a miraculous escape, and the fall was as nearly as possible breaking his neck. The fence was a double post-and-rail fence, with a quickset hedge in the middle; the rails were three and a half feet high, one leaning towards, and the other away from you, and they were exactly twelve feet apart at the top. There was no chance of doubling it, as there was a ditch to drain the quick in the middle. It was out of light ploughed land into grass, and a little down-hill; the rails were very stiff, and would not allow any liberty to be taken with them. From what I could learn afterwards from foot people in the village who saw the fall, Goodall's horse hit the second rail just above his knees; he must have been going a good pace, as it was exactly nine yards from the

fence to where he lay when I found him. There was not a particle of dirt on his coat, but his hunting-cap was split (at the button on the top) in four places, just as if you had tried to smash it with a coal hammer. Of course, his hunting was over for that season, and I, with many others, thought for ever; but it only shows of what good material he was made, as he rallied, and not only hunted Mr. Tailby's hounds several seasons after that, but was huntsman to the Royal Buckhounds for fifteen years subsequently. This I have had every reason to be thankful for, and he always said he owed his life to the nursing of my dear old mother and myself. The only return he could make me was to offer me the best room in his house at the Kennels for the Ascot Race Week, which I accepted, and many times have we talked over the fall, and other and more agreeable subjects, riding our runs over again, to the delight of my brother professional jockeys and trainers, who have spent many pleasant evenings in Frank Goodall's house during his time in office as the Queen's Huntsman.

No one was more sorry than myself when they insisted upon Goodall's retiring, after having done more to bring the pack of hounds to perfection than anyone had ever done before him. I can speak

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HARKAWAY'S FAMOUS RUN WITH HER MAJESTY'S STAGHOUNDS.
FRANK GOODALL ON 'NORMAN.'

PAINTED BY G. F. THOMSON.

To face page 230.

from experience, and of what I was an eye-witness to. When Goodall took to the Royal Buckhounds, they were as uneven a lot as I ever saw; they had kennel lameness, and had had it for years. He directly set about having the floors and drains all put right, and by excellent management he raised them to the high pitch they have attained at the present time. I regret that Goodall was not better paid for all the trouble and pains he took with them, as I understand his pension is very small compared with what he did for them; but I hope he will live long to enjoy it, and I am sure many of his old Leicestershire friends will join me in this wish. I had almost forgotten to mention that Goodall came from Sir John Trollope and the Cottesmore to Mr. Tailby, so that he did not have far to shift, as they were adjoining counties. He was succeeded at the Cottesmore by a man named Powell, who had very bad health, and only managed to keep on one or two seasons. After Powell, Jack West came from the Badminton, and a very smart, quick man he was, a very fine horseman indeed, and real good sport he showed during the time he was with Sir John Trollope, and afterwards with the Earl of Lonsdale (father of the present Earl). West was obliged to leave on account of ill-health, and was succeeded by Will

Neal, who had whipped in to him for a long time. It was at first thought that Neal would not be a success as a huntsman, as he had acted as whip so long; but those people who ran away with that idea were soon made to alter their opinion, as no one could have started better than he did, and carried it on well to the end. Poor old chap! he was very heavily handicapped with his bad knee, which was a sad trouble to him for a long time. Like old Ben Cox with Baron Rothschild, he managed to get over the country a great deal better than some of the younger ones with sound limbs. I am not quite certain where he is living now, but I had the great pleasure of collecting some money and presenting him with a silver teapot and a very substantial purse on his retirement. I sincerely hope he is enjoying himself in his old age as much as he did when in harness.

Having said so much about Mr. Tailby's and the Cottesmore, I must say something about the Fitzwilliam, as I was born at Peterborough, within three miles of the kennels. Although I never hunted with them regularly, I have had many a good day with them, and was very friendly indeed with George Carter, who often came to see me, when I lived with my mother in Peterborough, during the racing season.

On one occasion a very good bit of fun took place. It was not very often that George came to market, but when he did so, he always appeared in breeches and top-boots. One day he stayed a little late, and, meeting him with two or three friends, I invited them to my house to have a cigar. They accepted, and very soon after we had sat down one of my sisters came in, and, knowing Carter was fond of music, asked him if he would like to hear a new musical box I had recently brought home. On receiving an affirmative answer, she turned it on, and when it came to a favourite tune of his, he jumped up and commenced dancing on the wool rug in front of a large fire. After a time I said to him :

"Now, George, sit down and enjoy your cigar."

"No," says he; "not whilst that thing is going."

I thought I would tire him out, and as he had never seen such a box before, he did not know it could be wound up to play as long as I liked. However, Carter kept on in front of a large fire (and breeches and top-boots are not the best things for dancing), and declared he would dance it out. The perspiration fairly rolled off him, and his action, which was very high at first, gradually toned

down until, at the finish, he could hardly make a go of it. He was obliged to give in, and said he had never been so fairly beaten before in his life. Of course, after that, I didn't wind the box up any more that night, and when it left off about ten minutes later, George said:

"If I had only had a glass of brandy-and-water, I could have beaten it."

He afterwards found out the joke and the mechanism of the box, and was quite cross with me.

George Carter was an extraordinary man over a country, or, I might say, through a country, as he was like Colonel Anstruther Thomson—he would squeeze his horse through thick bull-finches and over big places, at a slow pace that seemed impossible for any man and horse to get through. He was a very fine huntsman, especially in the woodlands. I never saw any man who could kill a fox in a woodland country like Carter. He would gallop down the roughest ride as hard as possible, blowing his horn all the time if he saw a fox, and never seemed to leave him until he had killed him. He was a very heavy man, but no one knew his weight, as you could not get him near the scales, and he always made a boast of it that he had not been weighed for over thirty years. He was a tall man, and

very thick about the legs and thighs. I don't think he could have ridden much less than 14 st. 7 lb. He was a very old servant at Milton, having been there from a boy, and was whip to Tom Sebright over twenty years. I was out with the latter the very last time he hunted hounds, which was about six weeks before his death. We were cub-hunting at Castor Hauglands, and he complained of cold and shivers, went home, was taken ill, and never got up again, so he may be said to have died in harness at a good old age.

In the days I am writing about there were some real good men to hounds, and thorough sportsmen as well, in the Fitzwilliam Hunt, amongst whom I must mention Alec Goodman and Frank Gordon, two of the finest horsemen I ever saw over any country. I have seen both of them many times over Leicestershire, and they never were to be beaten. I hardly know to which to give the preference, but I have heard both of them speak in the highest terms of each other, and as they are still living, I do not think it would be fair to ask me to act as umpire on such a delicate point. There were several others, but I must mention my old friend Frank Lotan, who rode 'Cooksborough' in the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase of 1864, and was disqualified after winning (over

one of the biggest courses ever laid out) for not being a gentleman rider. This decision never ought to have been given, as he was much more of a gentleman than a great many who were riding under that title. There was also a smart big man, Saville Middleton, who stood six feet one inch, and rode over 18 st. He had some wonderfully good horses, and used to jump gates and big fences as if he was a light-weight. One other such — he was the father of the hunt—was Mr. Robert Bird, of Gazely Hall, who hunted regularly, and rode long distances until a few months before he died at the age of eighty-two. I well remember him taking the chair at the meeting for the Peterborough Steeplechases that were held at Marholme, just outside Milton Park, and although he was in his seventy-ninth year, he offered to run any horse in the Fitzwilliam Hunt for £50, 12 st. 7 lb. each, owners up, and I think he would have won, as he had a real good thoroughbred mare by 'Vortex.' The party did not break up until one o'clock in the morning, and they begged Mr. Bird to have a bed at the Angel Hotel, where the meeting was held; but he would not hear of it, as he said he must be home to go hunting the next day at Barnwell Wold, which he did, starting punctually at half-past eight, and riding thirteen

miles to the meet. He was one who would never come home until the hounds did. Mr. Bird always bred his own horses, and mounted me on several occasions when I was a youth. His brother John Bird was a good sportsman, and a good preserver of foxes, but not so hard as Robert, who was one of the toughest men you could find. I never saw him with an overcoat on the coldest day, and he always had his tall hat tied on with two pieces of ribbon under his chin, exactly like a woman's bonnet-strings. I had almost forgotten to mention that the Birds bred the celebrated racehorse 'Red Shanks,' that afterwards turned out a real good sire. There is a son, John Bird, still living, and he keeps up the name as well as he possibly can, and always breeds two or three nice chasers from the old strain of blood; among them that useful horse 'Master of the Mines.' Amongst the more juvenile members of the Fitzwilliam Hunt I must mention young Alec Goodman, although he has left the country now for Lincolnshire. I have seen him go well enough to be considered a chip of the old block. I must say, in concluding these very brief notes on a hunt which can boast of many first-rate riders and keen sportsmen, that I look upon the Fitzwilliam as one of the best wild sporting

countries I ever hunted in. I can say from experience that I would sooner buy a horse that had been ridden well over that country than any other, as they have to jump all sorts of fences, and some very big ones, and mostly out of deep ploughed land.

Mention of the Peterborough Steeplechases reminds me of three or four gentlemen who used to come from Cambridge to ride. They were undergraduates at the time, and although very good horsemen, we had no idea then that one of them was likely to turn out such a bright star in the future. This was Mr. J. M. Richardson, who afterwards twice won the Grand National at Liverpool, on 'Disturbance' and 'Reugny.' He also rode wonderfully well on the flat, and I have always thought left off race-riding too soon. He had few equals and no superior as a gentleman rider. His three contemporaries were Mr. Cecil, or "Parson" Legard, as he is now known; Lord Melgund (now Earl of Minto), who used to ride in the name of "Mr. Rolly;" and Lord Aberdour (now Earl of Morton). They used to come from Cambridge in the morning, and were only too glad to get a mount of any kind. This is the sort of rough material that you want to make steeple-

chase riders. Although all of them could not be expected to rise to such distinction as Mr. Richardson achieved, they were all very useful men, "Mr. Rolly" especially, and he rode several winners, both on the flat and across country.

CHAPTER XVI.

Hunting and Riding—Captain Trotter's Performances in the Field—Pleasant Times at Melton—The Brothers Behrens—The Farmers' Grievances—Mr. Tailby as Huntsman and Master—An Old English Gentleman—Qualifying Hunters.

IT appears to be the fashion to praise the days when we were young, and I must say that I really think there were more men who really rode hard to hounds twenty-five years ago than there are at the present time. I am positive they were better sportsmen then than now. People then used to ride to hunt; now they hunt to ride. This is my idea of what I see when I go out. How often I hear some young gentlemen expressing themselves with delight because the hounds are going to draw Ranksboro', or some other small covert, first thing in the morning, so that they can have what they call a "jolly

burst." Another time they are quite disgusted because they are going to try what they choose to call "that wretched place Owston Wood" first, simply because they don't care to go inside the covert, as the rides are a bit heavy. I always say, Go to the big woods first thing; you can't have your horses too fresh, or your hounds and huntsman too keen. Then, if you are lucky enough to get away with the first wild fox, you have a chance of a gallop; and if you happen to run to one of the smaller coverts, you have a chance of bustling your fox through without changing. I don't mean to say this is always the case; but you certainly are not so likely to change foxes as if you went to the smaller coverts first, and ran up to one of the large woods, which is generally the case. You then have your gorse coverts for the afternoon. I have seen many a good run in Mr. Tailby's time from Owston and Launde Woods, the first thing in the morning; but I think there were more wild foxes then than now, and certainly not so many people in the fields.

I remember when Captain Trotter—who was afterwards Master of the Meath Hounds in Ireland—was quartered first at Birmingham and afterwards at Coventry, and used to come out with Mr. Tailby, generally on Saturdays. He was one of the hardest

riders I ever saw; in fact, I don't think he knew how to spell the word "fear." He always used to come and have a chat with me. On one occasion he was riding a big, ugly black mare, with an extraordinary bridle, which consisted of a twisted ring-snaffle, draw-reins, martingale, and other contrivances too numerous to mention; but he told me he was riding it on trial. The mare belonged to a Coventry butcher, and she had run away with several people at various times. We found a fox at Stoke End, and were making towards Uppingham. I was trying to keep out of the crowd, as my mare, 'Marigold,' took a bit of riding in the morning. All at once I heard a voice behind me call out, "Look out, Cus!" and before I had time to turn round, Captain Trotter came past me with the black mare's head in the air. He was quite helpless, and she was running away with him. Putting her straight for some very stiff rails by the side of a gate, she went clean through them, all amongst the hounds. Mr. Tailby was furious, but the Captain could not help it, and it was only after going about two miles he stopped her. Most men would have been quite satisfied with this, and have gone home, but Captain Trotter had come out for his day's hunting, and meant having it; so he kept on until the afternoon, when we had a good

gallop from Wardley Wood. Although the mare was an unruly beast, he managed to see the run, and left for Manton Station to catch the train for Leicester, after about as hard a day as anyone could wish for. The mare never left off pulling or raking about all the day. I saw him about a fortnight afterwards, and he told me that he went straight to the butcher that night and gave him £40 for her. After riding her a few times she became fairly quiet, and he finished the season on her. Next summer he rode her hacking, and made a lot of money out of her afterwards. This is an example of what pluck and patience will do.

Another very amusing story can be told about Captain Trotter, but this time it happened with the Quorn. We found a fox late in the afternoon at Billesdon Coplow. The Captain was riding a hireling from Toynbee at Leicester, and, as usual, wanted, and meant to have, his three guineas' worth out of him. As we, however, were all on our second horses, it rather handicapped him. We ran by Houghton-on-the-Hill to ground close to Glenn Station—a very fine run indeed. Just before we got to Houghton a funny thing happened. Mr. Julius Behrens' horse blundered on landing over a fence, and fell on his nose and knees. On recover-

ing himself he had somehow got his master with both his feet in the stirrup-irons on one side. The hounds were running, but not very fast, and all at once we heard a most awful noise. On looking round we saw Captain Trotter had gone to his assistance, and righted him by putting him back in the saddle, which is the only way you can do it when anyone gets in that fix. The Captain had let his old horse loose, thinking him perfectly safe not to run away; but I suppose the old "gee" thought he had had enough of his rider for one day, and trotted off. Luckily, just at the time Mr. Behrens' second horseman came up, and seeing his man, this gentleman asked Captain Trotter to get on his second horse, and after thanking the Captain most profusely, he also told his man to catch the hireling and take him back to Leicester. Just after this accident occurred, the hounds came to a check, which let the field get up. Presently they hit off the line, and ran really well over that beautiful country by Norton Gorse. The Captain had made a real good change, as he was on 'The Clown,' a horse Mr. Behrens had given a lot of money for three years before, and one no money would buy. It was a most amusing sight to see Captain Trotter and Sir F. Johnstone, the former without a hat and his face bleeding, riding one

against the other, generally alongside of the leading hounds, and jumping the biggest places they could find. I was riding 'Comet,' a horse of Lord Wilton's, and laughed heartily at poor Mr. Behrens' face as he saw 'The Clown' leaping such fences as he had never been asked to before. I saw Captain Trotter myself jump an ox-fence into a field, and a double "oxer" out, after breaking the second rail. Then he jumped in by the side of a haystack, and there was no way out but over a large bullock-hurdle, which he crashed through, there being no room to get a run to jump it.

It was my custom to go to Newport Lodge, Mr. Behrens' hunting-box at Melton Mowbray, for a great many years to ride in his trials just before Loughborough and Melton Steeplechases, and very few mistakes we made round that little course—it is the same that 'Father O'Flynn' was trained over before he won the Liverpool Grand National in 1892. Mr. Behrens used to mount me out hunting afterwards. I used to go there on Sunday afternoon and stay the night. After dinner we always used to go into the billiard-room, and as regularly as possible Captain Smith leading up to this conversation in some way, I would ask Mr. Julius if he recollected the good gallop we had from Billesdon Coplow to Glenn

Station. He would jump at the bait at once, and reply, "Yes; and don't I remember Captain Trotter riding my horse, and trying to kill him!" This was an annual affair, and Captain "Doggy" Smith never enjoyed anything more than to hear Mr. Julius tell the story over again. The two brothers were very fond of winning the local steeplechases—of the Quorn Hunt, held at Loughborough, and of the Melton Hunt, which were run at that time over the old course at Burrough Hills—and they did so on several occasions with 'Walloon,' 'The Duke,' 'Blue Ruin,' and 'Solitaire,' whom I sold to them. 'Solitaire' won six races straight off, including the Billesdon Coplow Stakes. It was very amusing to see the two brothers on the morning of the trials, with their faithful old groom, Hughes, weighing us out. It took him three times longer than it would to weigh out for a Grand National, and I am sure he thought it quite as important. Many a time has Captain Smith, after we had cantered up—as we used to go through all the formalities for a lark—said, "I wonder what that chap is doing there?" It generally turned out to be a shepherd, and sometimes it was a myth, no one being there at all. Off would go one of the Behrens, only to come back and say that it was all right, as he had found out it was not a tout. As every one

of the farmers and tradesmen round there would do anything for them, we never had anything to fear. So far from being afraid of anyone knowing about their horses, they were only too glad to let anybody know anything.

During my career I never met two more open-handed men. It did not matter whether it was a hunt-breakfast, a race-luncheon, or anything connected with sport, they were at the head of it; not because they had more money, but because their hearts were in the right place, and although they were despised and looked upon as outsiders when they first came to the district, they were afterwards looked up to as the "saints and saviours" of Melton. Well they deserved it; their pockets were always open to any good cause, either hunting or otherwise, and I only wish there were more of the same sort to follow in their wake. I can speak of the two late Mr. Behrens, not only with the greatest respect myself, but as two gentlemen who did much to ensure the success and popularity of fox-hunting in the country they lived in and patronised.

A great amount of good was done by the late brothers Behrens. This might still be continued, but the virtue lies in the way the thing is done. For

instance, a farmer comes up to his gate when hounds are running towards him ; he has a very choice piece of sheep-cabbage or a good bit of turnips, a bit better than other folks, or he thinks so. He holloas and heads the fox, and he is at once abused, generally by people who don't own an acre of land in the country, and are only there on sufferance themselves. When you ask such men for a subscription to the agricultural fund, or any other institute connected with the farmer, they are the first to refuse. I don't say this is always the case, as I know of a great many gentlemen I could mention who do all they possibly can to help the farmer, and will go out of their way to shut a gate that has been left open by very likely the same men I have just mentioned, or their second horsemen, who are as great a nuisance, or, if possible, worse than the masters. I am sorry to say there are too many of these latter sort of people about now. The time is fast approaching—I don't know whether I shall live to see it—when there will be a tax on gentlemen hunting, so that the farmer or owner will be paid for having his land ridden over and damage done, much in the same way as a rent is paid for shooting rights. I am sorry to say the times are so bad that, where I used to see a dozen or twenty farmers or their sons out hunting ten or fifteen

years ago, I only see one now, not because they are not as fond of the sport as ever, but simply because they can't afford it :—all the more reason that they should be treated with proper respect and consideration. There are also non-hunting farmers to be dealt with, men who have every reason to complain, especially when their gates are left open and their stock gets mixed, perhaps some cattle let out of the field and allowed to stray away. These people naturally have a great dislike to hunting, and instead of adding fuel to the fire by abusing a man when he complains about your riding over his land, it would be better to find out his address, and send him a hare or a brace of pheasants. Occasionally this is done, but not often enough. When this has happened, I have heard numerous instances of farmers talking about it at the market or fair for weeks afterwards, thus showing what good a small present will do.

Enough of this, however, as a few more of the incidents that have occurred, and some of the gentlemen I have met in the hunting-field, must be mentioned. Amongst others, I must not forget my very old friend Captain Henry Coventry. He was one of the most cheery men it was ever my lot to meet, and certainly one of the finest horsemen, as well as

a good jockey on the flat. He won the Liverpool Grand National on 'Alcibiade' in 1865, and the National Hunt Steeplechase on 'Emperor III.' at Bedford in 1867, the latter over a very big course indeed. One of his best hunters—he had a great many good ones—was a horse called 'Patch,' a very good-looking brown, who ran 'Pathfinder' to a length in the Leicestershire Hunt Steeplechase at the Melton meeting, run over the Burrough Hill course. It was a tremendous race, Mr. Thomas riding 'Pathfinder,' and Captain Smith 'Patch.' They jumped the last fence abreast, and struggled home locked together until within fifty yards of the winning-post, when 'Pathfinder' just won. Next year he carried off the Liverpool Grand National, so it was no disgrace for an ordinary hunter to be beaten a length by him. 'Patch' was a tremendous horse to kick, and I recollect seeing Lord Esmé Gordon, who bought the horse at Captain Coventry's sale, riding him at the Peterborough Show. He was very fresh, and directly his lordship mounted he started to kick violently, and sent him between his ears. There Lord Esmé stuck, expecting more, but the old horse, thinking he had done enough, stood perfectly still. I shall never forget Frank Lotan, who was standing beside me, calling out whilst Lord

Esmé was still on the horse's head, "Keep your seats for the North," much to the amusement of everyone round, but not equally so to his lordship.

Another very fine horseman and real good man to hounds was Captain A. Smith, or, as he was nicknamed, and many would know him better as, "Doggy." He always stayed, in fact lived, with the Behrens, and rode their horses hunting as well as chasing. He was very seldom short of a mount, as people were only too glad to get him to ride their animals, especially if they were going away for a fortnight or so. Captain Smith must have been a real good man, as no one rode more strange horses, and no one went straighter over a country. I saw him in Leicestershire last season, and he seemed as fond of the sport as ever. Over a steeplechase course he was a very good rider indeed, and it didn't matter to him whether it was flying "oxers" in the shires, or doubling the banks at Punchestown, it all came the same. The Grand National Steeplechase, however, never fell to his share, but amongst other riding successes he won the National Hunt Steeplechase at Melton Mowbray on 'Game Chicken' in 1864, on 'Daybreak' at Burton in 1871, on 'Lucellum' at Aylesbury in

1874, and on 'New Glasgow' at Liverpool in 1880. Captain Smith lives and hunts in Sussex now, and has done so for the last five or six seasons. This must be vastly different to what he had been used to for five-and-twenty years at Melton Mowbray.

Mr. Tailby is one of the hardiest men I ever met. He has been hunting regularly the last fifty years in Leicestershire, and was Master of the Hounds over twenty. During his career he has had more bad falls than any man I know of, and it seems the more he has, the less he cares for them. I think he goes as hard as ever. He is a very short man, and always rides big horses, animals up to at least 2 st. more than his weight. However, he had two extraordinary little animals. They were the only two small ones he ever rode, one being a little mare called 'Rosie,' only just over 15 hands, and the other was a bay horse named 'Hobgoblin,' by 'Old Phantom,' that he bred. The latter was a wonderful animal, scarcely 15.2, and I recollect Jem Bailey, the whip, riding him for six or seven seasons. One day they had a wonderfully good run on their Monday side—they ran right into the Pytchley country beyond Rugby. Mr. Tailby's horse was dead beaten when he caught sight of Bailey, who was riding

'Hobgoblin,' and called to him to come and change with him. This was done, and Mr. Tailby was the only man who could get to the finish of the run; all the other horses were pumped out a long way before the finish. After that day 'Hobgoblin' went into Mr. Tailby's private stable, and he rode him four or five seasons, until he gave up the hounds, and I remember Colonel Gosling buying the little horse at the sale at Billesdon. I think he gave 160 guineas for it. Everybody laughed at the Colonel for giving such a price for a sixteen-year-old little horse, but he never repented it, as he rode him quite six or seven years, and was never better carried. The Colonel renamed him 'Tom Tit,' after Mr. Tailby, who always went by the name of "Tit."

Speaking of Colonel Gosling reminds me of another of the old school, viz., his brother William. He used to hunt from Market Harborough, but changed his residence to Oakham some twelve or fourteen years since. He is a real good sportsman, and very fond of hunting. The Hon. Alan Pennington is another whom I have known over thirty years. He used to live at Langham when Colonel Lowther—grandfather of the present Earl of Lonsdale—resided at Barleythorpe, and was very friendly with him. Afterwards he shifted his quarters to

Billesdon, where he lived for some time, but is now settled at Ragdale, in the Quorn country.

The oldest gentleman in the Cottesmore district, and one of, if not the best preserver of foxes in the country, is Sir Henry Fludyer. He is in his ninetieth year, and even now loves to come out on foot and, with his glasses, watch the hounds find their fox at Wardley Wood—his own covert—one of the best preserves in Rutlandshire, and always a sure find. The last time I saw and spoke to Sir Henry last season he was well and hearty as possible, and looked like living to see his hundredth birthday. No one wishes he may do it more than myself. The baronet is quite my idea of the old English gentleman that we see so few of now—a type that seems to have died out. He was originally Rector of Thistleton, and I should think certainly the only man living who saw Tom Cribb and Molyneux, the black, fight for the Championship of England at Thistleton Gap in 1811. But I must not attempt to mention all the people I have met in the hunting-field out with the Cottesmore, especially as I hope to say a word or two in another chapter about the Quorn.

Before finishing this, I must relate a true and interesting story that happened in the days

when hunters required certificates from a Master of Hounds before they could run for hunters' flat races. One day a man named Batten, who lived at Oadby, had an animal he wished to start in the Belvoir Castle Stakes at Leicester. He went to the meet at Glenn Station, and on seeing Mr. Tailby, the Master, he asked him to give him a certificate for his mare. Mr. Tailby, who knows little about racing, said:

"What the deuce do you mean? I am not a veterinary surgeon."

But the man explained that he only wanted a hunter's certificate to run his animal the next week, when the Master turned round and said:

"You bring your mare to me at four o'clock this afternoon. I will then tell you whether I think she is a hunter or not."

Batten had to keep his poor wretched little four-year-old out all day before he could get his certificate. About a month after this happened, I was out with the Cottesmore, and Mr. Lloyd Evans had six or seven horses in training at Luffenham at the time. One day the hounds met at Luffenham Station. Lord Lonsdale, father of the present Earl, was the Master, and Mr. Evans, liking his racehorses to see the hounds, sent four of them out with rather

small boys on them with single reins and a martingale on each. The animals were very fresh, and started jumping and kicking at everything that came near them, just missing his lordship, and as one hound was running past, a horse called 'Timothy' lashed out, and nearly killed him. Mr. Evans had not himself seen any of this performance, as he had not come out quite so early. Presently he went up to Lord Lonsdale, and said:

"My lord, I want to run my horse 'Timothy' in a hunters' race at Nottingham. Would you kindly look at him, and give me a certificate for him?"

Lord Lonsdale turned round to him—I shall never forget the expression on his face—and said:

"Mr. Evans, I will give you a certificate for all the horses you have out to-day, on condition you take them home, and promise never to bring them out with my hounds again."

These two anecdotes will show how utterly absurd the old qualifying rule was. These are only two instances of an almost everyday occurrence.

CHAPTER XVII.

Some Good Hunters I have ridden—Colonel Forester and General Burnaby—A Near Thing at Whissendine Station—The Great Waterloo Run with the Pytchley—Colonel Anstruther Thomson—A Good Run with the Duke of Beaufort's.

AMONGST the many good hunters I have ridden in my time—and they are not a few—I must not forget to mention 'Patience,' a beautiful black-brown horse belonging to Colonel Forester. I rode him seven or eight years in succession at Kirby Gate, the opening meet of the Quorn, which is always the first Monday in November. The Colonel was generally away at Lincoln or Liverpool, and used to send me two horses out on that day. I rode 'Patience' first horse whenever I could, and always wrote to the Colonel to report the sport of the day, and also as to how the animals carried me, as he was anxious to know about them before he came down for regular

hunting himself. On one occasion we had done nothing at all in the early part of the day, there being a very large field out, and foxes were headed in every direction. In the afternoon we had a real fast gallop of five-and-twenty minutes from Cream Gorse over a good big country. 'Patience' carried me wonderfully well. I saw the Colonel the same week, as I had to go to Liverpool Races, and met him on the course. He began talking about hunting, and I told him how well his horse had carried me. He said:

"Yes, Custance; I have heard how well you went on 'Patience,' and also that the black mare carried your sandwiches for luncheon all right."

He was, of course, only chaffing, but he knew I preferred riding 'Patience' to 'Black Pearl,' the mare sent out for me to ride second horse. As we had done nothing in the morning, I kept on the horse until we had the good gallop, and I admit the Colonel was right; I enjoyed myself much more on him than I should have done on the mare, as she was anything but a good hunter, and one of the animals poor Fred Archer detested. She gave him two or three falls, although she had the credit of being an extraordinary performer when Colonel Forester

bought her out of the Quorn stud, and was supposed to be one of Tom Firr's best animals. The Colonel kept her out more often to carry his luncheon, or to ride home on, than to hunt.

One day, very soon after the Kirby Gate meet, Colonel Forester came up to me out hunting, and said:

"I'm going shooting two or three days next week. I will mount you any day you like between Tuesday and Saturday."

Naturally I thanked him, and selected Thursday at Somerby, a meet in the best country. I met Captain Coventry on my way to the meet. I was riding a hack, and he asked what horse I was going to ride hunting. I told him 'Patience.' He said:

"Well, I shall be on 'Patch,' so there are two front seats booked certain."

When I arrived at the meet, Colonel Forester's man came up to me with 'Black Pearl.' I asked him if 'Patience' was not out for me. He said:

"No; the Colonel left word you were to ride the black mare all day."

Of course I was disappointed, but had to make the best of it, and managed to get through the day with only one fall.

Colonel Forester was a wonderful man for his age over Leicestershire, as till quite lately—in fact, only last season, when in his seventy-third year—he was going great guns. Not many have had more falls than he has had during his sixty years' hunting, and he always was much handicapped with having to ride in spectacles, and all sorts and sizes of straps — he sprained all the muscles of his thighs years ago. I think I should be right in calling him the "Father of the Hunt" when he is out with the Belvoir, as I think no one now alive has hunted so long and so regularly with these hounds. Colonel the Hon. Henry Forester always lived at Egerton Lodge with both the late Earls of Wilton, and I am glad to see Mr. Pryor and Lady Wilton still keep up the old custom. He still has his rooms and his small stud of hunters kept at Egerton Lodge as of yore.

It was my good fortune to be a favourite with the late General Burnaby, whose great delight, after leaving the busy life of London, where his military duties kept him the whole of the summer season, was to be amongst his tenants, inquiring after the Quorn foxes. He was one of the very best of preservers. Nothing annoyed him more than to see his own covert close to the fine old mansion at

Baggrave Hall drawn blank. It was called the Prince of Wales Gorse, his Royal Highness having planted or sown the first seeds of it during his visit there some twenty-five years since. It was, and still is, a very good covert for holding foxes. I don't think it is more than six acres, and I have seen the hounds find no less than three times one day in it. I do not mean that this was not an exceptionally lucky day, but generally speaking you could reckon on a find in it twice, as it is very thick, and foxes were very partial to it. The General has told me many a time that anyone could have foxes if they would only go to a little trouble and small expense in keeping the covert quiet, especially when cubs were young, and giving them plenty of dead rats—sometimes live ones. They used to bring them out in hundreds from Leicester, and he certainly managed always to have foxes.

At Tom Firr's dinner, which was an annual affair, General Burnaby always invited a jovial company to meet him, and he was the guest of the evening. Firr always came with Mr. Coupland, the Master of the Quorn hounds, of which, as most of my readers will know, he was the huntsman. On this occasion it was his custom to stay all night, and it was also usual to have a lawn meet at

Baggrave the following day, and a very fine meet it was. Everything in the way of delicacies one could think of was on the table at dinner, and everyone was welcome. On one occasion we had been sitting up rather late, or I might say we didn't get to bed until the small hours of the morning, so naturally none of us were in a great hurry to catch the early worm. We came in to breakfast by instalments, and no questions were asked about the late or early rising. I think the latter would have been quoted at 1000 to 10. The hounds were advertised to meet at 11.0, as usual, and they arrived punctually at 10.30. I had my breakfast, and went out to look at them, and was talking to the first whip. All at once it struck me I had not seen Tom Firr, so I went into the house and made inquiries. No one had seen him—it was nearly five minutes past eleven—when, just as I was going to look for him, down came Tom in a temper, which was very unusual. He didn't want to have any breakfast, but we insisted upon his having something to eat. Still he didn't have much, and was soon out amongst his "beauties," as he calls them, and declared he was inclined to say he would never leave them again. It was a very easy mistake, and no one can tell how it happened better than myself, as

we had met at the Hall on at least five occasions previously. An old faithful servant named Muggleton was always entrusted to see after Tom Firr and myself. Baggrave Hall, where we were staying, is a very ancient place, with old oak staircases, thick walls, and oak shutters. The latter make the rooms quite dark, and as we did not go to bed very early, having kept the concert or "sing-song" up till about two o'clock, Tom, who on these occasions is generally a good favourite, as he sings a first-rate song, and plenty of them, did not leave earlier than anyone else. On retiring to bed he told Muggleton to be sure and bring the shaving water at nine o'clock as usual, which the latter forgot to do until about ten minutes to eleven, when he came to the door, and said:

"Mr. Firr, the hounds have been in front of the house more than twenty minutes."

Poor Tom jumped out of bed, and I can't say he said his prayers all through, but what he did say were all for poor old Muggleton.

Dear old General Burnaby always talked and laughed about this up to the very last time I saw him. There may be as good, but a better-hearted or more respected gentleman never lived in Leicestershire. This was shown when he put up, and was

returned, as the Conservative member for that division of Leicestershire. Unfortunately, it caused, or at least hurried, the death of his wife, a lady who was held in the greatest esteem. No one could have worked harder canvassing than Mrs. Burnaby did for her husband, and, as she was in anything but good health at the time, there is no doubt it helped the untimely end that came soon after, for she did not live very long to enjoy the fruits of her industry in having secured her husband his Parliamentary seat.

One of the most extraordinary incidents it was ever my lot to witness happened at Whissendine Station on the Midland Railway, half-way between Melton and Oakham, some years ago. The Cottesmore hounds had found a fox at Cottesmore Gorse, and ran on towards Whissendine village. Just before reaching the railway crossing they turned to the right, and ran parallel with the line. The gates were open, and several of us galloped along the railway—rather a silly thing to do, as we had to go quite half a mile on a very high embankment, with no chance to get off it. When we arrived at Whissendine Station, the one o'clock train from Melton had just come in, so that we were obliged to go to the back of the train, ride on to the platform, and through the gate, which could only be partly opened,

as they had run the engine a bit too far. The gates were single ones and opened across the line, so that Bill Neil (the huntsman), Captain Elmhirst, and myself were the only people who got through by passing the puffing engine quite close. If we had not been on quiet horses we could not have done so. A man named Charlton, a friend of mine, a wine merchant, whom I had not seen for a long time, was in the train, and he put his head out of the carriage window, and would shake hands with me as I was riding past. Such an experience never happened to me before nor since, and I question if ever it will again. Lady Londonderry was also in the train going to Oakham. The station-master tried to stop the people from coming on the platform from behind, but could not succeed, so he decided to start the train. When he started it there were between twenty and thirty horsemen about a hundred yards off coming up the line, which at this point is on an embankment at least thirty feet high.

There was the greatest excitement, and a most extraordinary scene took place. Some of the riders got off to lead their horses; others kept, or tried to keep, on their backs, but there were no less than five loose horses galloping about at one time. Two of them went straight down the line, and were not

caught until they reached Ashwell Station, a distance of two miles. Mr. G. Finch and someone else—I don't remember his name—jumped into the luggage van with the old guard "Mat," and found their horses caught at Ashwell. Curiously enough, neither of the animals was any the worse. Mr. Henry Finch had a narrow escape. He had got off his old chestnut mare, a very warm animal at the best of times, and was leading her along the line when the train was coming towards them. She was very much excited, and, twisting round quite sharp, she broke away from him, fell over, rolled down the embankment, scrambled through the fence at the bottom, and went two or three miles before she was captured. The most wonderful part of this story is, that all the men and horses escaped unhurt, although there were at least thirty on the line at the time, and at a most dangerous part of it.

This story has been briefly described and illustrated by Captain Elmhirst in his book called "The Cream of Leicestershire," and as he and myself were the only two who crossed the line with Bill Neil, I hope he will forgive me repeating it. Luckily, there was no harm done. The hounds only ran about three fields before we got to them, and they had thrown up their heads, having lost their fox.

Thus there was plenty of time for the "field" to get together before the hounds began to draw again. Many a laugh and much chaff took place about the different things that occurred getting horses and riders together. Some of the former galloped miles before being caught; the scene itself was a most ludicrous one. I with others have often thought of the consequences that might have happened, but as the old saying goes, "All's well that ends well."

Colonel Anstruther Thomson has so ably described what is known as the Great Waterloo Run with the Pytchley in his book of the "Three Great Runs," that perhaps it looks like presumption for me to attempt to repeat it. As, however, I took an active part so far as riding in the gallop was concerned, I hope I may be pardoned for giving my untutored version of the story, and what I saw.

This run took place on February 2, 1866, the day before the Market Harborough Ball. There was a very large field of horsemen out, and the meet was at Arthingworth. I was fortunate enough to be mounted by Mr. Powell, better known in Leicestershire as "Timber" Powell, a cognomen he well deserved, from the great partiality he had for jumping timber. As everyone knows who has

hunted from Harborough—where he kept his stud of horses at that time—there were plenty of chances for him to satisfy his inclination. I went by train in the morning, and saw him just before starting for London, as he would not hunt that day, disliking the Pytchley Wednesday fields. Mr. Powell had, however, sent two horses on for me to the meet, and I was to ride to it on a hack. My first mount was to be a four-year-old he gave a lot of money for in Ireland, which had not been over here long, so was not in very good condition. We had a bit of a gallop in the morning, and my young one not being fit, I thought that it had done enough, so when I saw the second horseman—who happened to be named Sopp, and who had formerly lived with Mr. Matthew Dawson at Russley when I was first jockey for the stable—I told him I should like to send the first horse home, but he remarked :

"I am sure you won't care for this one, she is so hot-headed."

Mr. Powell had told me in the morning if I got on to this mare to be careful, as she had been across two gates with him, and I was to be sure not to try to open a gate with her. However, there was no alternative. My young horse being tired, I decided to change. When I got on to the chestnut mare I

found she was a real handful; her mouth was full of blood, and she had on a short martingale, which I immediately took off. Sopp said directly:

"You can't ride her without it, sir."

I replied: "Well, I will try, as I am sure I can't ride the mare over a country with her head tied down like that."

I started off, and went across three or four fields away from the crowd, as the hounds were trotting off to draw Waterloo Gorse, and rode her over two or three fences. She seemed in a great hurry, but jumped very big—a fault I always forgive—and as for her pulling, I was like the sailor who went to hire a horse for a ride. He took a great fancy to a black mare, and said he should like to try her. When the livery-stable-keeper came up, he said:

"No; that one is of no use to you."

The sailor inquired: "Why?"

"Well," said the owner, "she is sure to run away with you."

"Indeed," said the hirer; "put the saddle and bridle on directly, as the last three brutes I have ridden have run away without me."

The hounds found a fox at Waterloo Gorse about

two o'clock, and ran straight to Kelmarsh Spinney, not very fast. There they got on better terms with their fox, and went out at the bottom of the covert. There was a nasty small hand-gate with stump or stop at the side to prevent it swinging back too far, and I narrowly escaped an accident. As the man in front of me threw it back very sharp, it caught the stump and was rebounding, when I luckily stopped it with the hook of my whip just as the mare was in the act of jumping at it. We scrambled through somehow, so I said, "No more gates, my dear," and I do not think I went through another. I am certain I never tried to open one all the way to Bowden Inn. The hounds by this time had fairly settled down to their fox, and were running over the very finest line of country it is possible to imagine, much less describe. By Clipstone, Farndon, Oxenden, Lubbenham, and on to Bowden Inn we went—about nine miles all grass, and every sort of fence. I don't know how many ox-fences I jumped in that run, but more than I should care to jump now, even if I was on this chestnut mare, who was one of the biggest jumpers I ever rode. The reason of the number of ox-rails was that it was before wire—that curse to hunting—had come into use. Captain Olliver, who

lived at Oxenden, told me he measured one place on his farm—it was an "oxer"—that my mare jumped, and it was thirty-three feet from her taking off to landing. I don't vouch for this myself, but he told me the tale many a time afterwards, and repeated it to me not long before his death.

After we left Bowden Inn the pace was not so great. Colonel (now General) Fraser and Captain (afterwards Colonel) White, who had both been going wonderfully well, had time to stop and change horses, as, by the greatest piece of luck for them, we passed their stables. The hounds kept still travelling slowly on until we came to the Langton Brook, which had very recently been cleaned out, so that it was rather awkward on taking off as well as landing, the dirt being thrown out at least a yard on each side. I saw Mr. Langham ride down at it. His horse dwelt a bit, and he jumped in and out very cleverly. Nearly everyone thought by this it was a good sound bottom, and many a ducking his example caused. I knew I had only one chance with my hot-headed mare, so caught hold of her head and sent her at it. She took off quite clear of the dirt, and landed more than a yard on the other side—not a bad performance for one who had carried me for fifty minutes over the biggest and best country I ever

rode or saw. Tom Firr has some verses on the Waterloo Run, and he says:

'A wide open brook at this time of the day
Is a poser, as most will admit;
Catch hold of his bridle, and show us the way,
Whilst down in the saddle you sit.
Catch hold of the bridle and shove him along,
And o'er the wide water you fly;
My boy, it's much easier said now than done,
Though many good men have a try;
Yet Custance came up with a rattle, and flew
Clearing all in his stride, in the famed Waterloo.'

Although other people have claimed the credit of jumping this brook—it was quite sixteen feet from bank to bank, without taking into consideration the mud on each side—Tom Firr always declares I was the only one who jumped it clear, and I am of the same humble opinion.

The hounds afterwards hunted slowly by Thorpe, to Langton, on to Cranoe, and up to Glooston Wood. Just before reaching this my mare got stuck in a bottom. It was a walking or creeping place, and thinking she was sufficiently cooled down or too tired to rush, I tried to make her walk through it after Captain Coventry. I had forgotten to mention that this rare sportsman met us as we were crossing the Lubbenham road, and immediately got on to a horse of Mr. "Cherry" Angell's, just as he was, with

his trousers for breeches, and joined the hunt. Instead of my mare going slowly as his had done, she rushed at it, and somehow got her fore-feet entangled in the bough of a tree that had been placed across the bottom. There she was fixed; the more she struggled, the worse tangle she got into, and I was obliged to get some men from a farm-house to dig her out. They fetched a cart-rope, and eventually pulled her clear. By this time the hounds had gone as far as Keythorpe; from there I heard they went on to Hallaton Thorns, Fallow Closes, Slawston, Medbourne, and whipped off when it was quite dark at Blaston, after running three hours and forty-five minutes. It was an extraordinary performance on the part of both Colonel Thomson and his hounds. He went home to Brixworth with them—eighteen miles away—where he arrived at ten o'clock, had some dinner, and appeared in the ball-room at Market Harborough, twelve miles from Brixworth, at half-past twelve, where I need not tell you he met with a very hearty reception. Congratulations were showered upon him all round. I arrived with my mare at Harborough about half-past six. She was rather tired, and, like myself, glad to get back home, as it had been a precious hard day. This was, I think, the best and longest run I ever saw.

In the year 1865, just before Christmas, I was asked by his Grace the Duke of Beaufort to spend a week at Badminton with my old friend Fordham. In those days, whenever George was ill, the Duke always asked me to ride for him, and I did so unless I had some prior engagement. On the first day the hounds met at Bushton, a long distance from Badminton, and we went on the coach to the meet. As we were going along the road we passed a gentleman looking all over like a sportsman ; he had the Badminton blue on, and his breeches and his boots were quite the thing ; and he was riding a very useful, good sort of grey horse. When we passed the gentleman, whose name I think was Winthrop, old George said to me, "That is the hardest man in this country, and he is riding his best horse, too." I looked at his big grey hunter, and thought him somewhat clumsy and underbred ; but as I was a stranger to the country I kept my eye on him, as I thought he would be most likely to get a good start ; and so he did. We found almost directly the hounds put in, and Master Reynard was soon holloaed away. Not knowing the country, I must be excused for failing to give the line he took ; but I can say he could not have chosen a better, more especially from my point of view, as I got a good start with

Mr. Winthrop. We jumped one fence, then went straight to a farmyard, at the bottom of which was a four-barred gateway with poles, which were made to take down with a pin and chain. I thought my pilot was going to be a good friend and loose the top one or two; but not so. He steadied his big grey horse, the same as they do in that country at a wall, and he reared over it—I cannot say jumped it. I was next, and I thought to myself, "Well, here I am, all the way from Leicestershire—I must have a go." So I asked my little flea-bitten grey, called "Q.C.," the question, which he answered gallantly, and, much to Mr. Winthrop's surprise, he jumped the gateway beautifully. Poor old Tom Clark, the huntsman, was just behind me, and I heard him talking very loudly to someone, saying he had crossed him, and his old horse would not have it now. Jack West, who was whip at the time, came up, and Clarke told him to take the rails down. By this time the hounds, with Mr. Winthrop and myself, had got half a mile ahead. He evidently knew who I was, and, being a stranger, was rather jealous. I took a line of my own, and, as the hounds were running as if tied to their fox, there was no time to look about. Presently I saw my friend asking his horse a question over a big field, and as 'Q.C.' was going well within

himself, I thought to myself, "It is all right; I don't think he will cut me down now." However, he still kept on trying, and at last the end came. He rode his horse at a big fence which I am not sure he could have jumped had he been fresh; but as he was not, it was a certain fall, and down he came. Mr. Winthrop jumped up as soon as he could, and bustled his horse across the field, and fell again out of it, being fairly pumped out. I went on by myself about half a mile, where the fox ran to ground.

We had another good gallop in the afternoon, and I was very glad there was no second horse for me, as 'Q.C.' was quite good enough. I shall not forget his Grace asking me at night in the billiard-room if I had enjoyed myself. I thanked him, and said I had, very much indeed. His answer was, "I thought so, Custance, as you were up in the air nearly all day." The Duke paid me a very great compliment by saying he wished he had a whip half as quick as myself. This was owing to my jumping into a wood and turning the hounds that had got on to the heel-line when his Grace had a fox—or, I might say, ought to have had one — under a manger close by. I managed to turn the hounds, and when we got back to the place where the Duke expected to find him, under a manger in a hovel, and where he thought

"Charlie" was fairly fixed, to his surprise there was no fox. The fact was, his Grace left two sentries, the Marquis of Worcester at one end, and Fordham at the other. We were some time getting the hounds back, and Lord Worcester asked George if he would like a cigarette; and I have no doubt during the time they were arranging their smokes, and talking matters over, the fox escaped. His Grace's feelings, and — let us call it indignation — can be better imagined than described!

CHAPTER XVIII.

About my Best Hunter, 'The Doctor'—His Performances on the Flat, and at Steeplechasing—How I got him—Giving 'The Doctor' some Physic—The Best Horse in Leicestershire—A Fast Gallop from Burdett's Covert—Sir Frederick Johnstone beaten—'The Doctor's' Admirers—Wins the Jumping Prize at Oakham Show—A Day from Burley-on-the-Hill—Mr. Henry Chaplin gets a Fall—Frank Goodall and 'The Doctor'—An Anecdote about her Majesty the Queen—'The Doctor's' Last Run, his Accident, and Death—Piloting the Prince of Wales—Mr. Henry Chaplin as a Master—The Finish.

IT would be impossible for me to write anything about hunting and the pleasures of the chase with the famous Cottesmore and Quorn, without introducing the name of one of the, if not *the*, most celebrated cross-country horses and hunters of modern times, viz., 'The Doctor.' This good old servant of mine was as well known in Leicestershire as myself; in fact, it was quite customary fifteen or sixteen years ago "to couple the two names together—Custance

and 'The Doctor,'" as Captain Elmhirst says in his book, "The Cream of Leicestershire." Before entering on his performances as a hunter, it will be as well to say something about his career on the turf. 'The Doctor' started by winning the Horton Stakes at Chester—then an important two-year-old race—and afterwards ran three other races. He was at that time the property of the late Mr. H. Owen, and was trained by Henry Goater at Littleton, near Winchester. So much was he thought of at one time, that he was backed for the next year's Derby, but he turned out a bad-tempered one. Not thinking that he would ever get big enough for stud purposes, he was gelded, and sent to Mr. Mytton, in Worcestershire, who taught him to jump. Afterwards he was sent to Mr. Holman, of Cheltenham, to train for cross-country work, and a real good chaser he turned out to be. It is not necessary for me to go through the whole of his performances as a steeplechase horse, but to show that he was considered quite at the top of the tree, I may mention that he was allotted top weight two years in succession for the Grand National at Liverpool, but he did not start. What caused the handicapper to place him in that position was an extraordinary performance he accomplished at Bedford in 1867, the same year that

Captain Coventry won the Grand National Hunt on Mr. Chaplin's 'Emperor III.' It was a very big course indeed, and they finished up a severe hill. 'The Doctor' was carrying 12 st. 7 lb., and a very useful horse named 'Albrighton' 10 st. 4 lb. After a tremendous race, 'The Doctor' was just beaten a neck. Several other good horses ran in that race, and I recollect that one called 'Musketeer' broke his back at the last fence but one. 'Musketeer' was considered very smart, and they had refused £2,000—a big price in those days—for him that very morning. After this 'The Doctor' was given top weight in every handicap, and he never seemed to be allowed a chance. I don't think he ran for about a couple of years, until in 1870, when he was second for the Liverpool, carrying 11 st. 6 lb. to 'The Colonel' 11 st. 12 lb. 'The Colonel' had won the previous year, and I consider him to be one of the best steeplechase horses I ever saw. Although 'The Doctor' failed on that occasion, he made a bold attempt, and after a gallant struggle was beaten by half a length. It was after this race that the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals summoned George Holman before the magistrates for cruelty, and as their only evidence was from what they read in the newspapers, of course the case was dismissed.

'THE DOCTOR.'

FROM A PAINTING BY WILLIAM MILNER.

To face page 280.

After that race 'The Doctor' was sold to the Duke of Hamilton for £1,200, but he never was the same horse afterwards, and although he ran several times, he never won. I think that the race for the Liverpool really broke his heart, and he was never any more good as a racehorse. In his later performances at Croydon and Baden-Baden he stopped in the middle of a field and kicked on both occasions. In those days I used to go over to France to ride for the Duke of Hamilton, and I stayed at Chantilly with Planner, who trained for his Grace. One day we were talking about hunting, and Planner casually said to me:

"Why don't you ask the Duke to let you have some of his old steeplechase horses?—they would make you first-rate hunters. Why, there is the old 'Doctor' no good to him now!"

Happening to see Mr. Peter Crawshaw that day, I told him that I intended to ask the Duke for the old horse. He said directly:

"It will be no use, Cus, as he is mine when his racing career is over."

Nothing more was said at the time, but I believe Mr. Crawshaw did ask for the horse that night, and his Grace told him he could have him, and Mr. Crawshaw told me the next day he had asked the Duke, but

had not thought of it until I mentioned the matter to him. 'The Doctor' still remained at Holman's at Cheltenham. It was in the spring of the year when this took place, and nothing more was said until the back end of the racing season, when, after winning the Omnium, or French Cesarewitch, on 'Barbillon,' I asked his Grace if he had any steeplechase horses he wished to get qualified for hunters—they had to get a hunting certificate at that time from the Master of Hounds—or any to part with to carry me hunting. The Duke immediately said:

"Yes; there is a horse called 'Knave of Trumps' I want to qualify, and I will give you 'The Doctor,' if you like to accept him, for your own riding. I will write to Holman and tell him to send him to Easton, and will then send them both together to you."

Doubtless his Grace had forgotten all about Mr. Crawshaw then. I explained to the Duke of Hamilton hat sending 'The Doctor' from Cheltenham to Easton in Suffolk would be like sending him by my own door to bring him back again, so he told me to let Holman know that he was to send the old horse to me. You may depend upon it I did this quickly, and both 'The Doctor' and 'Knave of Trumps' arrived in Rutlandshire the next week—

about the second week in October. I saw Mr. Crawshaw on Newmarket Heath soon afterwards, and began talking to him about the future season's hunting, and I also asked him how he was likely to be mounted. He told me he had three pretty good ones already, and that he was going to send for 'The Doctor' next week. I directly said:

"You will have to send two very strong men and two policemen to get him, as he is in my stable, and will take some getting out."

The fact was, the Duke had forgotten all about Mr. Crawshaw asking him for the horse. Where the latter made the mistake was in not sending for him at once. Anyhow, I got 'The Doctor,' and a marvellous good hunter he turned out to be.

When 'The Doctor' reached me, he had been turned out in a strawyard, and being a crib-biter, and a very gross horse as well, he looked a "beauty." I am certain he would not have fetched £20 either at auction or in a fair if they had not known what horse it was. He was all stomach, ewe-necked, and had a club-foot, which Mr. Holman told me I should never be able to keep a shoe on. Curiously enough I did manage to, and he only threw one shoe off that foot during the whole time I rode him. I put him in work, got

him fit, and started to ride him hunting. He was in a great hurry at first, but I rode him quietly at his fences a few times, and put on him a very easy bridle. I have it now, and it is always called 'The Doctor's' bridle to this day. It is nothing more nor less than a short-cheeked thick double bridle with a large plain bridoon and a leather curb. When 'The Doctor' was racing he always ran in a very long-cheeked curb bridle with a gag. Mr. Crawshaw always told me he was the hardest puller he ever rode over a country, and George Holman said the same, with the exception of 'L'Africaine.' Of course this was racing, but when I got him settled down hunting he was the quietest horse I had, and if I happened by an accident to hurt my arm or leg so that I could not really ride hunting, but only trot about, I always chose 'The Doctor,' because he was so steady. It does not often happen that a man's best hunter is the quietest, but it was so in this case. His knowing me, doubtless, had a great deal to do with it, as he was a very funny-tempered horse in the stable, and no one could give him a dose of physic. Lots of people would attempt to do so, but they never tried a second time. The artful old fellow used to let them get their hand in his mouth, but always fixed them directly afterwards.

Once I took him in hand myself, to try and give him some linseed-oil and aloes. I got the kitchen steps, and we put two twitches on him, one on his nose, and the other on his ear. I got on the steps with an apron on. I said to my two men:

"Now stick to him, and he must have it."

I got one or two swallows down, but all at once he turned nasty. I suppose it was the taste of the bitter aloes that he did not like. He reared up, knocked me, with the drenching-horn in my hand, and the steps flying. Both my men bolted off and left me in the corner of the box, the old horse running round with the twitch on his nose, breaking the windows and kicking like fury. I never was in a greater fright in my life, and I dared not move. For about five minutes he kept me a prisoner. At last both twitches came off, and he stopped in his career. Immediately I caught hold of his head, and tied him up, and never tried any more experiments in giving him physic. I used to put a pint or pint and a half of linseed-oil in his bran mash, and he would eat it up as if there was nothing there. He was a very gross horse, and as he made a noise, we were obliged to muzzle him and keep him short before hunting.

After I had hunted him three years, I saw a race

at Doncaster Spring Meeting the conditions of which read "for horses that had been regularly hunted, those that had not won a steeplechase in 1874 or 1875 allowed 10 lb.; any winner of £100 to carry 14 lb. extra." I thought it would be a pretty good hunter that could give my old horse 24 lb., and entered him, but considered it best to give him a trial to see if he was in form. I had a horse named 'Mountaineer,' and a little mare 'Double or Quits,' that had won some races, so arranged to try him to give them 7 lb. each. I got Frank Lotan to ride 'The Doctor,' and two friends of mine to ride the other two. I myself was riding a thoroughbred horse called 'The Welsher,' by 'Chevalier d'Industrie,' and arranged to jump off and make a pace for the first half-mile. This I did, but on looking round I could not see the old horse, and asked one of my friends what had become of him. He said:

"Oh, he stopped to kick before we had gone a hundred yards."

Sure enough, I found him in a dreadful temper, kicking like fury, and he wouldn't be pacified, so I was compelled to take him home. 'The Doctor' was upset for two or three days afterwards. I rode him hunting the next day, and he gave me a fall at a rather wide

ditch which at any other time he would have hopped over without the least exertion; but he was so upset at us trying to race him again that it took him quite a week to get over it. In consequence of this, I need hardly tell you I paid forfeit for his engagement at Doncaster, and kept him during the rest of his life as a hunter. As such he was quite a champion in himself. It was not only myself who looked on him as the best horse over Leicestershire, but hundreds of other people, including the late Captain Coventry, Captain Smith, Captain Boyce, Mr. Cecil Chaplin, Mr. E. C. Clayton, and several others that I could mention, all of whom are good authorities. 'The Doctor' was the boldest, biggest jumper I ever rode, and had the quickest eye for a fence. Owing to such excellence, together with his great amount of confidence, I attribute his superiority over other horses, and as he was only cantering when the other half-bred hunters were galloping their hardest, he always had a good bit in hand.

With all his ailments, which were not a few, as he was a roarer, crib-biter, weaver, and had a club-foot, he could not be beaten for six years over Leicestershire, although many have had a good try. As Sir Frederick Johnstone said several times:

"We ought to get up a subscription to buy 'The Doctor,' and have him shot, as he is too good."

I told him they would have to subscribe very liberally to get the old horse. It was a very fast thirty-two minutes from Burdett's covert with the Quorn that caused Sir Frederick to say so the first time, and he always stuck to it. The hounds were no sooner in the covert than they found a fox, and bustling him round, he came away at the bottom end towards Dalby, and ran up a narrow grass field to the next road. Four couple and a half of hounds came out directly afterwards, and the body of the pack were running another fox back in covert. Mr. Coupland asked me if I would stop the four and a half couple, which I tried my best to do by galloping up the field and jumping into the lane, but I might as well have tried to stop so many cart-horses. There was a real good scent, and they had got settled down to their fox. When I found it impossible, I held up my hat as the signal for them to come on. Just then I heard Tom Firr blowing his horn, and presently come galloping after me, so I went on to keep my small pack in view. They ran towards Burrough Hill, but turned to the right over the winning field of the old steeple-chase course, straight down to the brook, over the

large ridge and furrow field where we used to gallop across to see them jump it in the steeplechase. Sir Frederick Johnstone, who had come out late, heard the hounds running, and seeing me riding after them, turned through the gate in front of me, and went galloping on, nearly on top of the four couple and a half. I called out to him:

"All right, Sir Frederick, give them a chance; there is no one within three fields of us."

But on he went, right in the track of the hounds, shouting out:

"Forrard they go! Forrard they go!"

I wanted him to keep either to the right or left of the pack, as by riding straight behind running hounds you are apt to drive them over the scent. They were running quite up wind in half a gale, with their heads up and sterns down, as if they were running to view. We had to jump a big brook with the fence on the landing side—a very nasty place. However, we got over all right. Sir Frederick was very excited, still calling out, "Forrard they go! Forrard they go!" and sending his horse along as hard as he could. My old horse was cantering along with his head in his chest, cracking his nostrils (as none but thoroughbred horses do), and I thought to myself:

"If they only keep on running like this for another quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, you will want some of that powder left."

So it happened; for we went just past Adam's Gorse, straight on for Twyford, leaving it just on the right, in and out of the road, over the Twyford Brook—rather a nasty place, which Sir Frederick's hunter got over with a scramble. By this time his horse was feeling the effects of the pace, and I had gone in front of him to keep near the hounds, as the fences are very big just about there, and it does not do to let hounds get out of your sight, especially as we had so few. After the brook we went up a slight hill, and were faced by a gate, which I saw was chained up, and a stiff stile with a footboard by the side of it. Sir Frederick called out, "All right, Custance, there is plenty of time," thinking I should get off to open the gate, but there was no time for this, so over went 'The Doctor,' never touching it. Not so with my companion, as his horse hit it very hard all round, but got over with a scramble.

On we went towards John o' Gaunt, but turned to the right just as we leaped into the road that runs from Merfield to Loseby. I looked round, and there I saw Sir Frederick's horse standing perfectly still, dead-beaten. He had made his last

effort jumping into the road, and there he remained for some time. Presently the rest of the field came galloping up the very same road, and Sir Frederick came in for no end of chaff, while I went on with the hounds. They ran a fair pace past Loseby Hall, pointing for Queenby. All at once they turned down wind, threw up their heads, and could never gain the line again. Tom Firr came up a short time afterwards, and I showed him where they had thrown it up. He cast all round, but could make nothing of it, and thought that the fox must have gone into a pond close by there and got drowned. Afterwards he discovered that he had made a mistake, as they found the same fox a fortnight afterwards at the same covert, and he ran the very identical line, almost field for field, but nothing like so fast, and they killed him about half a mile from the place where they had lost him the first run. I was not out that day, and was sorry to hear they had killed such a good fox. The line was over five miles as the crow flies, and a bit over six as we ran. We didn't cross a ploughed field, and anyone who has hunted in that country knows what a magnificent line it is, too big to run slowly over, but all right when hounds are racing over it as they were that day, and one has not time to look at the size of the fences.

One day after this run I was talking about it to Sir Frederick, and he was blaming his hunter for stopping at the time he did, remarking :

"Your old horse had gone farther than mine, and he seemed fresh enough."

I answered : "Yes, sir ; but you forget you were trying to give me at least 3 st. ; and if they were matched I should back mine to give yours three ; so, if 6 st. does not make all the difference, what is the use of handicapping ?"

Naturally, he fell in with my views, saying he never looked at the matter in that light before.

One of the greatest admirers of 'The Doctor' was Mr. E. C. Clayton, of Cottesmore. On one occasion a gentleman went up to him with a very long face, saying :

"What a pity Custance's old horse makes a noise !"

Directly he turned round, and said :

"Yes ; and if you only could follow him for twenty minutes, yours would make a noise of some sort—if he lived."

When 'The Doctor' was seventeen years of age he won the jumping prize at Oakham. There was a large entry, as the first prize was £20, which was considered a great amount in those days, and all the

prize-winners of the year at Alexandra Park, Manchester, Islington, and other places, were there to compete. It was a post-entry, and I went up at the last minute and got my numbers—18 and 19—for 'Only a Clod' and 'The Doctor,' both of which the Duke of Hamilton gave me. I rode the former myself, and put Dick Shaw—a well-known steeplechase rider at that time, who won a lot of races for Bob Howett—on 'The Doctor.' Mr. Henry Chaplin was one of the judges, and Mr. J. Bennett the other. Just as we entered the ring, Mr. Bennett said, "Here is Custance's old horse 'Doctor,'" as he knew him well. Mr. Chaplin, not knowing the horses, concluded I was riding him, instead of which I had selected to ride 'Only a Clod,' for the simple reason he was such a hot little brute that very few people could manage him who were not used to him, and as I was used to him I thought it best for me to appear in the saddle. The jumping started, and they had put up some very large obstacles, especially the gate, which was quite five feet. Mine were the two last to jump. I went first, and did my round all right, except the double, which was too narrow, and my hot old brute jumped clean into the second hurdle, and of course lost a point or two. He cleared the gate, water, and everything else at a

racing pace. This was the only way in which you could ride him, by letting him alone, and really chancing it. After the second round, both my horses were selected for first and second places, but 'The Doctor' jumping in the best style, they gave him first, and 'Only a Clod' second. Whilst the stewards were putting on the ribbons, Mr. Chaplin came up, and clapping the animal I was riding on the neck, said:

"Well, Custance, I am sorry to see 'The Doctor' beaten in his old days; but the brown horse that won is the very best jumper I ever saw."

I directly told Mr. Chaplin that was my old horse 'The Doctor.' He had misunderstood John Bennett, and imagined that I was sure to be riding my favourite. As soon as Mr. Chaplin found out his mistake, he asked me to let him see me ride him over the water, and, as he had jumped it three times already, I thought it rather throwing a chance away, especially as he was inclined to overreach on the old club-foot. I made this the excuse, and told the Squire I would ride 'The Doctor' out hunting the next day with the Cottesmore, as I knew Mr. Chaplin was staying at Barleythorpe and was going out, to which suggestion he agreed.

Next day, Friday, the hounds met at Burley-on-

the-Hill, as usual the day after the show, and nearly every man fortunate enough to get them had his prize ribbons on. First the hounds drew Lax Hill, a small gorse covert near Manton. They found directly, and went away towards Oakham, along the Catmose Vale. The Squire of Blankney was riding a big brown horse he had recently bought at Mr. Gerard Leigh's sale for 500 guineas, which was supposed to be one of the best horses in England, but he found his master when he tackled 'The Doctor,' especially as Mr. Chaplin was trying to give me at least 8 st.; he rode quite 18 st., and I about 10 st. After we had gone about a mile the Squire was very anxious to see my old horse jump, and was following so close to me that he nearly jumped into my coat-tail pocket. Presently I saw a real good big bit of timber in the corner of a field, and I went a little out of my way to jump it, which the old horse managed; but Mr. Chaplin met with misfortune. It was a nasty fence, and no horse could clear it unless he was a very bold one, and a big jumper as well. There were four rails on a little bank, with a wide ditch on the landing side, and a nasty dip, where the cattle had been trampling the ground up, on the take-off side, and unless a horse stood well back, or took off early enough, he had no chance to get over

it. 'The Doctor,' who was very bold, and an exceptionally good horse at timber, took off just right, and landed clean over. The Squire's horse got too close to or under it, as it were, and hit the top rail just above his knees, shooting Mr. Chaplin on to the bank, the horse landing on his back in the wide ditch. He was rather angry, as he said his horse ought to have jumped it, as mine did it without an effort; but he looked at the place afterwards, and said it was much bigger than he thought. Naturally, many incidents happened during the seven years that I rode my good old horse, and this is but one of them.

Only three persons rode 'The Doctor' during the time that he was in my possession. They were Frank Goodall, who came down to visit the old country whilst he was huntsman to the Royal Buckhounds, young Tom Jennings, the Newmarket trainer, and Captain A. de Vere Smith. The two latter succeeded in making him refuse, and he gave Frank Goodall a real good cropper. I was not out myself that day, but he made me laugh when he told me the tale, which is worth repeating. The hounds were not running, only casting about close to Ridlington, and there was a blind dyke, a very small one, and several of the horses put their feet into the ditch and blundered, two or three of them falling.

Goodall had been looking on and chaffing them. Presently it came to his turn. I suppose he caught hold of the old horse's mouth a bit too sharp—I always left it to him, as I said he knew more about the game than I did—anyhow, 'The Doctor' put both his feet into the bottom of the ditch and turned a complete somersault, throwing poor old Frank right into his high hat, and completely smashing it. Goodall has kept the hat ever since, and during the time he lived at the Royal Kennels at Ascot it always hung in a conspicuous place in the hall, just over the old 'Doctor's' shoe, which Goodall would have taken off the horse's club-foot when he arrived home, after riding him in a good run in the afternoon. Frank always says that 'The Doctor' was the biggest and best jumper he ever rode.

On one occasion her Majesty the Queen was at the Kennels at Ascot, where she was very fond of spending an hour or two, and she happened to notice the very battered old hat, with all the dirt on; for Goodall fell into a ploughed field, all red land, and being very wet it stuck on well. Her Majesty asked Goodall if there was any history attaching to it. He then told her the whole of the tale, about chaffing the other men whose horses were making mistakes, and blundering through the fence, and then

this fate befell him. Goodall has told me that the Queen enjoyed the narrative immensely, and always took notice of the hat whenever she honoured the Kennels afterwards with a visit.

When we consider all things, 'The Doctor' was a marvellous horse with a wonderful career. He was broken as a yearling, was a real good two-year-old, and then turned bad-tempered. He was converted into a steeplechaser, and was quite at the top of the tree. Finally, he was given to me for a hunter to end his days, which he took time to do, and I may say died in harness. At eighteen years of age his legs were as fresh as on the day he was foaled, but his roaring became much worse, as he had a bad attack of influenza the year before he died, and it affected his wind very much. He was all right when I could keep him on the flat, and the ground was good going; but if it was at all hilly or heavy, I was obliged to ride him very carefully; but he jumped as well as ever quite up to the very last.

Eventually 'The Doctor's' end came about in a very curious way. I was out with the Cottesmore one day, and we were knocking about Wardley and Allexton Woods in the morning—not at all a good country. The Duchess of Hamilton came up to me and asked what I was riding, as she wished to

follow me, as someone had told her there was a young lady out who was going to try to cut her down. I said:

"Well, your Grace, I am not on a very good one now, but I have one coming out this afternoon that you can follow. We are sure to go to Pryor's Coppice, and that is a better country."

She directly asked if I meant the old 'Doctor,' as she had followed him several times before, and naturally she was delighted when I told her that was the case.

Presently I saw my man, and mounted the old horse. We went to Pryor's Coppice, and found a fox directly, running towards the village of Braunston. We had not gone above half a mile from the covert before the hounds threw up their heads; the fact of the matter was, we were too close to them, and had driven them over the line. When Bill Neil came up he saw what had happened, cast them to the left, and they hit it off again. We were standing close to a small bottom or creeping fence. There were only two or three places where you could get over. Mr. Henry Leatham jumped it first, and his horse fell on landing. It was certainly a bit of a drop, but it was not more than six feet wide, and there looked nothing to throw a horse

down. After Mr. Leatham had fallen, her Grace called out:

"Here is another place, Custance."

But as it was my turn next, and I had kept my position, I waited till he remounted, which he did very quickly, and then put my horse at it. 'The Doctor' appeared to jump it all right, but fell on landing in the same manner as Mr. Leatham's horse. It was a very harmless sort of fall. I jumped on my feet at once, and tried to get the old 'Doctor' up, but he began to struggle, and I found he could not raise himself. I called out to the Duchess to go on without me. This she did, and as we were not far from Braunston, some men very soon came to my assistance. The poor old horse was on the side of a hill, so we decided to pull him right over. After a tremendous effort we got him on his legs, or, I might say, three legs, for, on looking at the place, we found he had jumped on to the stump of a tree that had been sawn off some time. It was all covered with leaves, and landing on his old club-foot, he broke his shoulder. As soon as I could I got on to another horse, the second horses being close to, galloped into Oakham, and found a veterinary surgeon. By the time I got back again the poor old fellow had managed with assistance to hobble on three legs to

the village. Immediately I saw that it was a hopeless case, and I ordered him to be shot at once. A gun was fetched; I thought I would stay and see it done, but my heart failed me. I rode off, and when I heard the report of both barrels my feelings can be better imagined than described. It seems ridiculous to own it, but I declare I felt his death as much as I should feel that of a near relative or friend, and I could not bear to hear his name mentioned for weeks after without a nasty cold feeling coming over me. Thus ended the career of what I believe to be one of the most celebrated horses of modern times, and one that I always affirm was the very best hunter I ever rode or saw in any country.

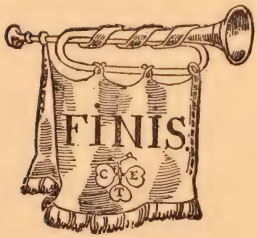
Before finishing my hunting notes, I must not forget to mention that I once had the honour of piloting H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in the hunting-field three days in succession. This happened when his Royal Highness was on a visit to Mr. Henry Chaplin at the Chauntry House, Lincoln, in the year 1871. The Squire was then the Master of the Burton, and at that time he hunted the hounds himself — a very good gentleman huntsman he was: I never saw a better amateur—so he asked me to look after the Prince, which I tried my best to do.

The first day we found a fox at a covert some distance from Burton, and ran him straight over the steeplechase course, where the Grand National Hunt had been held two days previous, nearly down to Lincoln, close to the grand stand on the Carholmes. There the fox turned and ran by the side of the Fordyke for about a mile, and they killed him in the open. I was unfortunate enough not to see the finish as the horse I was riding, called 'Fenian,' belonging to Sir Frederick Johnstone, was injured in the run, and had to be assisted to the nearest stable. His Royal Highness and several others had greater satisfaction than myself, for the fox and hounds presently came back again to meet them, when the field had been thinned by a very big drain, which the Squire and myself were the only two to jump. At the moment I forgot the responsibility of my charge, but I had time to turn round and tell his Royal Highness that it was a very treacherous place, and luckily he did not chance it, as the only two others who did make the attempt both fell victims to its dangers. It seems ridiculous to talk of a man riding at least 17 st. stopping the whole field, but that the Squire accomplished, and not only so, but hunted and killed the fox on the same horse—'Emperor I.' This

was not one of the 'Emperors' who won the Grand National Hunt Steeplechase, but a very fine chestnut horse, 17 hands high. He was the very best weight-carrier I ever saw, and ridden by the best big man, in my opinion, that ever crossed a country. Mr. Chaplin was fond of leaving his hounds alone, and letting them hunt out the scent for themselves; but although he copied the late Lord Henry Bentinck to a great extent, he was quick enough in his casts when he found his hounds at fault. It was a great pity that increasing weight, coupled with political duties, should have stopped so fine a sportsman from enjoying a pastime he so dearly loved. However, I was pleased to hear the other day from his brother, Mr. Cecil Chaplin, of Whissendine (himself a real good sportsman, than whom there are few better welter weights over Leicestershire), that the Squire has three or four horses that look like carrying him, and hopes to hunt again. I sincerely trust he may.

In conclusion, I must apologize for the shortcomings of my book. It has been written entirely from memory, without a diary of any description, not even a *Racing Calendar*. Any mistakes and omissions I hope will be forgiven. I never dreamed

of extending these notes to the length they have reached when I started on my task; but having gone so far, I can only sincerely hope the volume will afford a certain amount of pleasure to my friends and acquaintances; and if this is achieved, my sole object in attempting to put on record some of my recollections of the past will be attained.



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